THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Former President Taft on Our National Defenses

Sunkist Bride's Cake

½ cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup milk, 3½ cups pastry flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and well beaten yolks. Mix and sift flour and baking powder and add alternately with the milk. Beat well, add stiffly beaten whites, and bake in three layers. Put together with orange filling, arranging sections of orange between the layers. Cover with orange icing, and before the icing becomes firm arrange sections of orange on surface.

Sunkist

for June—from the land of Orange Blossoms. These Delicious *Sunkist* California Oranges are Now Sweetest, Tenderest, Heaviest with Juice

Why We Offer Beautiful Silverware in Exchange for Wrappers

Send us 24 wrappers from Sunkist Oranges or Lemons with only 20c in coin or stamps and we'll send you the beautiful Ice Cream Fork illustrated at the right. Send 12 Sunkist wrappers and 12c and get the handsome Teaspoon. These are excellent samples of a complete Wm. Rogers & Son silver set comprising 46 different pieces of exquisite workmanship and design. You can get the entire set in this manner. The design is exclusive. There is, of course, no advertising on any piece. Any piece in this set makes an attractive wedding present. If not satisfactory in every way we refund at once the small amount you paid to get it.

We make this offer for the following reason: Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are beautiful in color and dealers like to display them without the wrappers. But the wrappers serve to identify the *genuine* Sunkist and you *want* to be able to identify these fruits so you can *get the best*. This offer influences dealers to display the *wrapped* fruit, so be sure to *look* for Sunkist when you go to buy.

Send This Coupon—NOW!

But before you do anything else cut out and mail this coupon for the free book, "Sunkist Salads and Desserts." It gives the details of our great Premium Offer, illustrates the set and tells how to get each piece. Every home ought to have this book, so send the coupon now.

(360)

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. A41,
139 N. Clark St., Chicago

Send me free book, "Sunkist Salads and Desserts," and full information about Sunkist Premiums of pure silver plate made by Wm. Rogers & Son.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Scores of dainty dishes are easily prepared with these luscious oranges. And they make the most healthful and most charming summer foods that any home ever serves.

Get them now from your dealer. Begin today to enjoy them. Prices are low, so every one can afford them.

More Oranges—Less Heavy Foods

Now is the time to serve oranges in some tempting way at every meal. Meats and other heavy foods should be limited, or discarded altogether. For oranges contain the fruit acid necessary to keep the digestion in perfect condition.

Serve them at meals, between meals and at bed-time.

This is the fruit of which children can eat all they want with only *good* effects.

The Orange of Perfect Flavor

Sunkist Oranges are picked, fully ripened, from the finest of California's groves. They are noted for their flavor. The sections are firm, but so tender that they fairly melt in the mouth.

That's why famous chefs use *Sunkist Oranges* in their alluring fruit salads and desserts. You can have the same salads—the same flavor and quality—by ordering Sunkist.

Order today. Let the whole family have the needed benefits from this delicious fruit this summer.

Sunkist Lemons

Order Sunkist Lemons to serve with fish, meats and tea, and to make delicious lemonade. Use the juice in salad dressings instead of vinegar. Try Sunkist Lemon Pie and other Sunkist Lemon delicacies. There are 86 ways to employ these lemons. See what a help they are.

Juicy, tart and practically seedless. Their beauty alone makes them the most attractive garnish.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. A41, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago

All Good Dealers Now Have Sunkist on Sale in Abundance

Insist on Sunkist—Save the Wrappers

KING

EIGHT CYLINDER

"THE CAR OF NO REGRETS"

What you should *now* expect from a motor car is taught by a King Eight demonstration

This super-car's performance is a revelation to those not familiar with eight-cylinder superiority. Its extraordinary success is quickly understood after a ride behind its engine.

A believable description of the King Eight in action defies even "advertising" English. It is a performance that must be "felt"—and exulted in. The superior flexibility of an Eight is beyond argument or dispute. It is an immutable mechanical fact that an Eight has one power impulse for every 90 degrees of crank rotation, as against the 120 degrees of a Six and the 180 of a Four. To make this advantage clear to the layman, the Eight has four power impulses per revolution; the Six, three; and the Four, two.

This almost "turbine" smoothness of operation means traveling from a creeping mile and a fraction to a racing fifty without gear-changing, and the ability to gather speed up to thirty miles an hour in twenty seconds. Such flexibility reduces vibration to nearly nil, which in turn results in silence and longevity and adds to riding comfort.

The Eight obtains a given power by numerous small explosions, while to obtain the same power the Four, and the Six to a lesser degree, depend upon fewer and larger explosions. This peculiarity of the Eight permits the use of light reciprocating parts which wear very slightly on the bearing surfaces, because of their lightness and the more even strain to which they are subjected. This advantage also extends to the running parts of the chassis, such as the transmission and the rear axle, upon which the Eight has a gentle, steady push.

Notwithstanding its greater number of cylinders and 40–45 horse power, the King Eight gives 15 to 20 miles to a gallon of gasoline, and 800 to 1000 miles to the same measure of motor oil. The lightness of this car, considering its power and roominess, insures tire economy, and its freedom from vibration results in long life to all parts, reducing replacements to a sub-minimum. Thus, low operating cost is added to the car's other virtues.

This is the *most* accessible Eight; camshaft and valve guides can be exposed in a moment. The touring model has a roomy five-passenger body with deep, tilted seats, long foot room and wide doors. Its complete equipment includes the Ward Leonard electric starting and lighting system and an engine-driven tire pump.

The King's famous Cantilever Springs contribute their large part to the comfort of this Eight, as they have so successfully done in the past several years for the King Four. No shock absorbers are needed with this type of suspension, and its superiority is proved by the fact that a large number of prominent American manufacturers are now following the King's lead in its use. In addition to comfort-giving qualities, these springs prevent "side sway," assure ample road clearance, and enable the car to hold to the ground when running at high speed, even over very rough roads. Neville's "more-room" steering wheel is an exclusive King feature. It slides up for easy entrance and exit; may be set at different positions for driving; is absolutely rigid in any position, and is of the most solid and durable construction.

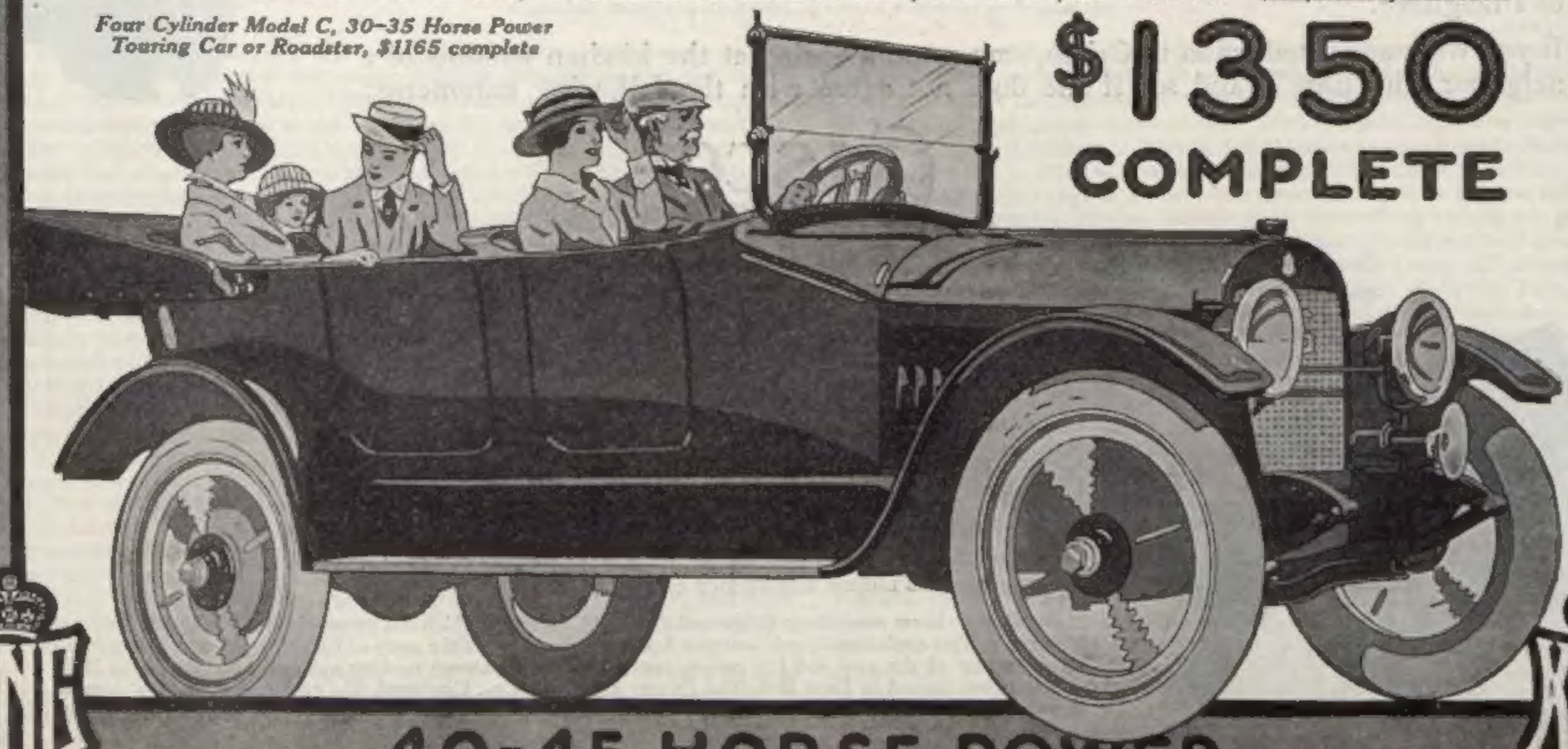
The King Eight is not an experiment, but the same successful type of car made by celebrated European builders for the past six years. It is King designed and King manufactured and has many hundreds of miles of grueling road tests behind it. Enthusiastic owners all over America, and in many countries abroad, are now making King sales by praise of this wonderful Eight. There's a King dealer in your locality.

CATALOG ON REQUEST

KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1300–1324 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

New York Agency and Showroom, Broadway at 52d Street

Four Cylinder Model C, 30–35 Horse Power Touring Car or Roadster, $1165 complete



$1350 COMPLETE

XING XING

40-45 HORSE POWER

The Good Word About Crisco

From mouth to mouth the good word about Crisco is spreading.

Those who have tried it cannot help telling the good results to their friends.

By far the greater part of its army of users were first won to its cause by the enthusiasm of a neighbor.

If you want an introduction to Crisco, stop some morning at the kitchen window of a neighbor who uses it, and see if she does not agree with the following statements:

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening For Cake Making

Foods cooked with Crisco are more easily digested than those cooked with lard. They are also more appetizing both in appearance and in taste.

Crisco is but half as expensive as butter and is cheaper than the better grades of lard.

When properly used, Crisco does not smoke in frying. It thus removes one of the most disagreeable features of cooking and helps keep the kitchen clean and sweet.

Crisco can be left in the ordinary kitchen temperature without getting too hard or too soft. It is thus convenient to keep and to handle.

Crisco is pure. Clean materials, and a factory which is one of the wonder places of the manufacturing world, are the guarantee of a food product as nearly perfect as human intelligence can make it.

If you want to know more about Crisco and the conditions under which it is prepared, send for the "Calendar of Dinners". This cloth-bound, gold-stamped book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil. Address your request to Dept K-6, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing *five 2-cent stamps*. A paper-bound edition, without the "Calendar of Dinners", but with 250 recipes, will be sent free on request.

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The Military and Naval Defenses of the United States

What They Are—What They Should Be

By Former President William Howard Taft

WE CANNOT realize or estimate the losses the United States has suffered and will suffer from the present European war. The interference with our normal trade already suffered; the disarrangement of our finances already felt; the unhealthy, feverish activity in certain branches of our industries, leading, when peace comes, to a sudden and straining halt and inevitable disturbance of industrial conditions; the wasteful destruction of European capital otherwise available for our use for the indefinite future—will make up a total that a present abnormal excess of exports over imports during the war cannot by any means offset. The benefit of the war that we can share with the rest of the world is in the lessons it ought to teach in respect to future national and international policies. One lesson the war should bring home to us concerns our proper military defenses against the unjust aggression of another Power. It is argued that the character and probable consequences of this war render such an attack on us less likely than if it had not broken out; and that as long as the belligerents are engaged, none is likely to seek an additional foe. It is urged moreover that, after the war, victors and vanquished will both be in such a state of exhaustion as to discourage a new war with a nation circumstanced as we are. But, despite these contentions that we are in less danger of attack than before the war, the news of battles on land and sea, and the enormous forces of men and armament engaged, naturally rouse among our people an anxious inquiry into our condition of defense in case the army and navy of any one of the belligerents were turned against us.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Cadets at Drill, United States Military Academy at West Point

We cannot have such defenses unless the people demand them. It is greatly better that they should be roused to learn the truth by a war between other nations than that it should be forced on them by the humiliating experience of national helplessness after our country is attacked.

I do not claim to have expert knowledge on the subject; but I was Secretary of War for more than four years and was in a manner responsible, as President, for our national defense for four years more; so that, perhaps because of that experience as a layman, I can be of some assistance by giving to other laymen, in language we laymen understand, the general effect of expert evidence on the defenses we need and the defenses we have.

As a preliminary to such a discussion, however, we must answer the question as to whether we need any military or naval defenses at all. If I understand the attitude of the extreme party—the pacificists, so called—it is that we ought not to spend money in additional military and naval armament because our having a large military and naval establishment of formidable character—even if only defensive—is an invitation to a breach of the international peace and tempts us to war.

The view contended for is that if we have no means of offense or defense we shall certainly not attack any other nation; and that no nation will take advantage of our situation of helplessness if we pursue a just course in dealing with her. It must rest on the predicate that by acting on the assumption that all nations will pursue the highest moral standards in dealing with us we shall bring them to such a course.

With deference to this view, it seems to me to have the same defect as that of the sincere modern anarchist, whose advocacy of no government is that if we had no government, no restraint, no police force, no law, each member of a community, by the trust reposed in him, would be made perfect in his treatment of others and in his conduct in maintenance of the public weal.

This is only a more extreme view than that of the socialist, who thinks that, as a substitute for the motive that the security of private property has created for energy, industry and the exercise of the prudential virtues by the individual, we shall find an altruistic social spirit on the part of all men prompting them to work and energy, without selfish reward, just as soon as the socialistic state is created.

I venture to think that the views of the pacificists and of the anarchists and of the socialists are equally fallacious, and that nations are just as unlikely to become perfect, because of conduct assuming that they are so, as individuals. It is perfectly possible to have a suitable preparation for defense without maintaining a military and naval force and equipment calculated to tempt to a policy of aggression and offense. Such a preparation is in no respect inconsistent with every effort on the part of this country to secure an agreement or league between the powerful nations, by arbitral court and a Council of Conciliation, making war less likely.

The horrors, the dreadful losses in the present struggle in Europe, and the resulting exhaustion, will tend to restrain nations in the future from seeking war and cause them to look with greater favor than in the past on some such international arrangement; but it by no means follows that the dreadful lesson of the war to-day will prevent a recurrence of war in the next decade. People are very forgetful. Recovery from war, when it begins, will seem to be rapid and human nature will remain the same. A reasonably adequate defense against aggression of another nation will certainly make unjust attack less likely.

The logic of the pacificists' position leads to the conclusion that we should raze our fortresses, scrap our battleships, disband our navy and retain only vessels enough for peaceful police purposes; and that all expenses in the preparation for possible war should be saved. Many of the conscientious supporters of this doctrine would agree that this is the natural corollary of their position and would be quite willing to accept the consequences. But, even if they do not insist on such extreme measures, we must fairly meet their objection to further preparation. Their argument is that by adding to our defenses we shall encourage the spirit of militarism.

How much of a danger is militarism in this country? It seems to me, with some practical experience in governmental possibilities, that the danger is very slight; that there are certain constant factors in our political, social and industrial conditions which make an army and a navy the creation and support of which would be militarism, impossible. We could not have a standing army in time of peace anywhere near equal to any one of those of the great Continental nations of Europe, because the expense per soldier for his pay and support, in accord with the present provisions of law, would make the cost of such an army prohibitive.

It costs a great deal more to feed an American soldier than any other soldier in the world. We pay at least fifteen dollars a month per man as wages. His housing is very much more expensive here than abroad. In 1906, when I was Secretary of War,

I investigated the comparative costs, and this is what I found to be the case then, and for purposes of comparison it is just as significant now: Our regular military establishment in 1906, with sixty thousand effective men, cost us seventy-two million dollars. France maintained her army of five hundred and forty-six thousand men on the active list at a cost of a hundred and thirty-three million dollars. Germany kept up her military establishment, with six hundred and forty thousand men on the active list, at an expense of one hundred and forty-four million dollars.

In other words, France had an army about nine times the size of ours at less than twice our expenditure, and Germany an army of more than ten times ours at just twice the cost. A standing army of half a million men on a peace basis at this rate would cost us at least half a billion dollars annually.

But another trouble would arise. Conscription in time of peace the American people would not tolerate. In good times and at the present pay, it is hard enough to raise an army of even less than a hundred thousand. In hard times, when men are out of work, recruiting is easier; but the recruiting of half a million men in the United States at the present pay, when we are at peace, would be impossible. In war the volunteer system would produce an army of more than a million men at the present pay, but only when the patriotic war fervor was strong.

Therefore it would be necessary to add substantially to the present pay of the regular soldiers to secure such a standing army in time of peace. This, if the pay were doubled, would mean perhaps a hundred million dollars more for the army. This, with the expenses of an adequate navy, would so greatly burden the taxpayers that it could never receive popular sanction. The very heavy pension appropriation of a hundred and sixty million dollars a year would itself operate as a brake on such a plan.

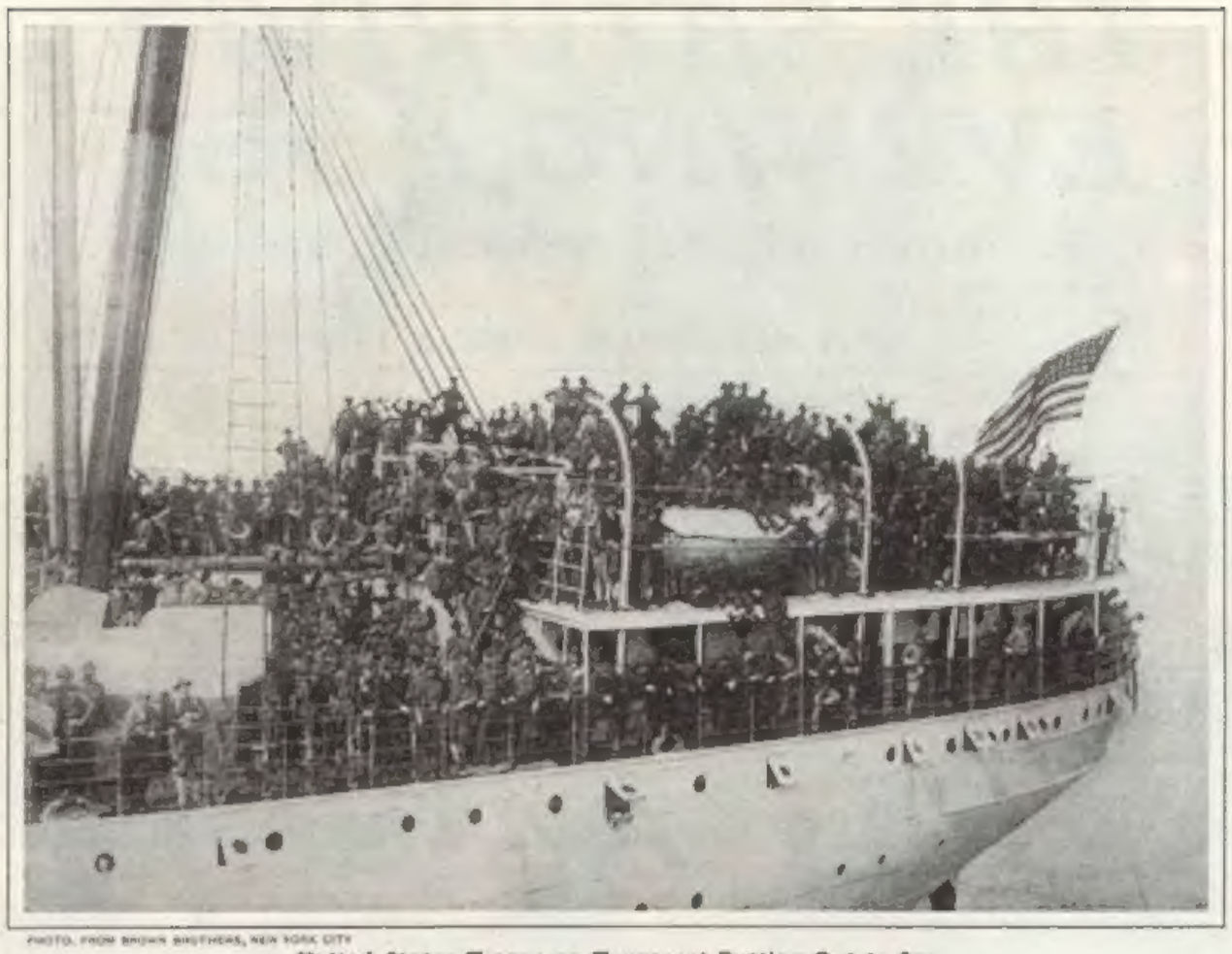
Safeguards Against Militarism

CONGRESSIONAL constituencies constantly present a demand for internal improvements and for other peaceful governmental activities, which is showing its effect in a yearly increase of our national budget, and this, however much it is to be deprecated, has at least the merit of restraining extravagance in our military and naval establishment.

Then the genius of our people is opposed to a large standing army. This would find still more acute opposition among the labor unions, which even carry their hostility to the organization of a state militia. It is idle, therefore, to fear such an increase in the regular army as to gratify the spirit of militarism, or to encourage it.

So far as militarism and the navy are concerned, we must remember that, even though a navy be formidable in ships, equipment and men, it is not an instrument furnishing temptation to aggrandizing warfare. Though the proper use of a navy in actual war would be conducting an offensive campaign against the navy and commerce of the enemy, the offensive would be merely for the purpose of defending ourselves and preventing invasion by the foe. There can be no real aggression in the sense of conquering territory and subduing our enemy with a navy alone.

The necessary limitation on the size of our army, to which I have referred, must always make remote the possibility of our having an expeditionary force of any size to carry on a foreign war. I repeat, therefore, that, however strong a navy we may have, the impossibility of our maintaining a large army will always prevent our naval strength from tempting us to war.



PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

United States Troops on Transport Putting Out to Sea

Take Mexico: We have a navy large enough to take all the ports of that country. What is the greatest restraint on us from invading Mexico? It is that we have not an adequate army. It would require two hundred thousand men to go in and pacify that country—and probably more. It would need the organization of a new army. The people know that. Great in some respects as is the temptation to abate the international nuisance at our doors, and subdue the anarchy that is fast sapping the lifeblood of a country in whose prosperity and welfare we have so great an interest, there is no popular pressure on the Government to enter on such a policy.

Washington pointed out the great advantage we have in our position across the sea from the sources of danger to international peace; and, even in the time when that sea was much more of a protection than it is now, he advocated adequate preparation of a military and naval character in time of peace to avoid war. We cannot say that the conditions have changed, with reference to the possibility of war, so much that we ought to ignore his advice or depart from the policy he recommended.

The measure of the preparation we ought to make is that which will give us defenses that, added to the difficulties of crossing the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean, will put us on an equality with any nation likely to conduct a war of aggression against us. Changed as the conditions of modern warfare are, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans still present a most valuable obstruction and defense for us against attack.

Our first line of defense, of course, would be the navy. No attacking nation could get at us except by coming over the ocean. Therefore, it is of the highest importance that we should keep our navy large enough and well equipped enough to equal that of any nation except England.

Why do I except England? In the first place, we have had a hundred years of peace with England. We have a border line of four thousand miles between us and Canada, undefended on either side. The defenselessness of this border in time of war would be greatly to the disadvantage of the smaller population. More than that, there has been manifested, in the hundred years we are now celebrating, the persistent determination of both peoples to settle every controversy by arbitration. We do not need to embody it in a treaty because both peoples have that mind, at any rate.

In the second place, England in her normal condition is not a nation with a large standing army so that she could raise promptly a great expeditionary force and send it to this country. She would have to make the same kind of preparation that we would.

As against other nations, however, that could at once mobilize against us a very large expeditionary force and transport it to our shores, we do need a means of defense. We need a navy that shall make the sending of an expeditionary force across the ocean to our shores so full of risk and danger that no country will undertake it. It is entirely feasible for the United States to maintain such a navy. It is much easier to secure the personnel of a navy than of an army, because it does not need so many men.

The Naval Program of 1903

SECOND, the spirit of the American people is not so opposed to a large navy as it is to a large army, and its expense is but a small part of what would be the expense of an army large enough to meet an army that one of the great nations of Continental Europe might land on our shores if unopposed on the sea. It is in the navy that we are to relieve ourselves from the necessity of maintaining a large standing army to resist attack.

Our navy is not now adequate. We have fallen behind in the number of ships we have built, and we need greater speed and variety. It is true, naval art is developing, and there is a risk, if we go on, that we may spend money in directions which will not ultimately prove to be wise. Undoubtedly this war will yield most valuable lessons in determining along what lines our expenditures should be made; but we must, to some extent, share with the world the cost of discovering the best naval armaments, and should not remain idle and supine, waiting for the river of advance and improvement to run by. We have competent naval officers, who keep up with every known advance in naval science, and who are able to advise Congress and the Executive on every expert question.

The General Board of the Navy in 1903, there then being ten battleships completed and fourteen others building or appropriated for, recommended a program for the development of the navy by the construction of two battleships each year, beginning with 1904. This was to continue until 1915, inclusive, or until twenty-four more battleships had been authorized, and in 1919 all would be completed, giving then a total of forty-eight battleships. In this scheme no replacements were taken into consideration; *i.e.*, a battleship once completed was considered as a permanent possession. This defect was remedied by the General Board in 1910. In its report of that year the effective life of a battleship was found to be

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Cavalry Drill at Fort Myer, Virginia

twenty years from the date of her completion, after which she should be replaced; *i. e.*, twenty years after Battleship A had been laid down, replacement ship A would be laid down to keep the strength of the navy constant. Partly for this reason, but chiefly because Congress had not met the program of 1903, the General Board in 1912 and 1913 recommended a building program of four battleships.

This scheme of 1903 was not carried out by Congress. In 1904, 1906, and 1907, against President Roosevelt's wish, and in 1912 and 1913, against the recommendation of the then Administration, only one battleship was authorized. In 1914 there were, exclusive of the Idaho and Mississippi, sold to Greece, thirty-three battleships, including all old ones, and seven building or authorized—a shortage of six on the 1903 plan.

The General Board also recommended four destroyers for each battleship. January 1, 1915, found the navy with forty battleships of all types and ages, built, building and authorized, and sixty-eight destroyers in the same categories.

In the first session of the second Congress of the last Republican Administration, by a majority vote in the Democratic caucus of the Democratic House it was sought to bind all the Democratic members to decline to vote for any battleships at all. Through the refusal of a minority of Democrats to be bound, it was possible to secure one battleship. In the next session the Navy Department submitted estimates for four battleships to make up for the deficit, but were able to secure only one.

The change of attitude the Democratic party now seems disposed to show is an indication of the manifest public opinion on the subject, and gives hope that more adequate provision will be made in the future to catch up with the program of the General Board.

I cannot do more than give a brief reference to other reasons for our naval deficiencies. They are succinctly set forth by Mr. George von L. Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy, in the February, 1915, number of the North American Review. Mr. Meyer has had longer continuous service at the head of the Navy Department, since its reorganization after the Spanish War, than any other incumbent of that office; and he gave such earnest attention to the work that his opinion is entitled to more weight than that of any other civilian.

Mr. Meyer's Figures

HE POINTS out that since 1900 we have spent on our navy $1,656,000,000, while Germany's navy has cost her but $1,137,000,000; and yet that she has a navy more powerful than ours. Germany, on July 1, 1914, had a navy of 951,713 tons, as compared with our navy of 765,133 tons; and Germany has thirteen dreadnoughts, while we have but eight. When the vessels building for both countries are completed Germany will have a tonnage of 1,306,577, as against ours of 894,889.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

On Board the U. S. S. Wyoming

Of course the difference in cost for the same weight of armament and force of men must always be against us under normal conditions, due to the higher cost of materials and higher wages of the men engaged in the construction and service. But Mr. Meyer shows that the amount of unnecessary expense, due to logrolling of Congressmen and Senators on the Naval Committees in improving and maintaining navy yards where they were not needed or could not be used, has amounted in the past decade to hundreds of millions.

He shows by reference to the evidence of Admiral Badger that our navy is short of a proper complement for all its vessels that could be made useful by eighteen thousand men and nine hundred officers, and that the present Atlantic fleet in commission lacks over five thousand men for its complement. He invites attention to the manifestly unsatisfactory condition of our submarines, as testified to by expert naval officers. The present war is showing clearly that the use of submarines must form a most important means of beating off from our shores naval attacks and rendering dangerous to our enemy the transportation to our coast of an expeditionary force of invasion.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The U. S. S. Utah Leaving the Brooklyn Navy Yard

Mr. Meyer recommends a General Staff for the navy. Mr. Daniels, the present Secretary of the Navy, seems to think such an innovation would be un-American. It is hard to see why. We have had a General Staff in the army for twelve years. It has been most useful and has betrayed no monarchical or un-American tendencies. It is an expert council, to be used by the civil head of the Department to supply the professional knowledge needed by him to give a policy for the Department and keep it consistent. Of course its conclusions are adopted into executive action only on the approval of the secretary. Such a staff would have helped the naval policy greatly in the past; but, for some reason, the same Senators and Congressmen at whose door can be laid the responsibility for the logrolling extravagance in naval expenditures described by Mr. Meyer were bitter in their opposition to a General Staff.

Naval Needs

MR. MEYER makes another recommendation in which I thoroughly concur. He suggests an allowance by Congress of some discretion to the Executive, under the advice of a General Staff, in the expenditure of money appropriated for the naval establishment. This has a precedent in the voting of fifty million dollars in the McKinley Administration, to be allotted to the War and Navy Departments in preparing for the Spanish War.. One of the real difficulties we have had in building up a navy has been the little knowledge of naval matters that members of Naval Committees in the Senate and House have had, which has proved to be a dangerous thing.

We have available the finest experts in the world. Why should we not make use of them? The expenditures would be subject to thorough and prompt investigation after they had been made. No President, Secretary of the Navy and General Naval Staff intrusted with the allotment of a lump-sum appropriation could possibly waste the amount of money that has been wasted under the present system. This would remove the distribution of the money—not entirely, but very substantially—from the baneful political influences that have burdened us with unnecessary expenditures and prevented our having the navy we ought to have, when the amount that has gone for naval purposes is considered.

Both parties are responsible for this waste and it is difficult to make it a party question. The party, however, with the inquiry that the war has prompted, which shall not now adopt a proper system must be charged with the responsibility for failing to do so. We certainly need submarines; we need battle cruisers of high speed in addition to our battleships; we need aëroplanes; and we ought to have a council of experts who should have not only power to recommend, but power, with the approval of the President and the Secretary, to decide how the money appropriated for increase of our naval defenses by Congress ought to be expended.

The history of the controversies that the Secretaries of the Navy have had with the Naval Committees in the last ten years reflects no credit on the disinterested patriotism of the influential members of such committees. Should we

(Continued on Page 32)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Loading a 12-Inch Gun at Fort Wadsworth

BAD BILL BOBO

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

Once a Month They Jet Out to Show the Town How Bad They Were

IF ANYONE had intimated that Ringer was lacking in culture, those would have been his last words on earth.

We should have most likely walloped the everlasting daylights out of him. Civic pride in us was of the hair-trigger variety, and we stood foursquare to all the world, ready to match our morals against those of the effete East at any time, or to prove our innate refinement on their stubborn hides.

Yet it is a fact that certain jealous neighbors to the north and south of us said behind our backs that Ringer was a tough old burg. And they pointed to its record in substantiation. From this it would appear that there was never a Saturday without a fracas, and that the Courthouse Square on First Monday was so apt to yield the coroner a job that the boldest citizen trod it with one eye on the cyclone cellars.

"It ain't the town's fault," argued Bad Bill Bobo. "We're just like New York, dog-gone it!—the visitors start the rough stuff."

He referred to the regular visits of certain undesirables from Red River Bottom, a wild, inaccessible portion of country on the Oklahoma border. Perhaps the awful loneliness of the shimmering sand wastes along the river bed and the tense quiet of the wooded tangles farther back—Bobo and I once rode ten miles of the Bottom in quest of a stray without seeing a living thing but one bogged cow, two bitterns and a rattlesnake—perhaps the environment induced in them a yearning for cheer and the warm contact of their fellow men. At any rate they came once a month to Ringer, got drunk with all possible dispatch, and then set out to show the town how bad they were.

And they were bad too. The Kincaid Gang was notorious. It consisted of three brothers and four cousins, and they were unanimously thieves. This could be sensed by a peep at their homes. It is true their women grew a little corn and cotton above flood level, but only enough to give a semblance of legitimacy to their livelihood; the men rustled cattle. They would steal a horse also; but that involved greater risk. It was easy to throw a bunch of steers across the state line in either direction. Frank, the head of the clan, was indicted on this charge twice, but came clear through the efficient perjury of his allies.

There was a mean streak in Frank. For instance, he had a nasty habit of mounting his horse at about the twelfth drink when in town and loping him along the sidewalk just to see the people scatter. Of course this sort of conduct will soon eliminate an individual as a preferred risk for insurance; yet Kincaid got away with it safely, thanks to the fighting strength of the family connection. However, he was only twenty-seven and his father had died with great suddenness.

Strange to say, these lawless manifestations never shocked us deeply. We weren't a generation removed from frontier days, and familiarity with violence had made us callous; none of us realized the true character of Ringer. Indeed, we were inordinately proud of our town. Didn't it ship out sixty thousand bales of cotton every season? And twelve automobiles were owned within the corporate limits. Small wonder we looked down on Windy City as a benighted, roughneck hole in the road.

Then there came out of Windy a long, concave-bellied string of a man named Cicero Schoonover, who turned on us the eyes of a stranger within the gates. And he told us we were a wicked and perverse generation. What Brother Schoonover saw was not the town we saw at all; he got an entirely different slant at our doings. And his opinion was that Ringer was a disgrace to the state. He announced these conclusions without loss of time at a revival he started under an awning on a vacant lot back of the Fashion Saloon.

"Men," he began, "you've got thirteen saloons in this here town, and five churches. The saloons are full all of the time. But what're the churches doing? You could stick a pin into 'em and they wouldn't turn over. They're flat on their backs, with their mouths open.

"How long do you aim to deliver up your sons and daughters to the devil by maintaining his chief agent right at your very doors? Hey? Do you know what Seth Rountree died of? Shot, was he? Maybe so; but it wasn't Tom Haverty's bullet that killed Seth—it was the dirty, rotten booze Tom had drunk. That's what killed poor Rountree. That's what made his wife a widow and his children fatherless. I tell you, the man who sold liquor to Haverty until his wits was gone—until he didn't know right from wrong and was crazy for trouble—that man was the real murderer.

"Friends"—his voice soaring high and cracked—"the saloon must go! It is the hotbed of corruption; it is the hideous destroyer of morals and homes and souls; it is the greedy god on whose altars we sacrifice our young; it is the yawning gateway to hell!"

He could rave that way by the hour. We had heard it all before, revivalists being as regular as the circus in our country; so his preaching would have made no special impression had it not been for the approach of a local-option election and the personality of the exhorter. He was uncouth and none too clean; his ears stuck straight out from his head; his Adam's apple bobbed absurdly up and down; and he was grossly ignorant—yet somehow the spirit of the Living God flamed in Schoonover when he talked.

"Hark to him!" said Bobo to me one fine June evening. Through the open door came loud groans, sounds of lamentation, the hysterical weeping of women. "He's got all those ol' sisters rockin' right now, ready to stampede up the aisle when he gives the word. I sure do admire to hear Schoonover when he's going good."

We were in the Fashion Saloon, where Bobo made his headquarters—though he did not drink. It was a favorite resort for visitors from the country and, being a horse and mule trader, he found it convenient.

"Do you think he'll have any influence on the election?" I asked.

"No-o-o. Shucks! We've had fellers like him preaching fire and brimstone at us ever since I can remember. They get round every season when the crops are good. Ringer'll never go dry."

"Burn it down!" The raucous tones of the exhorter rose to a howl. "Burn it down! There it stands by consent of your men-folk—stands there on a hill—the lair of the Scarlet Woman!"

I glanced at Bill, who replied:

"Sure! He means Picnic Kate." And he twisted impatiently in his chair. After a moment he added: "He won't have to worry about her long. I done met up with Doc Buchanan yesterday and he told me Kate ain't got a week to live, and if I expected to get my money I might just as well to kiss it good-by."

"How? Your money?"

"Sold her a hoss. But, pshaw! I'll get paid all right. Don't you ever think I won't. Picnic's a mighty conscientious woman."

Old Lon Terryberry, who owned the Fashion, carried a chair to our table and sat down. He had a harassed look.

"That crazy fool is doing a lot of harm," he grunted.

"Let him roar. He'll have to quit soon, and then it'll all blow over."

"Maybe so," returned Lon doubtfully; "but I ain't so sure, Bill. Dadgum! I wouldn't mind so much if I only got it at meetin'; but I git it again when I go home. I tell you it's fierce, boys!"

"Willie May is sure strong for him," Bobo admitted.

"Strong!" bellowed Lon, on the verge of apoplexy. "She ain't missed a meetin' since the rascal struck town, and she plays the organ for 'em, too, and sings fit to bust. What do you know about that? My own daughter is cahoots with the very crowd that's trying to run me out of town! Ashamed of her own father! Ashamed of the business that puts fine clothes on her back and gets her good meals! Ain't that a fine piece of work? I swan, I don't see how she can sit there and listen to the names that preacher calls me."

Bobo winked at me over Lon's head and, tilting back in his chair, proffered consolation.

"He don't mean you any more'n the others. Leave him roar. Names ain't bricks."

"No," Lon agreed, "they ain't; but you can dodge a brick." He eyed Bill morosely. "What's this I hear," he demanded, "about you giving up twenty dollars to Willie May for the Cause, as she calls it?"

My friend showed momentary confusion.

"Shucks! That don't mean anything, Lon. You know right well I'd do anything Willie May should ask me."

"And there," cried her father sternly, bringing his fist down on the table, "is where you make a big mistake, Bill. That girl's mean, I tell you. She's just naturally mean tempered. And she thinks she knows more'n her own daddy! I'll bet she figures she's got you tagged."

To which Bobo said shamelessly:

"Well, ain't she?"

There was no possible retort to this unexpected admission. Lon snorted, stared at him a while, and fumbled in his vest pocket for another cigar.

"That boy over there," Bobo told him, pointing to one of a group lined up at the bar, "has had enough—and more'n enough. Tip Johnny off not to serve him."

The saloon keeper turned his fishlike gaze in the direction indicated.

"He's all right," he said after a cursory inspection.

"No, he ain't all right," Bobo maintained, and called out: "Oh, Ruef!"

"What d'you want?"

"Come over here! I got something I want to tell you."

Ruef advanced to our table with long strides, his air a veneer of bravado over shyness. He was a gangling youth of about eighteen years, of bony frame and enormous hands and feet. The down of adolescence was thick and yellow on his cheeks.

"What d'you want?" he inquired again.

The horse trader smiled up at him kindly.

"Best cut out that bunch and go home, son."

"I reckon I kin take a drink if I want to," was the rebellious answer.

"Sure you can! Sure you can, Ruef. Any dog-gone fool can take a drink; but it takes a sure-enough man to leave it be."

Apparently in doubt whether to resent the interference or accept it in the spirit of Bill's smile, the boy reiterated:

"I reckon I kin take care of myself." And he returned to the bar.

"All the same," Bill tossed after him, "I'd go home, son."

Not overly pleased with the episode, Lon got up from the table and went heavily to the rear, limping slightly because of his rheumatism.

"That was ol' Miz Page's boy," Bobo informed me. "She thinks the world and all of him. And Ruef's a good kid. He'd been working steady since his pa died, until—the boy's all right—he only thinks he's bad."

We played dominoes for a space and then I asked idly:

"Bill, what you do think of all this prohibition stuff anyhow?"

"Nothing to it!" he declared emphatically, rearing straight in his chair. "It's crazy nonsense—plumb foolish, Dan. Why, if Ringer should go dry it'd kill the town as dead as a doornail. Besides, you couldn't have prohibition here—not real prohibition. They'd get it in from

outside; and you know what bootleggin' means. There'd be more drunks than there are now. Why ——"

"But Brother Schoonover says ——"

"Of course!" he cut in, impatient of the interruption. "But those preachers'll say anything. Think it over careful: Has anybody got a right to stop me or you from taking a drink if we want one? I reckon not. I never touched a drop in my life, account of my old Daddy doing like he done; but those who want it should ought to be able to get it. Just because me and you don't feel the need of a drink is no reason why we should tell Steve Johns he can't have his."

I gave up. There are three topics over which all argument is futile—religion, war and prohibition.

In a few minutes he asked, evidently with a view to changing the subject:

"Heard anything of the boys lately? It's two years since any of 'em wrote to me."

"Not a line. You know how it is—a fellow hasn't time to write letters on a ranch."

"A guy blew in here a while back," continued Bill, "and he was looking for a job. He said he knowed Lee well, and they'd taken Lee to an asylum."

"No! Don't tell me that Lee—not Lee!—not the Lee we know?"

"Fact! Ain't it a fright to think of? But if I've warned Lee once, I've warned him a hundred times. He never did know when to quit—had to have it in the morning before breakfast—you remember how that was. And he'd take a pull the same as you would spring water and never bat an eye."

Some scuffling among the group at the bar attracted his attention. It was only horseplay, but Bobo detected symptoms that prompted him to get up and saunter over.

"Come on, son!" he said genially, taking hold of young Page. "Let's go home."

"You leave me be!" Ruef admonished, shaking free.

"Sure!" chimed in one of his companions. "What's eatin' you anyhow? Let him alone!"

Instantly Bobo's manner underwent a change; each syllable dropped like an icicle down the back as he said:

"When I want to hear from you, ol' timer, I'll tell you about it."

He stood waiting patiently to see what Ruef would do. Nobody uttered a word. In abashed silence they fingered their glasses. At length, looking everywhere but at Bad Bill, the boy gulped his drink to show that he was not intimidated, tried to roll a cigarette, and, not meeting with much success, burst out with:

"Let's go somewheres else, fellers."

"Sure, Ruef," agreed Bobo. "Come on! I'll go along with you." And, forestalling a refusal, he tucked his hand under Page's arm and piloted him out of the Fashion. Those left behind gave a nervous laugh of relief.

Two days later Bad Bill called at my house in his Sunday clothes. His suit was black; dead black was his hat; and he wore a white satin tie, strung through a gold ring. One glance made me fear the worst—his air was so horribly sanctimonious. When Bobo dressed for an occasion he always strove to put the soft pedal on elegance, and thus contrived to look like a deacon with sporting proclivities indulged away from home.

"I've got to fix up a funeral," he explained in a hushed voice, "for Picnic Kate. Schoonover sent for me this morning and I got there just before she died. She wanted to tell me how I could get my money for that hoss; and while she had us there she done made me and Schoonover promise to see she was buried proper. It seemed like Kate was afraid they would put her some place where she wouldn't care to be at all—or just leave her lie out, maybe."

"Schoonover? How did he happen to be there?"

"Why, Kate, she began to get scared toward the last, and she sent for a regular parson; but he wasn't home. So she sent for another; but he couldn't go on account of a cold. Finally she got desperate and asked Brother Schoonover would he come? And he went a-runnin'."

"But what can I do?"

"You can come along," was the answer, "because maybe I'll need some help to persuade 'em."

It was not an occasion with which I relished being identified; but, for that matter, Kate's funeral was no more Bobo's concern than mine or the parson's. So we set out to enroll pallbearers.

"Here," said Bill, "are the ones I've picked."

The list made me blink. Several of our leading citizens were on it—the very cream of the church element. Which moved me to voice a doubt. Bill dismissed it with:

"Won't come, hey? You wait and see. They've got to come. I done promised Kate she'd be laid away like a lady—and she's going to be!"

The first man we interviewed was Deacon Hoover. Had a stranger walked in with a demand that he should incontinently dynamite his store he could not have been more astounded. For a few minutes amazement held him speechless. Open-mouthed, now red, now white, he listened to Bobo with slow-gathering wrath. And then he began to sputter:

"What! Act as pallbearer for ——"

"Don't say it!" warned Bill. "We'll just forget all that now and only remember we're Christians."

The effort to hold fast to his religion made the deacon purple in the face. He gagged helplessly. Some of his clerks were watching the tableau, doubtless wondering what it was all about; so he led us behind a pile of goods in a dark corner. Arrived there, he contrived a ghastly smile.

"What's the joke?" he said.

"There ain't any joke," Bobo assured him placidly. "Kate's dead and the funeral will be held to-morrow at two o'clock. You'll be one of the pallbearers."

There was a pause, while incredulity gave way to a conviction that Bill actually meant it; then Hoover opened up his heart. The things he said were not nice to hear and Bill shut him off.

"Quit that talk!" he said; his eyes narrowed to mere slits and he took a step toward the deacon, who backed away in alarm. "Now you listen to me, Hoover: I never said two words in my life to that woman except to sell her a hoss; and you knowed her. But I wasn't ashamed to speak to her on the street—and you was. And so I tell you straight, here and now, if you don't do the right thing—well, you try and you'll find out! What've you got to be scared about anyhow? Tell 'em you considered it your Christian duty. You've got away with that stuff all your life!"

The deacon was not a lovely object to look on as he listened—a pale green round the jowls; his eyes glassy from panic; the perspiration stood out on his bald head in beads. He gulped and licked his lips.

"These other men," Bobo ended, passing him the list, "will serve with you."

It was some little time before Hoover could make out the names on the quivering sheet in his hands.

"Well," he replied with labored breath, "if these gentlemen consent to act, of course I shouldn't like to refuse. Every man owes a duty to the unfortunate."

"Fine! That's the way to talk, deacon," cried Bad Bill heartily, and we left the store.

With Hoover as a recruiting unit we did not encounter much difficulty. By nightfall all were pledged and every arrangement had been made; and on the next day Picnic Kate was laid to rest—like a lady, as she had asked.

The funeral knocked Ringer off its feet. There was so much stir, so strong a buzz of gossip, that Brother Schoonover was moved to clear up the mystery in meeting.

"Friends," he began, in a chastened tone that caused his hearers to sit up expectantly, "before we sing the next hymn I want to tell you something: The hymn is 'Wash Me and I Shall be Whiter Than Snow'; and Brother White will lead us. Shout it out, friends; let it come from the heart—for if ever the words of this hymn meant anything to us in our lives, they should ought to strike deep to-night. Sing it all together.

"And this is what I've been fixing to tell you: 'Wash Me and I Shall be Whiter Than Snow' were the last words the woman known to you as Picnic Kate said before she died." The exhorter broke off to blow his nose. They could hardly hear him when he resumed. "She said them to me. And with what a look on her face! Yes; to me—though you-all know how I preached about her. I was there at her bedside and prayed for her, and gave the poor, tortured soul what comfort I could.

"But there is another thing yet I want you to know: To-day has been a great eye opener, friends. Everybody within sound of my voice knows what come off, and you-all must have marveled. Nothing more remarkable ever happened in the South. That our leading citizens, the very pillars of society and the church, should have followed the mortal remains of that misguided soul to rest—it was an act of Christian charity I never hoped to see; and I thank God for it. Brethren, does this not show the rejuvenating and softening power of the Spirit?

"Still, I reckon it could never have come off—only for what one man among us done. What did he do? I'll tell you what he did. She sent for him, when she knew the end was near, to ask forgiveness because she couldn't pay him a debt she owed. And she had still another reason. She felt the need of a friend—one to stand by her through fear and uncertainty. I tell you it is a dreadful thing to face the Unknown alone. So she sent for a man she was already in debt to—with no more claim on him than on you or me, and not so much—because something somehow let her know that man's great heart. She was scared to die—it is not for me to speak harshly of the departed, but she sure had reasons. Oh, my friends, the agony, the bitter agony of those final hours!"

He paused a moment, that he might drive home his next words: "That man was Bad Bill Bobo. She made him promise to give her a funeral; he paid for every cent of its cost to-day.

"You all know Bill." Some laughter. "How did he get that name? I heard the story for the first time yesterday. It's familiar to you-all—how the Kincaid Gang run off his pet horse when he wasn't more'n a boy, and he went after 'em.

"There's a text right here, friends—right here in the way he did it. Let us see how he acted: Did young Bobo wait to get help? Did he try to find an easy way? Did he hunt round for the sheriff while they was making tracks with his horse? Not much he didn't—no more than he sat round for somebody else to do the work and the paying to-day. He up and went after the Kincaids. And he done caught three in a nigrah shack over beyond Sandy."

The preacher began to warm up. His restrained earnestness gave place to fire; his voice rose, quavering:

"Then what did he do? Hey? I'll tell you what he done: Young Bill, alone, eighteen years of age, with nothing on him but a jackknife for a weapon, walked in on 'em where they was playing cards on the floor and just busted the damned scoundrels wide open." Frenzied applause. "Yes, he did—cleaned the three of 'em all alone. And when he come back to the Square that night, all shot to pieces and hanging onto the mane, and slid off in front of the Palace Drug Store, what did he say? Just what you'd expect that booger to say—'It was some fight; but here's the hoss!'

"Ever since that night he's been Bad Bill in this county—a poor name for Bobo, friends. What if he does skin a feller now and again in a horse trade? Wouldn't you? Or you? Or you? How about Jacob of old when it come to tradin'? Why, he drove a close bargain with God, didn't he?

(Continued on Page 34)

"We're Just Like New York, Dog-gone it!—the Visitors Start the Rough Stuff"

THE VIEWS OF MR. WU

By Samuel G. Blythe

MR. WU met me at the door of his house at Number Three, Gordon Road, Shanghai, one afternoon in early April. I had not seen him for several years; but I had not forgotten his habit of asking questions.

He held out his hand, and I could see by the twinkle in his eye that he was about to plump some sort of personal interrogation at me. So I beat him to it.

"How do you do?" I said. "How old are you?"

He blinked and countered:

"How long have you been in China?"

I cross-countered:

"When were you in Peking last?"

"Come in here!" he said. "Where did you come from?"

I followed him into a reception room.

"Are you still a vegetarian?" I asked.

"Sit down," he replied. "What is the news in Washington?"

We took stools by the side of a hexagonal table.

"What," I said, "is the news in China?"

"How did you reduce your flesh?"

"When did you cut off your queue?"

"What is the circulation of your magazine?"

"How is your book on America selling?"

"How is your President?"

"How is your own?"

"Will he be reëlected?"

"Will he be assassinated?"

Then we both laughed.

"Suppose we start all over again," said Mr. Wu.

"Right!" I said. "Tell me about China."

Wu Ting Fang, twice minister to the United States, lives in a big house of modern architecture on one of the newer streets of the International Settlement in Shanghai. It is a fine house, with a lodge at the gate and a graveled road circling about beds of flowers and leading to an ornate porte-cochère. There were pots of flowers on the sides of the steps—of daisies and jonquils, and pansies and violets, and a rosebush or two, all blooming in Easter profusion. A fat little Chinese boy came out of the lodge as the little gray pony my two coolies were driving ambled in at the gate, and followed us up the drive. He took my card and carefully shut the door behind him as he went into the house. Then Mr. Wu appeared and we began to question each other.

Mr. Wu was Minister for Foreign Affairs for a time after China became a republic. Lately he has been living in Shanghai. His son is one of the counsel of Yuan Shi Kai, the President of China; and Mr. Wu is very proud of him.

"He is a fine boy," he said—"a fine boy! He was educated in the schools at Washington and Atlantic City, and in England; and he took three scholarships, and was a member of the House when we elected one. Then, after the House was dissolved, the President asked him to stay in Peking as one of his counsel; and he stayed. You will see him there."

"Tell me about China," I repeated.

The passion for interrogation was too strong to overcome.

"What does the United States think of China?" Wu asked.

"Laying that aside," I said, "tell me about China."

Pumping a Close-Mouthed Statesman

TWENTY or thirty times I interviewed Mr. Wu when he was in Washington. I knew his methods. Sometimes he talks. At other times he recites parables. But never does he talk when he does not want to talk; nor is there any danger of his talking too much when he should not. He turned on his stool and placed his hands on the table.

"China is doing very well," he said.

"How well?"

"As you know, we are now a republic. Theoretically China has for many years been a republic; but practically China was a monarchy. The time came when the people were so disgusted with the inefficiency of the Manchu Dynasty which was ruling us that they rose and abolished the dynasty. The internal affairs of the country were so badly managed—as well as the external affairs—that the people would not submit any longer to this misrule; and they rose and deposed the monarchy. Then we had a President. Things were in a mess and we secured another President—Yuan, who has been directing our affairs for three years now. He has done very well.

"Many people said the change was too sudden, and that we should have begun our democracy with a limited monarchy; but that was impossible. I admit that the change was sudden when the characteristics of the Chinese are taken into consideration; but what was there to do? Where was the man to be found who should be our limited monarch? What guaranty was there that the new king would not be as inefficient as the ruler we had deposed?

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Doctor Wu Ting Fang, Twice Minister to the United States

"We had had all sorts of dynasties, differing from Japan, where there has been an unbroken succession for two thousand years. Some of our dynasties had endured only two hundred years—the longest eight hundred years—and some less than one hundred years. We had had various sorts of rulers; various families had come into power, and the conditions against which we protested had become unendurable. So we made a President. Of course there were many complicated problems and things were in a great deal of commotion for a time; but finally Yuan was chosen, and he has been President for three years—and has done well."

Mr. Wu stopped. He looked at me as though to indicate that this general summary about covered the case.

"All right," I said; "but how about the present situation?"

"What situation?"

"The situation between Japan and China."

Wherefore, in true Oriental fashion, Mr. Wu began to speak in parables. As a speaker in parables Mr. Wu has few superiors. He parabled all round the room, out into the hall, and back again.

"Most interesting," I said; "but how about the situation between China and Japan?"

Then we had another line of parables. They were good parables and clothed in flowery language.

"I trust," concluded Mr. Wu, "that you comprehend."

"Unfortunately," I said, "I do not. Though I have been highly edified, I have not been instructed. You know, Mr. Wu, that no Chinese is so well known as you are in the United States; and, inasmuch as I realize that also, I have come to you to ask you about these things."

"Yes," he admitted blandly; "I understand."

"Then, what do you think of the present situation between China and Japan?"

"What situation?"

I caught myself humming: "Here we go round the mulberry bush!" Mr. Wu was smiling and waiting for me. It was my move.

"I have been led to believe," I said, "from what I have seen in the public prints and from what I have heard in official conversations, both in Japan and China, that Japan has presented a certain set of demands on your country and that your country is now considering those demands."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Wu, as if the subject were news to him.

"It is even so."

"Well," said Mr. Wu, "I have no information beyond what I see in the papers. We read all sorts of things about what Japan asks and what the circumstances are; and, of course, as I have no precise information I cannot comment on the situation, either past or present."

"Let us suppose that Japan has demanded certain things which China is averse to granting."

"Wait a moment!" interrupted Mr. Wu.

I could almost hear another parable coming. Mr. Wu drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I knew John Hay," he said irrelevantly, as it seemed, but with extreme relevance as it turned out. "I knew John Hay very well; and I remember when he inaugurated the policy of the open door in China—the policy of equal opportunity for all. Of course this was with the sanction of President McKinley, whom I knew very well also. Mr. Hay originated this policy and sent circular letters, by telegraph, to the American ambassadors at the various courts and seats of government of the Great Powers, presenting this policy to them and asking them what they thought about it. They all agreed. They all asserted that the open door should be maintained in China; that there should be equal commercial opportunity for every country with our people; and that it was to the interest of the world to maintain the territorial integrity of China."

More Parables Than Opinions

"NOW, then, as all the Great Powers agreed that the policy of the open door in China should be maintained, it is quite likely that those Powers are still of the same opinion; and for that reason it does not seem to me that any country should be allowed to obtain an unfair advantage in China. So far as the Japanese are concerned, we are of the same race as they are.

"It is well enough known that they obtained from us the foundation of their civilization and their literature and their learning. We have been friends for a thousand years. Is it possible that two countries, having been friends for so long, shall become enemies? Is it not, rather, the case that the Japanese, remembering our close connection with them and our long friendship, will not seek to take undue advantage of us because of these very considerations I have mentioned?"

"But suppose they do?"

Mr. Wu seemed perplexed.

"Suppose they do!" he repeated. "I do not understand you."

"Is it not possible that Japan may not take into consideration these sentimental reasons you have advanced?"

"You do not make yourself clear," said Mr. Wu, smiling.

"I mean this: Judging from recent occurrences, and from what we have learned of the Japanese demands, does it not seem to you that they have it in mind to go a bit farther than the policy of the open door permits?"

"I fail to comprehend," said Mr. Wu.

This time he was laughing at me; so I laughed too.

"Very well," I said. "How old are you?"

Mr. Wu drummed on the table with his fingers.

"The policy of the open door," he said, "is the policy not only of the United States but of England, and of other countries as well. Sir Edward Grey, speaking in the House of Commons recently, said that Great Britain has interests to protect in China—and certainly your country has. Now, if the policy of the open door is the policy of other countries, why is it not the policy of Japan, which is one of the Powers? And if Japan violates that policy—if Japan does!—what can China expect but protests from the other nations with interests here?"

"Is Japan violating it?"

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Wu, "these direct questions are disconcerting to the Oriental mind!"

"Meaning," I said, "that this is not the time for an opinion from Mr. Wu?"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Wu deprecatingly, "if you choose to put that interpretation on it I cannot ——."

"How old are you?" I interrupted.

Instantly Mr. Wu became all animation.

"I have forgotten," he said. "I take no count of years. A man is as he thinks. Never forget that! If a man thinks

he is old he is old. If he thinks he is young he is young. If you have a man aged twenty who thinks he is sick, and you have a man aged eighty who knows he is well, which do you prefer? The man aged eighty, of course. He is more useful to the community. Age is a relative thing. I never consider my years. I always think in terms of youth."

"Then," I said, "how young are you?"

"I am forty-five," smiled Mr. Wu—"forty-five, and getting younger every minute."

"How long shall you live?"

"Oh, as long as I want to—two hundred years, say; or maybe more! At present I have decided to live two hundred years. Maybe in fifty or sixty years I shall get tired of it and decide to die; but if I continue in my present frame of mind I shall live for two hundred years at least. Any man can live as long as he wants to. It is only when a man makes up his mind to die, barring accident or calamity, that he does die. If he makes up his mind to live he will live indefinitely."

"You have some basis for this philosophy."

"I have."

"What is it?"

"Vegetarianism!"

"Are you still a vegetarian?"

"Certainly!" Mr. Wu was astonished at the question. "Why not? Why should I go back to flesh eating when I have found the fountain of youth in my present manner of living?"

I could not think of a reason at the moment; so I waited.

"Look at what vegetarianism has done for me!" he continued. "I have eaten no flesh for eight or ten years. I have lost all my afflictions. I get younger year by year. Why, having found this panacea, should I be so foolish, so wickedly foolish, as to go back to flesh and the infirmities it causes?" There did not seem to be an answer for that. Mr. Wu grew eloquent.

Mr. Wu's Vegetarian Repasts

"THERE is no doubt," he said, "that when a man eats flesh he puts into himself a certain poison which is detrimental to his well-being. There is no doubt of that, is there?"

"You seem to have none," I said.

"Of course I haven't! Nor has any other person who isn't so bound by custom that he is blind to his own interests. I know what I am talking about. Why, since I became a vegetarian I have lost all the ills I had. I never catch cold; nor have I any dyspepsia or sciatica. Did you ever have sciatica?"

"Not yet."

He rubbed his leg.

"It is frightful!" he said. "I had it for twenty-five years; and I had lumbago and a lot of other things. Now they are all gone—vanished! And they all were the result of eating meat."

"Well," I said, "what do you eat?"

"Vegetables and fruit and nuts."

"Do you eat fish?"

"No."

"Do you eat eggs or drink milk, Mr. Wu?"

"Yes; both—but that is as far as I go."

"What did you have for breakfast?" I asked.

"I do not eat any breakfast."

"Well, what did you have for luncheon?"

"I have just finished my luncheon. I had some brown bread and ate a nut substitute for butter on it. I had a dish of vegetables and a dish of almonds, and a potato. After that I ate a mango and an orange."

"What will you have for dinner?"

"Some more vegetables and a bowl of rice. I substitute the rice for bread at the evening meal."

"Do you take any wine?"

Mr. Wu looked at me in amazement.

"Wine!" he exclaimed. "Of course not! Wine is a poison. I occasionally drink a little grape juice, but no wine or any liquors. I take an hour at my meals. I eat very slowly. I masticate my food thoroughly and I am a living example of what this sort of diet does for a man."

Certainly he looked it. Mr. Wu, I take it, is considerably more than sixty years old. At any rate, he told me President Yuan is more than sixty and that they were young men together. He is as lively as a cricket and looks as though his promise to live two hundred years was no idle boast. He wore Chinese dress; and when he took off his round black cap I saw that his queue was gone, and that his hair, which was brushed straight back from his forehead, was only a little gray.

I sought to settle that age business.

"How old is President Yuan?" I asked, with exceeding craft, I thought.

"Oh," said Mr. Wu, "he is more than sixty. His hair is whiter than mine," he added; "and there you see again what vegetarianism does for one. My hair used to be getting gray; but look at it now!" And he ran his fingers through it. "Look at my mustaches. They are not gray. Gray hair comes from eating flesh. Yuan's hair is much whiter than mine. Oh, yes—very much whiter. He eats flesh, you know."

"But," I said, "this is a long way from the relations between China and Japan."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Wu. "And I want to tell you that I drink no liquids with my meals; and I Fletcherize my food. That is a secret of it. Why don't you try it?"

"Perhaps I shall," I replied; "but, holding that in reserve, I notice that some of the Chinese I see on the streets here in Shanghai still wear their queues."

"Yes; but not many. Most of our people have cut them off. Those who stick to them stick to them because it is the custom. Custom! Bah! I say to them: 'Don't you know that queues are not cleanly and make a great deal of unnecessary trouble?' And they tell me 'Yes'; but that it has been the custom for centuries and they do not want to cut them off. However, not more than five per cent of our men retain their queues, and only about one per cent here in Shanghai. Up in the north, where they are more conservative than we are here, they hold to the queues; and some of the retainers of the old Manchu Dynasty wear them because they think it is loyal for them to do so; but, generally speaking, we have done away with our queues forever."

"How about opium?"

"That is being suppressed. The laws are being enforced. We hold the people to a strict adherence to the mandate against opium consumption, and punish offenders severely. It will not be long now before opium smoking is almost eliminated from China."

"And foot binding?"

"That is another custom which our advance has made impossible. Foot binding will vanish in time also. We are progressing."

"We are," I commented; "and we have again progressed to the subject of the relations between China and Japan."

"As to that," said Mr. Wu, "I have just printed a new book—it was out yesterday. It is called: What is Needed to Reform China? It is a Chinese book and it has thirty chapters. It tells how to reform our finances, our politics, our railroads—oh, everything. I sent ten copies to Peking with instructions to have a copy given to each leading man there, including President Yuan. You should read it."

"But I cannot read Chinese."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Wu thoughtfully. "But have you ever read my book on America?"

"No," I confessed; "I have not."

"Get a copy. It is on sale here. You will find some chapters in that which apply to the present situation."

I saw my chance.

"What situation?" I asked as innocently as possible.

Wu's eyes twinkled.

"Oh," he said—"the situation in China in relation to our transition from a monarchy to a republic."

"I thought you might possibly refer to the situation between Japan and China," I ventured.

"You see," continued Mr. Wu, "the change was a very quick one. When the people would no longer stand the inefficiency of our rulers they rose and turned them out. As you were saying ——"

"Do you think there will be war?"

"War?" repeated Mr. Wu in a startled manner. "War! What do you mean by war? War with whom?"

"Japan."

"Did you hear about my speech to the Filipinos?"

"I read something about it. As I remember it, you told them not to be in a hurry about independence."

"Yes; I told them that. I think they are very well off as they are, and should remain in their present circumstances until they are better fitted for self-rule. Do you know most of the leading Filipinos have Chinese blood in them?"

"There are a great many Japanese in the Philippines," I said.

"Japanese? Why, yes; I suppose there are."

"And a considerable number are getting into China in one way or another."

"Possibly."

"Which," I ventured, "brings us to that question of the relations between Japan and China. Suppose you cannot accede to all of Japan's demands?"

"Demands? Demands? Why, we were speaking of the Filipinos."

"We were; and we were speaking of vegetables, and queues and opium, and age—and various other things. Suppose we speak of the relations between Japan and China for a brief space."

A Hint of China's Hopes

"DO YOU know," said Mr. Wu, "I think I should like to go again to the United States."

"I am sure everybody in the United States would be glad to see you."

Mr. Wu was pleased.

"I am glad of that. I told your people I would make them a visit in 1959; but I may make up my mind to go before that time."

"Why not this year?"

"In what capacity?" asked Mr. Wu.

"In your own capacity."

"Oh, they would make it such a bother for me, with demanding papers and searching baggage, and all that. I have no official capacity, you know."

"Nobody would bother you; but everybody would be happy to see you."

"I hope so; for the Americans are my good friends. I like the Americans.

"How do you feel toward the Japanese?"

"They are my good friends also."

"Do you think your country will have to fight them?"

"Fight them? What an absurd question! We shall not fight them."

"But suppose they insist on demands you cannot grant?"

Mr. Wu rose and walked over to a window. He looked out for a moment. Then he came and sat down at the hexagonal table and drummed with his fingers on the embroidered cover.

"War is for warlike nations," he said gravely. "If a nation is not warlike it should not consider war. There are other methods of gaining one's point. Assistance is a good method. If a man or a nation has friends it is the part of friendship to respond if the man or the nation is in need of help. We hold your country to be our great friend; and we are bound by the agreement for the open door in China, and the preservation of our integrity, and the equal opportunity for all, as firmly as you are bound by it or Great Britain is bound by it. What is for our interest is for your interest. To whom should China turn, if in need of assistance, other

(Concluded on Page 42)

Doctor and Mrs. Wu Ting Fang and Their Party Leaving America

THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ON THE first Thursday in November, as was his custom, Jacoby did not rise until one hour after noon. He had passed the night in his own bed. It stood on the meridional line, backed against the jambs of two windows screened with heavy brocade lined with green silk from ceiling to floor; these windows faced north. There were two other windows in the room, facing east; these, too, were hung with heavy brocade lined with green silk from ceiling to floor. The doors were hung likewise—for silence. No sound penetrated here except the indefinite, inextinguishable overtone of the city—which seemed miles and miles away, like the surge of the sea in a conch shell.

The walls and the ceiling were of vellum, which soothed the gaze with fine lines of beauty that might have been etched with a dry point. The hangings were familiar everyday things to him, as were the walls and ceiling; the old furniture, smoky and translucent like wild honey, was his own. The bed, a gorgeous contraption fit for the accouchement of a queen, the carpets on which his feet must rest, the chair with the wry arm that gave under his exploring fingers—all were intimate parts of his life. But the room was not his own. Jacoby's room was miles and miles away. Once a year, on the first Thursday in November, he woke in this room; and it was always dressed with his personal belongings for the occasion. That was his clock on the chimney piece; those were his pictures on the wall; his mute clavier stood in the shadow; his bell cord hung at the head of the bed.

The clock whispered the hour in mellow tones. The curtains parted, and Rosa, his wife, appeared, as though she had been waiting for this moment. She set slippers, so that his feet might find and welcome their pleasing warmth. She was tall and willowy, and clothed in soft laces. Jacoby opened his eyes, closed them again, and languidly permitted himself to be drawn into his dressing gown—an eccentric creation.

"This is your day, Ernest," she said as she helped him to rise. "Your good friends will be waiting for you."

Deliberately—almost like a blind man to whom all familiar things are charted soundings—he paced to one of the east windows and drew aside the hangings. The sight that met his eyes should have been a dun-colored lawn splashed with dry leaves and edged with bare thickets; in the middle distance the Hudson rolling to the tide; and beyond, through the mist of the river, the yellow Palisades of the Jersey shore as a falling sky line. Within were his familiar surroundings, a room dressed to be in perfect tune with the man and the day. Outside was a city street filled with life—cars, motors and pedestrians; an occasional hansom, or a hostler's boy parading a stylish blanketed hunter.

Jacoby raised his eyes to the opposite wall, which shut out the sky like a curtain. It was of soiled terra cotta, blank and stolid, almost devoid of architectural adornment to relieve its plainness—merely a blank wall separating the street from something within that rose scores on scores of feet from the ground. On the street level at one corner was a door, little more than a crevice in the huge barrier.

A handful of workmen in gingham blouses were erecting an iron framework that extended from the arch of this door to the edge of the curb. They were drawing over the framework an awning of weather-stained canvas, striped red and white like a flag. It transformed the entrance into a tunnel, shutting out the sky, which promised for this afternoon to take on that rare tint of Italian blue sometimes seen in this latitude. The sides, of canvas, which were securely buttoned to the pavement, cut off the view of curious passers-by.

Now they were laying a strip of carpet; and, this done, the handful of workmen vanished—all except one who, industriously plying a broom, shunted pedestrians into the gutter if they would pass at all. The strip of carpet was of soft nap, fit for a lady's slipper.

For whom was the awning spread—the carpet laid? The little tunnel attacked the great brick wall like a mousehole at the foot of a mountain. It was obviously designed for somebody who would avoid the out-of-doors and the public gaze. Passers-by smiled indulgently. Evidently musicians, like laying hens, stopped functioning if their sensitive feet touched the cold, bare earth. They had their answer at the other corner. It was a large white poster in a gilt frame nailed fast to the wall. It announced in large letters:

JACOBY

Below, in smaller letters were the words:

ANNUAL RECITAL—MANAGEMENT OF ORSON MERLIN.

If you had stepped up to the box-office window and offered your money for tickets, they would have been profoundly shocked at your presumption. The poster was not to attract business to the box office; it was to warn it away. On the first Thursday in November of each year Jacoby—the great Jacoby; the master of masters of the pianoforte—the same yellow-skinned, somewhat frowsy-looking person who was at this moment peering out into the street with a wry face—came like a comet in its predestined course, flashed into perihelion for his brief hour on earth—and then was gone.

There are comets that, even in perihelion, are beyond the range of ordinary telescopes. Therefore, for the multitude, they do not exist. So with Jacoby; for lesser mortals he did not exist—except possibly as an incredible myth. Jacoby was an artist only for artists—and for a fringe of élite Pharisees who arduously sought to attune their understanding to his close harmonies. Of all masters, he alone had succeeded in surmounting the pitiful mathematical imperfections of the pianoforte. Others might be content to accept the tempered harmonies of the keyboard with a grain of salt. Not so Jacoby! He had contrived a double keyboard to overcome the divergent intervals in the ascending and the descending chromatic scales. His tones were as pure as those of a violin or the human voice; his sonatas became symphonies, singing with a hundred strings.

In front, a camera man and a moving-picture operator were setting up their machines behind carefully prepared blinds to catch the image of celebrities who would shortly begin to arrive in humble procession at the shrine of the first Thursday in November. Inside, in a little cubby-hole off stage, specialists in the art of imprisoning the image of sound, and preserving it for future generations, were surreptitiously preparing their properties for a rash adventure—to bottle in wax the melody and harmony of Jacoby.

Orson Merlin, the impresario, had an eye to both sides of the medallion of art—especially to the obverse side, stamped with the dollar sign. If, with wile or guile, he could procure a Jacoby record—speculation carried him afar in the realms of space! He had even dared to erect a special sounding board for this occasion, cleverly masking it. Jacoby played in a dim light; this would aid materially.

Jacoby dropped the brocade on the unfamiliar street scene. Felipe, his man, took the *maestro* in hand, laid him out on a marble bath slab as gingerly as though those precious bones were a basket of eggs. Jacoby's back was plaited with quivering little knots of muscle; his brawny arms were woven of thongs fit to play at an anvil. Every muscle, every tendon, every cord, must be picked out from its fellows by the shuttlecock fingers of Felipe—thumped and kneaded, made free and pliable, after the torpor of sleep. It was no simple task to be a Jacoby! After the kneading and thumping, the *maestro* was put through waters and vapors, and dried with a care usually bestowed only on a pet dog. When he had been drawn into silks and fresh linen he was conveyed to his armchair, the chair with the creaky arm, which he tested to reassure himself.

Then Rosa came with a tray on which lay a single thin wafer and a bowl of broth. Of the wafer he might nibble one corner; and of the broth a few drops in the heel of the spoon was his portion. He was hungry, very hungry; but this was to be a day of fasting—that was his edict in the sanity of yesterday. He might choke her now, but Rosa would not yield; should she yield, to-morrow he would beat her.

Toward three o'clock that afternoon a procession of gorgeous equipages began forming a line at the Fifty-seventh Street portico—sedans, berlins, coupés, victorias, limousines, betraying an extravagance of design and variegation of hue fit to grace the remote though no less spendthrift period of a Louis Quatorze levee.

As though actuated by some unseen mechanism the line moved forward notch by notch to deposit its burden. This spectacle would unroll itself like an endless film for another hour. There was Vilska, whose fingers, it is said, are listed on the Bourse and traded in as shares; Wenceslaus, whose leonine mane is famous through a Burne-Jones portrait; Max Arnult, who in one brief season had become all American even to his hair and shoes; Flora Cameron; Webber, John Darling; Solveja looking like a bank clerk on a holiday; the brothers Cupelo—everybody!

Cameras and picture machines, from their machine-gun embrasures, clicked and whirred. Merlin, beaming, was returning salutes in a dozen tongues and dialects as he stood at the brass rail inside, checking off the twenty-four-carat names on his list. To-night he would begin putting together another list for the forthcoming first Thursday in November, twelve months away. This was a sorry occasion for the speculators, who stood outside in the front ranks of the gaping street crowd, assuring each other confidently that Paradise itself would never house such a sublimated essence of genius as Carnegie Hall this day.

Merlin had a special reason to be happy. These, his children, with whose petulances he was schooled to struggle, were for to-day humble, almost timid, simple souls coming into their heart's desire. They were so much easier to manage when they came in by the Fifty-seventh Street portico than when the little mousehole awning was laid especially for them.

The house was seating itself. It was filling from pit to dome, with its dull half circle of boxes and loges. Virtuosi who would shrug their shoulders at the command of a potentate were climbing the alpine heights to the top gallery, with light hearts, content—because they must be to-day—with a place on a hard bench in that remote region, so far removed from the pit that they seemed to be looking at the stage through the wrong end of a telescope. Groups were passing back and forth, embracing, whispering—the air was filled with the murmur of these thousands of suppressed voices, a sound like waves breaking over a flat beach.

As the hour of four approached, Merlin left his place by the rail, giving his precious list to the care of an underling. He went behind the stage. In passing he opened the door of the cubby-hole on a crack and looked in, inquiring whether all went well—significantly. There must not be so much as a mote of dust to mar the records; the diamond pointed needles must be highly polished.

All was in readiness for the *maestro*'s appearance. At his desk Merlin picked up his telephone. Jacoby's man Felipe answered his ring.

"Prepare him! I come!" said Merlin in a manner which suggested that Jacoby was to be hermetically sealed for the journey across the avenue.

"The master will not play this afternoon," said Felipe.

"Prepare him! I come!" repeated the impresario in the same tone as before, without altering a muscle. He was accustomed to mercurial humors of these great ones of the earth.

"The master will not play this afternoon," persisted Felipe's soft monotone.

Merlin hung up the receiver as tenderly as though it bristled with fulminating caps that might detonate in his very fingers. He drew a deep sigh. He reached into the corner for his walking stick—a very cudgel—and shook it at an imaginary adversary. If these wax disks, so surreptitiously preparing, proved even passable records, most assuredly he would retire from this despicable profession of cajolery on the profits.

A Jacoby record! It would be worth an annuity. Merlin had bullied and fawned on them all in his time. He knew when to lash or cringe—none better. He adjusted his hat and rose. On the way out he stopped at the cubby-hole and whispered through the crack of the door:

"That diamond point is going to be too hard, I am afraid. Better try what a blunt point on Number Two machine will do."

A few seconds later he was in the elevator on his way to Jacoby's apartments. As he entered he pricked up his ears and permitted himself a smile. A familiar patter struck his ear. Jacoby was at his clavier, the mute keyboard on which the master limbered up his rare fingers and his fidgety soul. The dull thudding of the felted hammers in their voiceless sockets sounded like raindrops on a leaden ocean.

Merlin drew a huge sigh of relief. Cats and dogs! To gather such a house as he had boxed up across the street, from the ends of the earth, only to walk out and tell them to disperse quietly and go home! He began to sweat at the thought of the averted catastrophe.

Rosa was kneeling on a chair in the anteroom, peering through the curtains at her lord and master. So intent was she that she did not hear the soft-stepping Merlin enter; nor did she realize his presence until he was at her very shoulder, peering through the opening in the brocade with her.

There sat Jacoby at his clavier, his lithe, graceful body swaying; his head slightly inclined; his eyes fixed on some remote point in outer space. His fingers—which could span fourteen full intervals in a contortion that seemed fairly to dislocate them—were falling on the keys as lightly as dry leaves dancing in the breeze. They were weaving the closest harmonies—harmonies unheard by all ears except his own.

Merlin caught the picture in a fluttering glimpse. The next instant the fingers of Rosa crushed the curtains together. Her quick movement suggested that she was prepared to bar his passage into the room if he attempted to enter.

"Ah, Merlin! What shall we do? What shall we do?" she cried passionately.

Merlin's look said as plainly as words that she was talking one of the very few languages extant with which he was not familiar. Evidently it was Rosa and not the master himself who was struggling with an attack of nerves. He smiled reassuringly and said soothingly:

"It's all right, child—it's all right. They are waiting for him. Never—never has there been such a house before! They are waiting for him. Come!"

He reached out to part the curtains and enter; but she thrust him fiercely back. He stared at her in astonishment.

"Hush! He is asleep!" she said. "Sound asleep!"

"Asleep?" repeated Merlin incredulously. "Asleep! Bah! What folly is this, Rosa?" He pushed her roughly aside and strode in through the hangings. He came to a halt at the clavier. "Ernest!" he cried sharply.

Jacoby gave no sign. The head inclined lower; he was smiling, as though enthralled with the ghostly harmonies his flying fingers were fabricating. His dull eyes were still staring into the same uncertain distance. Merlin bent over the clavier, brought his face directly into the line of sight of the performer—but the eyes did not see him. On this day of days, the first Thursday in November, the soul of the master was a million miles away.

The impresario, aghast at the situation, fell back slowly, his eyes glued to the figure at the instrument.

"But he plays—he plays!" he said, unbelieving; and then sharply, and with a note of irritation in his voice: "Ernest! Ernest!" he cried. But the automaton at the keys gave no heed. His phantom music held the dreamer fast. For a moment Merlin was overpowered by the strangeness of the situation. "But he plays—he plays!" he insisted; and then, turning on the woman, who had now fallen limply into a chair, his eyes gleaming, he demanded: "What does he play? What does he play, Rosa? Tell me that!"

"It is—it is the sonata," she whispered.

Now the great Merlin fairly rose on his toes, his eyes blazing.

"The sonata! *The* sonata?" he repeated.

And, without a second glance at the limp figure of poor Rosa, he went back to the clavier. There was a tradition about this sonata—*the* sonata of Jacoby. This was its only title—*the* sonata. That described better than anything else the awe and reverence in which this master of masters was held by his following. No one had ever heard it. It existed only in Jacoby's brain—the brain in his head and the brain in his finger tips. No one who ever saw him play would deny that his fingers were capable of cerebration. And now *the* sonata was being played before the very eyes of Merlin! But not before his ears. Merlin was clever at the keys. Now he was studying those flying fingers like a hawk. Cats and dogs! What sprite of the devil had contrived this outlandish keyboard, with its pure intervals! Even to the trained eyes of the impresario, these interpretative fingers spoke only in cryptograms. Merlin could decipher the tempo—even something of the phrasing.

"How long will this go on?" asked Merlin, finally going back to Rosa. He shook her roughly, made her sit erect and listen to him. "They are waiting for him. It is rank idiocy! How long will it go on?"

"For hours and hours—till finally he is exhausted."

"Felipe! Go to my office. Tell my secretary to bring Doctor Vossberg. Take care! No word of this—remember!"

Thus dispatching the valet, Merlin went back to the clavier. He rested his elbows on the case, as his hawklike eyes resumed their study of the fingers.

Doctor Vossberg might have been a virtuoso had he not chosen medicine instead. Now, in his advanced years, he consorted with the people who lived the profession he had denied himself. He was sitting silent in his box when they found him; and, with practiced dissimulation—lest the impatient house catch the infection of alarm—he rose after a few seconds and followed them out. When he entered the anteroom Merlin acquainted him with the circumstances; they whispered together for some time; later they took Rosa aside. Steadied by the presence of the old physician she grew more coherent.

"It is not sleep," she cried, much moved. "It is—as though he were translated—by this strange music. It carries him far from us—he is no longer here."

"No," said the old doctor, studying the performer narrowly; "it is not sleep. It is an amazing form of psychosis."

"He will tear his soul to rags if this goes on," began Merlin. "If we could get him over there—to his own piano—the sound of the strings might cause him to come back quite naturally, without shock."

Strive as he would, Merlin could not mask the excitement and eagerness in his tones; the others, however, were too absorbed to note this. As they talked together in hushed voices at his very elbow, the unconscious pianist, with unseeing eyes, continued to pursue his theme.

"Rosa, think!" commanded the physician. "Let us seek some impulse stronger than all else. It may be the key to unlock his senses. A great grief—a great happiness! Is there not some all-powerful emotion in his life that you can call back by some simple act?"

Rosa suddenly sat erect, her eyes bedewed with happy tears. She drew them to her and whispered.

It was an intimate confidence.

"Do you remember, at his first Thursday, years and years ago, I had to come to lead him off—he was so overcome with the ovation? He has never forgotten the scent of the violets I wore. Could that not rouse him now?"

It was a desperate expedient, fantastic at the best. The doctor nodded eagerly. There is nothing more powerfully hypnotic than a perfume to awaken recollection. The invasion of the physical sense reacts on the mental; the association of ideas is immediate.

"Violets!" commanded the doctor; but Merlin was already at the door. When Felipe returned with a great bunch of the purple flowers the doctor ruthlessly crushed them in his hand until the air was heavy with the scent. He thrust them into the lace of the woman's dress.

The dreamer at the clavier was now beating the keys with arms that swung like flails. Suddenly his hands fell to his side. He sat back, staring at the wall, his lips moving as though he were counting. It was the pause between movements of the ghostly sonata.

"Quick, Rosa! Now! Before he begins again!" cried Vossberg. "Put your arms about him; speak to him—as though he were awake—gently. Take his hand as you did on that first Thursday long ago."

And Rosa, her lips quivering, tears coursing down her cheeks, gently took him in her arms.

"How your friends love you, Ernest! We will go now! Come!" she whispered softly, as she put his head to her breast.

A slight shiver ran through the frame of the musician. She took his hand and he rose, with the simple obedience of a child. The old physician was now at his other hand. And Jacoby, yielding to the tender urging of familiar hands, started forward.

Rosa Was Frightened, for He Had Confessed to Her

II

THE auditorium was booming like a hive of angry bees when Merlin walked out on the stage. At his appearance the hum of impatient voices ceased and he was greeted with applause. He raised a hand for silence; then

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MADE IN AMERICA

By EMERSON HOUGH

OF THE National Park family the youngest member, yet one of the best known, is Glacier Park, five years old in May. It runs from our most northerly railroad to the Canada line. You could put quite a piece of New England in it, for it comprises more than fourteen hundred square miles—almost a million acres. It covers one of the wildest and least-known mountain regions of the Rockies; and, though there are in the Sierras and Cascades loftier peaks than those of Glacier Park, there is no mountain region in America which, taken all in all, is more fit to be called truly Alpine. The only reason to prevent our calling it the Switzerland of America is that every railroad folder does so.

Glacier Park is the handiwork of Louis W. Hill and Divine Providence—I am sure the sequence is correct; and there is no need to mention any highly trained senator, from Montana or elsewhere, who may have played a minor rôle. I was talking with Mr. Hill not long ago, and he told me a story about a son of his who was out trout fishing.

"He got on a big one—three pounds, easy," said Mr. Hill; "and just as he was landing him his line broke and the fish got away. What does the kid do but jump right in after him! And he got him too!"

"It's hard to stop a member of the Hill family, ain't it?" said I—just like that.

Either Mr. Louis W. Hill or his father, James J. Hill, is the author of the phrase "See America First!" Mr. James J. Hill saw most of the Northwest first, and Mr. Louis W. Hill saw Glacier Park first.

We all remember the pictures of mountains in the old geographies—sharp, jagged-looking peaks, sticking up in a row like the fingers on your hand. Maybe you have never been able to find any mountains just like those of the geography. Try Glacier Park, and you will see proof that the old book was not so far wrong. Some mountains are tall, but do not look it. These are mountains that look the part.

There is no approach to the Rockies better than that from the east, as you come into view of this lofty and broken range. They shoot up directly from the plains. Geologists say that back in the interior of the Saint Mary's district in the Pre-Cambrian Age, even before James J. Hill was born, Nature took a notion to thrust up these lower and older rocks entirely to the surface. Then, having thrust them up, she pushed them out to the east eight or ten miles over the Cretaceous Age, or Later Great Northern Age, and left them standing there. If you should take the inner gorge of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, lift it up to the edge and then shunt it out over toward Williams, Arizona, you would get something of the same effect. Geology and railroads have a great deal to do with scenery.

The name of this park is, at least, fairly descriptive. It contains sixty glaciers, and a few of these are large and interesting, though nothing in this district approaches in magnitude the glaciers of Mount Rainier. As the timber, especially on the east side of the divide, is not so heavy as that of the Pacific Slope, the opportunity to see the mountains and the glaciers themselves is far better than around Rainier. The climate is bright and clear, with little rain.

Moreover, this rude and grim region, a few years ago one of the least accessible of the Rockies, is now opened up with trails. You cannot get into Glacier Park by coach or automobile—that is to say, you cannot penetrate far into the interior; but in safety and in relative comfort you can now see more mountains there, more quickly and more reasonably, than in any other place known to this writer.

Where to Go and What to See

THE region is very beautiful. It holds scores of great mountain peaks, a dozen beautiful lakes, and as many bold mountain rivers. It is the most impressive part of the Rockies; there is more scenery to the square inch there than in any other part of the mountains, and the railroad runs directly to its door.

The Great Northern Pass is the lowest held by a transcontinental line in the United States; yet near it lies what sometimes has been called the Crown of the Continent, where originate Hudson Bay, Pacific and Atlantic waters. The eastern line of the park, coming down through what once was the Blackfoot Reservation, passes over the top of Divide Mountain, which the early explorers thought was the triple divide. Later it was discovered that the triple divide lies farther in.

The west side of the park has the moister climate of the Pacific Slope. It is much more heavily timbered. In extent it is nearly double the eastern portion; but it is far less known, since all of the Government and railroad development enterprises have been confined to the eastern slope.

One of the Chief Attractions of Yellowstone Park is the Bears

The lakes of the west side are larger and more numerous. There is a survey for a competing railroad along the western edge of the park, up one of the forks of the Flathead River. Should this road be built, a greater development of the splendid western portion of the park would ensue.

Along the east side, on the Indian reservation, there runs an automobile road, serving the tourist traffic bound to the northward and the interior. Running out to meet this road are two great valleys, that of the Saint Mary's Lakes, and that of the Swift Current River, not to mention the less important Two Medicine and Cut Bank Valleys, closer to the railroad. You are dropped by auto stage at Saint Mary's Hotel, whence you can go by comfortable steamboat to the other end of the Upper Saint Mary's Lake. There you meet horse transportation, which will take you over Gunsight Pass to the head of Lake McDonald, and so out via Belton, or over Piegan Pass into the Swift Current country, of which Many Glacier Camp is the capital.

The alternate road into the interior is by automobile from Saint Mary's Hotel, round the end of the Lower Saint Mary's Lake—which will give you a chance to see one of our most beautifully deliberate United States reclamation enterprises—thence to the left and up Swift Current to Many Glacier Camp, on McDermott Lake. Here is another outfitting point. You can take horse over Piegan Pass to what is known as the Sun Camp, at the foot of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, on the Upper Saint Mary's; and thence you may go out by boat on the east side, or may outfit for Gunsight Pass and Lake McDonald. Or from the McDermott country you may go over Swift Current Pass into Granite Park and thence out to Lake McDonald.

You may do all these things in about a week and have a very good idea of the better-known portion of the park. It is desirable to go in at one railroad point and come out at another, crossing the divide by horse trail. You can make a two days' or a three days' or a two weeks' trip, as you like; or one of two months. There is a regular schedule of prices, which implies that you are to keep traveling and that the management does not issue any rain checks. You can, if you like, buy a coupon book at the hotel, which will entitle you to so many horseback rides, so many steamboat rides, so many beds and so many meals. Confusion sometimes arises over use of these books, and I heard much dissatisfaction expressed by the public regarding them.

Mr. Hill has made more park in five years than has been done anywhere else in twelve. Glacier Park was established in May, 1910. In 1913 it had eleven thousand visitors; and during the past season, up to the time of the war scare, which cut off all American travel to Europe, the attendance was running forty per cent stronger than the year before. It is by far the best advertised of all the national parks. Its swift development has been a good piece of railroad work. Most of the traffic is originated outside of Montana. The bulk of it comes from the Mississippi Valley—Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and so on. Philadelphia sends more visitors to Glacier Park than does New York. The foreign travel is slight. Canada has sent, in a year, about six hundred visitors.

Though the west side of the park is less known, and less favored by the United States Government, a number of tourists enter on that side. Lewis' Hotel, on Lake McDonald—an old-time but up-to-date hostelry located on deeded land and as good as any hotel in the park—had seven thousand one hundred and nineteen visitors in 1913. Another resort on that side had seven hundred and fifty; one at the foot of Lake McDonald registered eleven hundred and thirty; and one independent hotel at Belton showed three thousand five hundred and thirty-eight. As between the east and west sides, so far as visitors to the interior of the park were concerned, Belton claimed five thousand five hundred and forty entrants as against five thousand eight hundred and forty going into Glacier Park on the east side.

The Pioneers of Glacier Park

THE office of the park superintendent has always been located at the lower end of Lake McDonald. The new incumbent, Mr. S. F. Ralston, may possibly transfer it to Belton, where greater efficiency would be obtained, the old location being rather remote and out of touch.

As yet, the park cannot be said to be more than partly open. The northern part of the west side, and pretty much all of the east side north of McDermott Lake, are almost unknown to the average tourist to-day. The Waterton Lakes are little visited, but are well worth visiting. Brown's Pass is rarely crossed by a tourist. The Belly River country, in the upper part of the park, is the best mountain region within the limits; but few know it. A world lies in there ready for your exploring. The average travel goes in via Many Glacier or the Sun Camp—or comes out that way.

In no part of the country will you find a sharper dividing line between the old life and the new, between the old West and the new, than here, where unspared money has been used to bring a commercialized civilization into the wilderness.

I sat on the gallery of the great quarter-million-dollar hotel and, with an interpreter, talked to a Blackfoot about the old times. From where we sat we could see Squaw Mountain and its peculiar rock—the Indians say it is a woman standing there, with her blanket over her head, looking out to the East to see whether the buffalo are coming. When, at last, they come, the watcher will light a signal fire; and then all the Indians will be happy. So said my Blackfoot as he told me stories—such stories as I had heard by the tepee fires in these mountains long before a park was dreamed of here. It is the memory of these old days that leaves a few of the insurgent class selfishly resentful of all these new ways, which have opened up this country for the general public.

As a matter of fact, however, Dr. George Bird Grinnell, of New York, is the man who more than any other, in the usual scheme of credits, ought to have the title of father of this park. He was one of the first to explore and write about it, and for a long time has been acquainted with the Blackfoot tribe. The following data, covering the early days of what is now Glacier Park, may be depended on:

In May, 1854, James Doty, who accompanied Governor I. I. Stevens across the continent, made a trip north from Fort Benton to about the parallel of 49° 30'. He met old Hugh Monroe, thought to be the first white man who saw the Saint Mary's Lakes—sometimes thought to be the first white man who ever saw Great Salt Lake—and, with him, visited those lakes. He called the lower lake Chief Mountain Lake and the upper, Bow Lake; but he never got back into the mountains.

In 1883 Professor Raphael Pumpelly crossed the Rockies from west to east by the Cut Bank Pass. With him was W. A. Stiles; and William R. Logan, later of the Indian Bureau, was also of the party. They saw and named the Pumpelly Glacier, an arm of the great Blackfoot Glacier.

In 1885 Doctor Grinnell made a hunting trip on the Saint Mary's, and went up Swift Current River. He wrote an

article descriptive of this trip, which was published in 1885 and 1886, and described as a glacier one of the ice masses he had seen. In 1887, on another trip, he explored this glacier, and later showed it to Lieutenant, now Colonel, J. H. Beacom, United States Army, Third Infantry; and the glacier was then named Grinnell Glacier, as it is still known. The mountain at the head of what is now called McDermott Lake has long been known as Grinnell Mountain. The glacier lies back of that.

In 1891, with H. L. Stimson, later Secretary of War, and W. H. Seward, of Auburn, New York, with Billy Jackson and J. W. Schultz, of the Blackfoot people, Doctor Grinnell went beyond the head of Saint Mary's Lake to the head of Saint Mary's River, and found and named the Blackfeet Glacier. His story, under the title of The Crown of the Continent, was published in October, 1901. It was almost the first published mention of this wilderness region.

In an old notebook of Doctor Grinnell's, under date of September 17, 1891, is also the following entry: "How would it do to start a movement to buy the Saint Mary's country—say, thirty by thirty miles—from the Piegan Indians, at a fair valuation, and turn it into a national reservation or park? The Great Northern Railroad would probably back this scheme. T. C. Power would do all he could for it in the Senate, and certainly all the Indians would like it." This is perhaps the first recorded suggestion of the present Glacier Park.

About 1893 indications of copper were found in this country. Very powerful pressure was brought to bear on Congress to purchase the land from the Indians and throw it open to settlement. The Blackfoot were paid a million and a half dollars for their mountain country from the plains to the divide. The miners then rushed in and exploited the whole region thoroughly. No mineral of any value was ever found and after the second year the entire country was abandoned. This was the worst thing that ever happened to this mountain district. The miners made few trails and slaughtered almost all the game—though the railroad folders say you may see "bighorn goats" almost any day!

Mount Hough, Alias Spot Mountain

MEANTIME, in 1897, Doctor Grinnell had climbed Mount Jackson and, in 1898, the Blackfoot Mountain. His companion then was J. B. Monroe, or Jack Monroe, still available as an authority on all this early geography, and as good a mountain man as I ever camped with. They, with J. W. Schultz and Billy Jackson, were the real naming committee of this country. Doctor Grinnell, from Blackfoot Mountain, located many other peaks, the highest of which he called Mount Cleveland; and President Cleveland wrote him a very pleasant letter about that honor. As to the establishment of the park, Doctor Grinnell states in a personal communication:

"Soon after 1902 I spoke with Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, about setting aside the recently purchased—but now abandoned—tract as a national park, and found him disposed to favor the suggestion. I wrote to friends in Montana, some of them your acquaintances, and induced them to approach Senator Carter on the same subject. A little later Senator Carter introduced into the Senate a bill setting aside the park. This bill passed the Senate once or twice, and at last, in 1910, passed both houses, was signed by President Taft, May 12, 1910, and

Going-to-the-Sun Camp, Glacier Park

the Glacier National Park became a fact. You will understand that all this was not accomplished without considerable struggle, but it was accomplished.

"In the early days, perhaps beginning about 1890, I had made a sketch map of the region and had named many of the peaks and bodies of water. A little later W. C. Brown, then a lieutenant, now very likely a colonel, went up on Flat Top and took a few observations; and I loaned him my map. Subsequently, when I took the treaty commission up to the head of the river, I gave Ross Cartee, who was a surveyor for the commission, copies of my notes; and at a still later date I gave a topographer of the United States Geological Survey the same. Everybody was very nice about all this; and the result is that a large number of the names I put on the mountains on the east side of the range stand on the maps to-day."

One of the finest mountains in the park—by the way, it has never yet been climbed—is Going-to-the-Sun, which rises on the right-hand side of the Upper Saint Mary's Lake, offering a splendid view from the hotel. It is usually supposed that this mountain has a poetic Indian name, but such is not the case. I asked Jack Monroe about it and he said:

"No; it is not an Indian name at all. We gave it that name while we were in here on one of the early hunts, when we were naming things. I can't just now tell which one of us suggested that name, but I sort of have the recollection that I did it myself."

In company with two members of the original committee on names in Glacier Park—J. W. Schultz and Billy Jackson—I made a winter hunt many years ago in Two Medicine Valley, then a part of the Blackfoot Reservation. We camped on the lower lake; in front of us rose the grand front of the mountain known as the Rising Wolf—named after old Hugh Monroe, the first white explorer of this country, the Indian name being Mah-queè-a-pah, or Wolf-gets-up. I was lucky enough to kill a good sheep on a mountain across the cañon on the right of Rising Wolf as one looks up the valley; and on another hunt I got a good bear on the southeast side of it.

"We'll give that mountain your name," said Jackson, and it was so ordered by the committee.

Later on I saw in some of the Great Northern literature a picture of Rising Wolf Mountain, with my own name attached to it—a sheer sacrilege, for old Hugh Monroe is a patron saint in this country, and this mountain has borne his name for a generation among the Indians. Still, having had a perfectly good mountain named after myself, I experienced a natural disgust at seeing that some ruthless hand, whether of railroad or the Geological Survey I wot not, has lately removed the authentic name from my mountain altogether and called it Spot Mountain! "Out, damnèd Spot!"—as Shakspere would say.

In the Days of Old Joe Kipp

IT SEEMS to me a deplorable thing that the original naming committee and all the official successors have not given to one great natural feature the name of good old Joe Kipp, friend of all these "explorers" and aid also to them. Kipp led the engineers to the Great Northern Pass, and was known for a generation in that country. He was a Mandar half-breed and a big man.

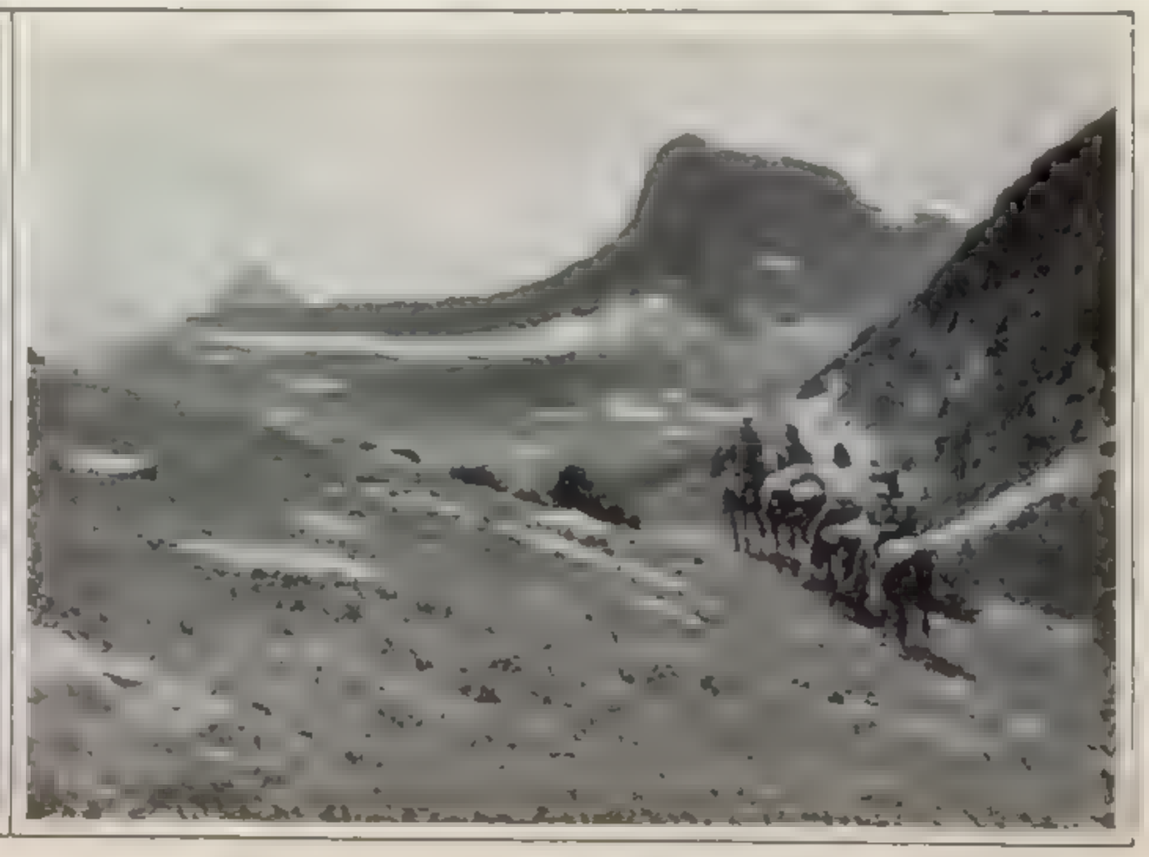
The problem of this park, as with so many others, is one of transportation. The horse question is a serious one. These hotels cannot be made to pay under the expensive operating conditions unless supported by a steady stream of tourists, and a steady stream of tourists means a steady stream of horses. The hotel company got a Canadian firm of outfitters from Banff, who, together with several independent outfitters, still rent horses in the park and furnish guides, each of whom wears chaps and a buckskin shirt, to look properly wild and woolly.

Last year—so the United States inspector told me—many horses broke down on the trail, so that tourists had to walk and lead their mounts home. This inspector, a lanky Texan by the name of Gibbs, knows a horse when he sees it, and knows what a horse must be able to do in this difficult tourist travel, where many of the riders are heavy and few of them expert horsemen. At the time of our visit he had condemned and ordered out of service twenty-five imported horses at one camp.

No horse ought to be ridden more than a couple of days in succession on these hard trails. No tourist, therefore, ought to consider the hire of a saddle horse high at two dollars a day, for it is not—the charge is three dollars a day for a horse in Yellowstone Park. Every tourist, like every hunter, ought to save his horse as much as possible; for the work assigned him on such trails as the Swift Current Pass, Piegan Pass or Gunsight Pass is hard enough for the best horse in the world.

The trails in Glacier Park are not in any way so terrifying as those of Yosemite or the Grand Cañon—that is to say, terrifying to those not used to mountain travel. To mountain climbers and hunters they are very simple. On some ascents, like that of Gunsight Pass, one may have to walk half a mile—and ought to walk two or three miles.

St. Mary's Lake and Red Eagle Mountain, Glacier Park



Blackfoot Indians Near Ptarmigan Lake, Glacier Park

Everything has been thought out in good detail for the tourist here. Even foot travelers are encouraged and are sold supplies at reasonable rates at the hotel points. One may camp out with a party all his own if he likes, at an expense of nineteen dollars and fifty cents a day. By sharing an undivided interest in a buckskinned guide—who gets five dollars a day—and by taking the regular hotel shoot-the-chutes system, the daily expenses are very reasonable. It is hard to run a hotel on horse transportation. The Glacier Park hotels were found of very uneven excellence. The hotel at the railroad was good, the fare at St. Mary's and Many Glacier Camps fair, that at the Sun Camp unspeakably bad. Granite Park and the Sperry Camps were reported good—I did not stop at the latter points.

If you are fortunate enough to find one of the camp chalets unoccupied you can have what seems to me the most delightful form of wilderness hotel life I have seen in any of our parks. There are some of these chalets at the Sun Camp, Glacier Camp, Cut Bank Camp, and so on. Each is a picturesque little log cabin, usually with one room. There is running water and a sink, plenty of windows and a good fireplace; and the beds are beautifully clean, with abundant blankets. One can come in tired and cold at night and sit down in front of his own fire in comfort and privacy.

I presume no one ought to grumble at the mechanical side of tourist life in any park. It was my duty to share the average tourist accommodations in order to see what they really were. Personally I should never, under any consideration, ride as one of a bunch of tourists in line back of a modern guide in buckskin and chaps. I shall not answer why not, but say it is my humor—we never did travel that way in the old times, and I never will.

The Slavery of the Dinner Bell

NEITHER do I personally like, in those Far Northern latitudes, where darkness does not come until almost nine o'clock, to be obliged to quit the glory of the mountains and ride back in time for a seven-o'clock dinner, whether I like it or not. The insurgent tourist who does not conform to these rules does not get his dinner—unless he can dig out an iron dollar or two for the kitchen help—most of whom regard themselves as somewhat higher than crowned heads. It is not nice to be an insurgent. You will have a softer time if you fall into the lock step of civilization—even the lock step of the hotel and transportation system in our national parks, which fashion I personally so much detest.

It is left to any free-born American who is not in politics to have his own opinions about any park or its management. One thing, however, seems to me noticeable in this park, and that is the very sincere and keen personal interest in the park which is shared by all the officers of the company controlling the hotels and transportation. They love the park and they want others to love it; and they want the public to be comfortable there. It is still a new and curious thing to them—this park. There has been personal enthusiasm as well as intended business gain back of the great advertising campaign of this park, and back of the daring outlay in equipment.

It is perhaps strange that so few crudities and inefficiencies exist there now, in a region which, five years ago, was raw wilderness. In five years more, when both the railroad and the public shall know their own rights in the premises, and when the United States Government shall have enforced its own rights also, affairs will go more smoothly. One thing is sure: the park itself will more than come up to any expectation the visitor may have had regarding it. It is as unique as Yosemite or Rainier or Yellowstone. It is the wildest of all our parks. Not to have seen it is to have missed one of the greatest privileges of American travel.

Of all our public parks, that located in the wild region round the head of Yellowstone River is, without question, the most widely known. It is the oldest of our national parks and has back of it a long, steady and thorough, though not spectacular, publicity campaign. It has a thousand features of interest that readily lend themselves to good advertising. It is the most systematically administered of all our parks, as to both Governmental and corporation management, and has had more public and private money put into it than any other.

Tourist traffic is handled there with greater commercial precision than anywhere else in America. Yellowstone Park has a wide international reputation; so much can scarcely be said of any other of our great parks. We go to Europe—Europe does not come to see us—but the system here most nearly approaches approved European methods of selling scenery.

As to that scenery, it is in its own class—there is nothing with which to compare it. The Grand Cañon awes you, Crater Lake frightens you, Rainier overwhelms you, Glacier challenges you; but the Yellowstone fascinates you. Here is Nature engaged in some sardonic jest, for you to answer if you can. Hundreds of giant geysers; miles of painted valley floor; thousands of places where the lid of the inner earth is cracked or thin; a vast steaming uplift from below; a vast general scent of sulphur; a vast general feel of the fire that is not quenched—it is a freak country, a weird country; and it is so large that you could lose in it all the geyser lands and hot-ground countries of all the rest of the world. These things are now so commonly known that it would be waste of space to tell of them in detail here. Not to know the Yellowstone is to argue one's self unknown.

There is a very long and interesting history back of Yellowstone Park, for which, also, space lacks here. The most curious thing about it is that this wonderland—Wonderland is the accepted and hackneyed railroad name of the Yellowstone country—lay so long unknown even after the early explorations of John Colter, Jim Bridger, and others of the longhairs.

The so-called Washburn-Doane Exploration Party of 1870 was the first to develop any idea of the establishment of a national reserve. To Hon. Cornelius Hedges, a member of the party, the credit of the first suggestion is given; but perhaps to Hon. N. P. Langford, more than to any other one man, is due the credit for the actual Yellowstone Park. He was one of the earliest explorers to bring it into public notice, and a most indefatigable laborer in the campaign that followed, as some practical campaign must follow all altruistic purposes if they are to succeed. In the welter of concessions and commercialism, when history is forgot, Langford's name ought to be more remembered than it is.

In this great region the question of deeded lands cuts no figure. At the time the Washburn-Langford-Hedges party was making its explorations it was suggested by one member of the party that it would be a good thing for them all to locate lands round some of the greatest of the park features. Others vetoed this; and it was agreed that a country so full of wonderful natural phenomena could not in any sense be held in individual ownership, but should belong to the people at large. It was set aside March 1, 1872—2,142,720 acres in all—so long ago that no one made much of an effort to get in and locate private claims in a wild and risky region.

It did not take long for the railroads to see the tourist possibilities of this region after it became fully known. The Northern Pacific for a long time had the best of this traffic and was interested, also, in the hotels located in the park. Other roads fought a long battle to get in at the eastern side of the park, though, thus far, the nearest eastern terminus of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad is eighty miles away.

In later years Yellowstone Station, on the west side, has developed a large travel, and during the last season more persons went in by that entrance, via the Oregon Short Line, than at any other. To the south still lies the deep fringe of the forest reserves and the wild Wind River and Jackson's Hole country, as yet without any rail line.

Sight-Seeing Table d'Hôte Fashion

TO SERVE the public the Yellowstone Park Hotel Company has in late years developed a strong and adequate management. Its total investment in buildings and transportation equipment is over three million dollars. The hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs is older than some of the others and one day may be better than it is, but the Cañon Hotel is a tremendous affair. Round its foundation line it measures more than a mile. It cost over three-quarters of a million dollars to build. The splendid lounging room is what you would expect to find in a capital of Europe rather than in a wilderness of America—a unique and beautiful interior, large enough to lose several Republican conventions and to accommodate nicely even those of all the Progressive and Democratic delegates in full enlistment.

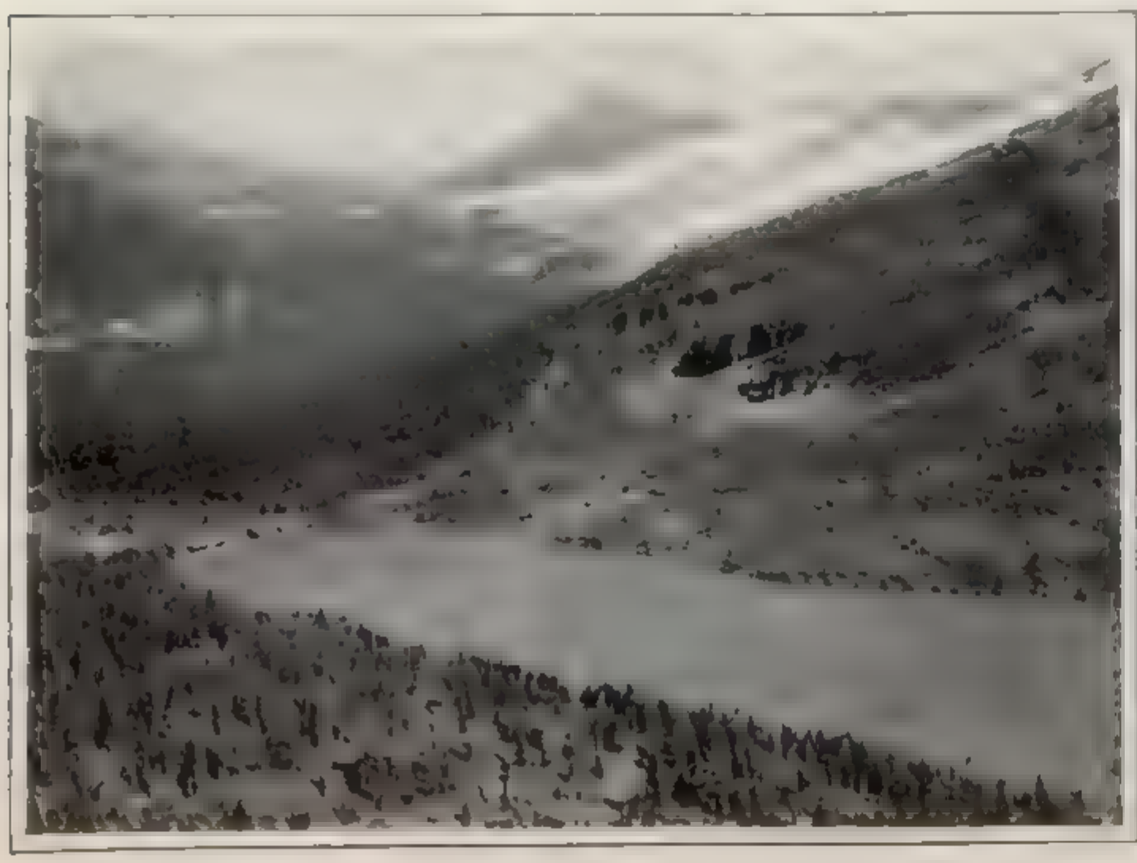
There is another splendid hotel located at the lake; and yet another unique and very expensive building is the Old Faithful Inn, the log structure at the Upper Basin. At the Norris Basin and Thumb Station the buildings are only large enough to accommodate what in New England would be called hauled mealers—that is to say, travelers not stopping overnight, but only for luncheon.

Besides the big hotel service, the traffic of which is supplied by the larger transportation companies, there are two large and several small tent and transportation companies which have camp concessions in the park and handle a lot of people. If urged, any of these concessioners will sell you a set of postal cards, a leather Indian head, or other Coney Island souvenirs, of the sort so accursedly common in our parks. Whether you go to one of the camps or use the large hotels, you have merely a choice of system. Everything goes by lump sum. In the remotest corner of the Fiji Islands you may buy a ticket to and from the Yellowstone Park, covering all your expenses for hotel and transportation accommodations inside the park. Your sight-seeing will be governed by a close schedule. You can take a four-and-a-half-days' or a five-days' trip from forty dollars up.

If you like, and if you insist, you can get special conveyances instead of the more crowded coaches, and can secure accommodations, baths and other things on a metropolitan scale. Next to the Grand Cañon, Yellowstone Park has the most fashionable patronage of any of our parks.

The old Yellowstone Park Improvement Company was one of those artless corporations that did not need to be

(Continued on Page 57)



Gunsight Camp and Almost-a-Day Mountain, Glacier Park

Mountaineers at Piegan Pass, Glacier Park

THE CHALK GAME

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

In Both Body and Spirit He Was With Shorty Sheridan on May Wheat

ONCET upon a time I remembah seein' a niggah ——" Jockey Monk Mattingly droned his words slowly as if to clothe them with impenetrable mystery.

He paused in the midst of the sentence, and with one black finger poised in the air, lent dramatic assistance and unusual weight to the statement he was about to make, while four ebony faces, clustering about him, bent eagerly forward.

"Whad did yo'-all see, Monkey?"

"Oncet upon a time," continued the first speaker, looking around impressively, "I remembah seein' a niggah come to life an' chase de undertaker fo' blocks!"

The lantern, swaying from the rafters overhead, through its begrimed chimney cast a flickering, uncertain light on the group below. The whites of four pairs of eyes, dilated to the utmost, gazed with awe and consternation upon the speaker. For a moment or two the mantle of silence enveloped all things, and the atmosphere was heavily laden with thought.

"Whar at, Monkey? Whar was dat at?" stuttered Jockey Piccolo Perkins. His words sounded far-away, and his voice wavered in querulous staccato as he spoke with assumed nonchalance.

"At Columbus, Mississippi," returned the oracle. "Yas, sir, dat niggah was done sent to de barn! An' jus' when dey was a-goin' to sing de closin' hymn, he riz up an' stepped to town faster dan a rabbit goin' to a frolic! Huh! Show me a dead one, an' I'll show you sumpin's liable to come to life!"

From his seat in the farthest corner Jockey Johnson stirred uneasily. Ages of superstitious forbears were asserting themselves and rattling his personality from its moorings.

"Is de doah barred?" he quavered. "Bettah lock de doah tight an' le's git down to business. Dat ole wind shuah does soun' kinder mo-ou'nful."

For more than half a century the race problem has drifted, derelict, upon a wide ocean of surmise, shifting uneasily about without satisfactory solution. Right here, however, a commission of truth-seekers, aided by those of the inner circle, provided they could have been prevailed upon to speak out in meeting, might have unearthed expert and valuable testimony, testimony based upon such clandestine meetings as the one now in progress, because the organization known subsequently as the Colored Jockeys' Trust was about to go into executive session.

There was nothing to distinguish the Separation Park Racetrack from other places of the kind devoted to the sport of kings. The same long rows of stables standing in parallel lines, the same regulation speedway, and the same magnificent distances inclosed by a high board fence. Now that the heavy pall of night had settled down, the surrounding silences were disturbed occasionally by the tramping of a restless horse and the eternal croak of the bullfrog chorus down at the pond in the inner field. Farther back, the grandstand and betting ring loomed up in ghostly half-lights. An atmosphere of loneliness permeated everything, because with the exceptions already noted, occupants of barn and stable were sleeping the sleep that comes only to those of strenuous endeavor.

The room in which the meeting convened was the ordinary one which is part of the entourage of every racing stable. The contents were scanty—a couple of cots against either wall, a few common chairs, a trunk or two, some cheap prints of racing scenes, and a long row of saddles and bridles stood for both furniture and decorations.

Hardly had the business of the evening commenced, however, when a diminutive personality tiptoed round the corner, and for an instant silhouetted itself against the gloom beyond. The newcomer took careful cognizance of his bearings, and then, flattening himself against the rough planking, blended into the shadows and crept stealthily toward the door. He did not seek admission, however, but wriggled his way warily, until by dint of untiring investigation he discovered a friendly knothole in the side wall, from which coign of vantage he could see without being seen and hear without being heard. Strategy being so far rewarded he settled down to wait and watch and listen.

"Fo' why?" emphasized Jockey Skeets Moseby, with impressive conviction, as the meeting regained its equanimity and came down to the milk of the coconut. "Fo' why? Dar ain't no use clarin' dat niggah in. He ain't entitled to no divide. 'Sides which, he don't count, anyway. It's all right for Monk to talk 'bout dead ones comin' to life, but dar ain't no danger 'bout dis hoss. I seen him workin' yistiday, an' he couldn't outrun a mudturtle. Is yo' all wid me?"

A bouquet of weazened black faces nodded a solemn assent.

"Dat moke don' know a saddle an' bridle frum a hoss an' buggy," supplemented Jockey Hill loftily. "Whar do he come frum, anyway? He ain't got de burrs out ob his mane yet, an' fo' dollahs in real money would make him die ob heart disease! I'll bet he can't lead a hoss to watah!"

"'Sides which," interpolated Jockey Piccolo Perkins oracularly and assisted by salient argument—"'sides which, de money has to go five ways now. Whad's de use ob carvin' a watermelon till it ain't got no regular name? Let him be de innercent bystander, dat's whad I say." With dusky hand uplifted, Jockey Perkins paused, assuming the air of one who has pronounced the very last word.

"Yo' folks is jus' wastin' time argufyin' 'bout every niggah whad gets by de gate. I doesn't care whar he comes frum, or whad's his name, or why he left dat place," interrupted a fourth delegate, who had hitherto been a silent spectator.

"He ain't in de dope at all, at all!" attested Jockey Moseby. "I spec's he's jus' been ridin' 'round de bush meetin's, short hosses wid popcorn pedigrees! His name's Jodey Beam, an' he rides fo' an ole man named Miles. Dey jus' landed, an' I figgers he's too dumb to job wid, anyway."

"He'll 'low he's joined de Suicide Club fo' we gits tru wid him," chortled Jockey Perkins. "Watch me make him take back de firs' time he hooks up wid me! Huh! Jus' leg-lock him oncet an' pinch him close to de rails! He'll think he couldn't ride in a wagon!"

In pantomime Jockey Perkins gave an impersonation of that awe-inspiring maneuver. "If he gits to dancin' we'll educate him proper," he concluded.

But be it recorded that Jockey Piccolo Perkins witted not that through a knothole in the plank an eye was glaring balefully at him. And perhaps it is just as well that he was blissfully ignorant of the fact that almost simultaneously the humor of the situation seemed to take possession of the little figure crouching on the outside, because it doubled up like a jackknife in silent paroxysms of laughter.

"Le's hear from Monk again," suggested the first spokesman. "Monk is settin' dar like a terrapin on a log. All he thinks 'bout is funerals. If yo' ain't tongue-tied, Monk, rise an' shine!"

A lean, solemn-looking young negro, black as ebony and as silent as the Sphinx, was sitting all humped up on a cot in the farthest corner, with his chin resting on his knee. As he unwound himself leisurely he regarded the black faces about him with the impersonal air of one who held his companions cheaply when it came to weighing their lack of mentality against absolute experience.

"Yo' wants me to gib it a name, eh?" he interrogated nonchalantly.

"Dat's it, Monk, dat's it! Gib it a name!" This latter with intense eagerness and with one accord in chorus.

"I war jus' settin' here a-thinkin'," he drawled. "I war jus' studyin' while yo' folks was talkin'."

"Studyin' 'bout what?"

"My ole mammy useter say," resumed the solemn one, "dat case a duck is hatched out by a hen it don't pervent him bein' able to swim de first time he hits de water."

"Whad's dat got to do wid it, Monk?" protested Jockey Moseby. "Yo' alluz goes a long way 'round. Why don't yo' cross lots?"

"It ain't got much to do wid it," returned the first speaker, "'ceptin' dat most ob de good riders comes frum de bushes. How does yo'-all know dat he can't ride? An' supposin' he had a real race hoss under him, whad den? Ise fo' lockin' de gates an' puttin' an' extra rail on de fence."

"Whad would yo' do, Monk—'clar him in for an even divide an' split wid him?" Piccolo Perkins was talking now; he was voicing his sentiments in tones redolent of intense indignation.

"Not 'zactly," amended the rider whose synonym was Monkey. "Jus' sweeten him up a li'l so's he ain't in de way."

"Gib him money? Is dat whad yo' mean?" Piccolo's voice was again lifted in vigorous protest.

"No-o," droned the dusky philosopher, looking up at the ceiling. "I'd gib him a pleasant smile; an' a bale o' hay, an' a jews-harp, but Ise done talkin'. I alluz sticks my fingers under de girths befo' I mounts, dat's all! I've had dem fall wid me, but de saddle neber slipped. Ise done talkin'. Wha's de name ob de hoss he's got, anyway?"

"His name's Shootin' Star, an' he's a fo'-yeah-ole maiden. He ain't neber seen de barrier yet, an' he'll be as green as grass at de post. Even if he was any 'count we could take care ob him. Whad's de matter wid you, Monk, anyway? Is yo' seein' things?"

"I ain't seein' nothin'," returned the rider so addressed, solemnly and without animation. "But it's all right wid me. Whenever de pickin' is good I likes to be de first to sit down an' de last to shove my chair back frum de table."

"All right, Monk, all right," counseled Jockey Moseby; "de day ob judgment is a long ways off. An' when Gabriel blows his trumpet you'll quit runnin' an' go to flyin'. We'll leave dis niggah out, an' elect one right now. Who'll we elect? Whad does yo'-all say?"

As if with one accord voices were lifted in unison.

"Ole Rebel! He's de hoss! He's de hoss!"

"Wid Pike up he could fall down a couple ob times an' den come home on de bit."

"How 'bout Gold Bug?" interrogated Monkey. "Last time I rode that horse he acted like as if he was 'bout ready."

"I seed him pin his ears an' sulk more dan oncet," returned Jockey Moseby. "An' whad's more, he's been a hophead since he was a two-year-old. He's had de battery an' de cracker dust an' de needle! Dar ain't enough money in de world to buy speed fo' him now. Doan tell me, I know! Better elect Rebel, he's de hoss! 'Sides which, de last five times Pike rode him he was anchored. Now he'll be a long price, an' we'll all have nothin' but money an' clothes!"

"Let de bet go as it lays," acquiesced Jockey Mattingly pessimistically. "I'd just as soon ride behind as any other place, but yo'-all remembah whad I said 'bout dead ones bein' res'rected. Make it Rebel, an' if dis yeah outsider drives down in front, doan come to me wid no squawk. Let's go, it's gittin' late."

As the assemblage arose, preparatory to taking their departure, the watcher on the outside scurried hastily across the walking path and disappeared in the darkness. When the door opened and the conspirators emerged, there was nothing to excite suspicion or to indicate that their deliberations had been under surveillance.

II

MAJOR MILES' racing jacket was distinguished in many respects from those of other owners. It was a wonderful confection of dark-blue satin with straw-colored sleeves, but on the back thereof was portrayed a life-sized game chicken, trimmed, spurred and equipped for battle. This was embroidered with marvelous skill.

Arrayed in this impressive livery, on the afternoon of the day following the events described in the preceding chapter, Jodey Beam steered Shooting Star to the post.

Rider and horse presented a rare spectacle. The colt, in the pink of condition, arched his neck proudly and played about, as he daintily cavorted to the starting point.

The Major had a sizable bet down, and needless to say Jodey felt the importance of the occasion. Brought up from early childhood about the Major's stables, he had become past master in all the arts and sciences of superb horsemanship. He knew that besides garnering the glory of victory he would reap a tangible reward, and Jodey Beam was a "money" rider. Under his dusky skin flexed muscles of steel and the nerves of a warrior.

"Come on up here, you little black imp," shouted the starter as Jodey halted Shooting Star about twenty-five yards back of the barrier and behind the other horses. 'Come on up here."

"Say, Mistah Ferguson," pleaded Jodey, "Ise doin' de bes' I knows how. Dis yeah ole colt is green an' he's actin' scan'lous. He's sulkin' wid me." Jodey was maneuvering for a running start, and the official knew it.

"Twenty-five for you if you ain't up with the bunch in two shakes of a terrier's tail," retorted the starter. "What do you want to do—sit there until the last car leaves for town? I'm onto you." Then to his assistant: "Bill, take hold of that colt's head and lead him up here."

"Don't do dat, don't do dat, Kunnel," protested Jodey as he moved stealthily closer. "He don't like nobody to take holt ob his head. He's liable to rar back. Lemme come up dar on de outside. If I gits into de bunch wid dem good riders dey'll feed me to de lions!"

With one eye on the starter and the other on the horses, endeavoring to line up at the barrier, moreover, with many outward manifestations of obedience, Jodey moved his mount closer. When within about three lengths he noted that they were in perfect alignment, and quick as a flash he dug his heels into Shooting Star's glossy sides. The latter bounded forward as if shot from a catapult, and the tape flew up almost as his nose touched it. He was off, flying, while the balance of the contestants were standing flat-footed. With an advantage of four open lengths Jodey chuckled to himself as he cut across the field and steered his mount toward the inside fence.

Up the back stretch Shooting Star sailed along in front with a comfortable lead, but just as Jodey was congratulating himself that it would be little more than an exercising gallop a blaze-faced horse raced clear from the bunch behind him and with mighty strides drew alongside. Round the upper turn they raced, head and head, each rider sitting still and waiting for his rival to make the first move or to manifest uneasiness.

"Dat ole Rebel hoss is outrunnin' hisself to-day," muttered Jodey as they sped along. "He ain't actin' natural. Dey 'bout agitated him wid de hurry-up specific 'fo' he lef' de barn. He's agwine to blow up somewhar, but whar? Dat's de question."

The rival racers had turned into the stretch now, and were locked together as a team. Jodey pulled his mount slightly over from the inside, with a view to making his opponent travel in the heavy going.

"Whar is yo' carryin' me?" shrilled the boy on Rebel. "Yo' is herdin' me all ovah de track."

Jodey never moved an iota. "Dar's lots ob room on de outside, niggah," he yelled. "Take de overland. If yo' don't like dat, de fence is full ob holes." For the first time Jodey began to realize that it would be a duel to the death.

Of all animals subservient to man, the horse above others loves to be talked to. Generations of marvelous riders can substantiate this statement.

"Tell me somethin', Shootin' Star," cajoled Jodey. "Don't keep nothin' a dark secret—tell me somethin'. Is

"I Wants to Congratulate Yo', Mistah Beam, on de Wonderful Ride Yo' Made To-day"

yo' a ragin' lion or a bleatin' lamb? Yo' didn't leave yo' golden slippers back home, did yo'? Write me a letter, Shootin' Star. Whar's all dat speed yo' was braggin' 'bout?"

His head was on a level with the horse's neck as he crouched over on his withers. The wind roared in his ears with the velocity of a hurricane, while the riders' stirrups clicked and their knees bumped as they sped toward the winning post with not an inch of advantage to either.

It was then that Jodey Beam resorted to strategy. The fingers of his right hand released their hold on the reins, while those of his left took a firmer grip in order that he should not let his horse's head down. He spun his whip with whirling motion through his fingers, and lifted his arm as if to strike.

"I gotcha! I gotcha!" chortled Rebel's jockey, for the hundredth part of a second relaxing his efforts on his own horse.

"Ise ridin' yo' hoss to-day, boy," shouted Jodey triumphantly, but without turning his head. "Ise like dat niggah whad come ter life an' chased de undertaker. You'll get de rubber's money."

His whip was down and he was hand-riding his mount like an ebony demon. The diversion gained him only a couple of inches, but Jodey's challenge and reference to the secret meeting of the night before was enough to make Rebel's rider away in his saddle and pull his whip in sheer desperation. As he did so his stiffened fingers fumbled with the reins and his horse's head dropped.

The popular portrayal of a horse race, in many quarters, is a picture of reins flying loose; but in real life great turf contests are won with the jockey's knuckles as close behind his horse's ears as he can get them. Rebel faltered and shortened his stride. His rider, having pulled himself together, was beating a stinging tattoo on his ribs, and spurred heels were raking his perspiring sides. And Rebel had plenty left. He came again with all the magnificent gameness of his lineage. In another stride he would have won, but the race gods, aided and abetted by Jodey's uncanny perspicacity, had willed otherwise.

Shooting Star's number was the first to appear on the indication board. In regular turf parlance, he had "won by an eyelash."

III

AT THE close of the day's racing, and with his pockets bulging with the spoils of victory, made up of gifts from the Major and his friends, Jodey Beam was about to sally forth and look upon the lights of the great city, when he was accosted by a saddle-colored negro. This gentleman sported a massive yellow diamond in a flaming red tie, and white spats partially covering patent-leather shoes, the whole topped off by a gold-headed cane. At first sight Jodey was impressed.

"I wants to congratulate yo', Mistah Beam, on de wonderful ride yo' made to-day," began the stranger insinuatingly. "Yo' shuah put it all ovah dem. I wants to congratulate yo'."

Jodey Beam had never been addressed as Mister before. The saddle-colored one made a home-run right there. The rider's chest expanded.

"Oh, dat's nothin'," protested the little jockey with an admirably simulated air of self-abnegation. "Dat warn't nothin'. Dem Texas riders is jokes when it comes to real racin', dat's all."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so, Mistah Beam," rejoined the newcomer warmly; "but I wants to say I nevah seed a betta' finish, when yo' pretended to go to de bat, an' den laid it down again. Don't tell me! Yo' showed dar yo' is suttingly gifted."

"Well," responded Jodey as if conceding a point, "us folks in Kaintuck ain't ovahlookin' no bets."

"I win on yo' to-day," resumed the mulatto. "I come to thank yo'. Furder dan dat, couldn't I make yo' a li'l gift?"

"No, sah! No, sah!" responded the rider grandiloquently. "De Majah, he pays me, an' all his frien's gib me money. Looka here, man, my pockets is jus' brimmin' ovah!" Jodey, with no little flourish, exhibited a large roll of bills as prima-facie evidence of the latter statement.

"But yo'll go an' have a pick ob somethin', I hope an' trust, Mistah Beam," persisted the connoisseur of horsemanship. "I'd like fo' to entertain yo' some. Ise jus' goin' to strike out fo' town. Will yo' accompany me?" The invitation was given with an air of whole-hearted hospitality, and together the newly found friends wended their way toward the city.

It would be a useless task to endeavor to follow the footsteps of these devotees of sport in their wanderings about the negro quarter. A generous banquet of fried chicken was topped off with early Georgia watermelon. Then the party was augmented by two friends of the saddle-colored one. Dinner was followed by libations, and Jodey was ordering recklessly and making ostentatious display of wealth, when suddenly he felt an extraordinary desire to go to sleep. Try as he would, he could not shake off the drowsy feeling. His little black eyes blinked at his companions, but some subtle elixir was stealing away his sensibilities. A numb feeling mastered him, which he fought with all his powers to withstand, but the drops dealt by a deft hand had done their work. The jockey slumped down in his chair, while with marvelous dexterity his erstwhile hosts went through his pockets. Jodey Beam had scored over only one branch of the colored trust.

"It won't do to leave him heah," counseled the saddle-colored one. "We'd bettah git him out ob town. Le's call a hack an' take him to de Chicago train. We can buy him a ticket fo' de Windy City an' put him aboard, den tell de conductor he's drunk. By de time he gits up dar, an' makes his way back agin, we'll have gone ovah dis town wid a fine-tooth comb."

IV

FROM the chill morning fog which enveloped Lake Michigan and wormed its way between altitudinous buildings, spreading damp drizzle over all things, a little shivering black form emerged, and in making a rapid turn of the corner at the intersection of La Salle and Clark Streets ran directly into the augustness of the law as then and there represented by Officer Patsey Kerrigan of the City Hall squad.

Officer Kerrigan was no candidate for the lightweight championship, but, nevertheless, the force of the impact shook him from his foundations, and reaching forth his trusty right hand he grasped the perpetrator of *lese-majesté* firmly by the collar.

"You're in an awful hurry, kid," he vouchsafed with an admonitory shake. "Did you think you was a hose-reel going to a fire? Or was you feeling so good that you wanted

to run away and kill somebody? They'd oughter halter-break you country niggers before they turn you loose. Did the street cars scare you, or was it the high buildings you was leery of? What's the answer?"

"I wasn't doin' nothin' to nobody. I was jus' tryin' to fin' my way out to de race track," pleaded the boy. "Honest, Mistah, I'm all tangled up. Jus' lemme go back to dat ole box-stall, an' I won't nebber come downtown no mo'."

"What are you talkin' about?" queried the policeman as he backed his assailant against a wall and pinned him thereto with the point of his club. "What are you talkin' about? You ain't been hittin' the pipe, have you?"

"Why, de Churchill Downs racetrack," retorted the little negro with emphasis. "My name is Jodey Beam an' I'm Majah Miles' rider. Ise all twisted 'round. When I woke up dis mawnin' I was settin' in de cars, an' a man says: 'Git out, niggah! Dis is de las' stop.' I been a-wanderin' roun', but I nevah was in dis part ob Louisville befo'. Ise jus' lost, boss, da's whad I is."

Officer Kerrigan rubbed his eyes, as he pushed his helmet back, and squinted down at the boy, while a look of supreme astonishment passed over his countenance. "What talk have you about Louisville? Don't you know that this is Chicago?" he queried. "Where was you yesterday?"

"Chicago?" whined Jodey. "You're shorely jokin', boss! Why, yesterday I win de fourth race on Shootin' Star at de Louisville racetrack."

The big policeman chuckled until his fat sides threatened to wreck his outer garments. "He's a bug, sure," he soliloquized half aloud. Then resuming his official air: "Well, what did you do after that, Baron Münchhausen?"

"I went downtown an' had supper wid a yaller niggah I met. We lifted a couple ob drinks an' I don't remembah de rest."

"Did you have any money on you?" interrogated the officer hastily, for the first time giving credence to Jodey's tale of adventure.

"Why, shorely, boss, I had all de money de Majah gimme fur winnin' de race—fo' hundred dollahs; but I ain't got a picayune now."

Officer Kerrigan was no Sherlock Holmes, but even to him the story of Jodey's undoing was plain. "So they doped an' rolled you, an' shipped you out here," he exclaimed. "Well, there was nothin' slow about that yallah nigger. What do you figure on doin' now?"

Jodey Beam emitted a wail of despair. "I dunno jes' whad I will do, boss. I wouldn't have de Majah know fo' anything. Ain't dar no hoss racin' goin' on in dis town? Dar ain't? Well, say, officer, whar's de chalk game?"

Jodey Beam had never been in a poolroom where bets were placed on races in his life. But his active little brain was working overtime. His education had been begun and completed in the great outdoors. He could neither read nor write, but he felt that if he could get into telegraphic communication with the horses and racetracks, all would be well.

"What do you mean by a 'chalk game'? That's a new one on me," replied the policeman. "What's more, there is not a game of any kind on my beat, an' that goes double. D'ye get me?"

"It's a place," explained Jodey, "whar dar's a big board nailed to de wall, an' a lot ob chalk writin' on it. Folks goes dar an' bets money."

"Oh, if that's what you're lookin' for you'll find plenty of it up there," retorted Officer Kerrigan as he pointed across the way to Gambler's Alley, which at the time I write of was the home of the bucket shop. "But that ain't no place for th' likes of you."

"Yas, it am, boss. It jus' am," protested Jodey as he backed away. "I've heard all about dem chalk games, an' dat's whar I lives. Jus' lemme git a hold ob one ob dem an' I'll land wid both feet."

With profuse thanks to the guardian of the public peace Jodey Beam hastened in the direction indicated. He turned into the first open door, and sighed contentedly as he noted the big blackboard, liberally bespattered with chalk writings. It was, of course, too early for the regular patrons of the place to assemble, but the room was warm and comfortable. The little jockey slipped into a large armchair that stood in the farthest corner, settled himself comfortably with the optimism of irresponsibility, and slept the sleep of the just.

When he woke again the business of the day was well under way. The whole atmosphere about him was surcharged with mighty movement. The room was crowded with men, speaking strange tongues, and in a language that, try as he would, Jodey could not interpret. Occasionally, however, names were bandied about that sounded like those given to race horses. There was May Wheat, for instance. Jodey memorized this latter. True, he had never heard of a race horse so called, but for anyone in his financial condition it was not mete that he should split hairs. Simultaneously he decided to take time by the forelock.

A stout, good-natured looking man was standing immediately in front of him. To Jodey's experienced eye he breathed prosperity. Just the kind of man who would bet early and often and look lightly upon loss. Best of all, he appeared mightily interested in the proceedings. The little jockey leaned forward and tugged at the big man's coattails.

"Play May Wheat, boss," counseled Jodey in a whisper as the latter wheeled round and regarded him smilingly. "Play May Wheat right on de nose. She's de runnin'est filly dat was evah turned loose in Kaintucky. I seen her two mawnin's ago work a mile fas' enough to break a watch, an' she had a niggah up so big dat he could plow on a farm. Git down quick, boss, she'll bring home de bacon. She's de filly wid de blue dress."

The stout man laughed until his fat face went purple. He turned about and beckoned to a group of men standing near him. "Come on, boys," he chortled, "here's a hot tip on May Wheat. It's from the head waters. Nothing like it has ever appeared before the public. It's personally conducted, copper-riveted and guaranteed to withstand the acid test. Hearken to the voice of the charmer."

The Little Figure Outside Doubled Up Like a Jackknife in Silent Paroxysms of Laughter

The little negro was in his element now. He had an audience, and his black eyes sparkled and snapped as he unfolded a wondrous tale of speed.

"Dis yeah mare, gen'lemen," he began with a plethora of declamatory gesture, "dis yeah mare May Wheat is goin' to de post for de first time, an' it's like findin' money to bet on her. She's de lily ob de valley, an' a runnin' fool, dat's whad she is."

"How is she bred, boy?" interrupted the stout man with all the gravity he could muster under the circumstances. "How is she bred and can she go a mile?"

For an instant Jodey Beam was nonplused, but he recovered himself swiftly and rose to the occasion.

"Kin she go a mile?" he interrogated with an air of unqualified surprise. "Lawd a mussy, man, what's de use ob talkin' foolishness? When she pulled up de otha' mawnin' she wasn't breathin' hard enough to blow out a candle, and shorely you gen'lemen knows her breedin'? Lawd, Lawd, where have you folks all been? Ain't she by Wild Oats out ob Rye Straw? She by Barley Corn, an' her dam was Sweet Clover, a daughter ob Blue Grass Belle, de bestes' mare ever foaled! You gen'lemen is shore triflin' wid me. Makin' believe you-all don't know dat pedigree!"

He looked about him with the assured air of one who has put a quietus upon doubt. "A mare bred like dat," he concluded oracularly, "could run all day an' neber know she had been to de races."

"Are you sure about the work she did?" interrogated a pleasant-faced young man, who was always laughing and appeared to be exceedingly popular with his companions.

"Are I shore dat a hen kin lay an egg?" retorted Jodey with resentment. "Dey worked her just at daybreak, an' when I seen her come out from under de shed I scooted ovah an' laid behind de starter's box. She broke from de three-quarter pole, an' come back dar like a wild hoss. Dat niggah ridin' her must a weighed a ton, but she was pullin' him outa de saddle an' fightin' for her head every inch ob de way."

"How about Red Russian? Pretty good horse, isn't he?" persisted the man with the infectious smile. "I've heard mighty good reports about him."

"Red Russian!" chortled Jodey in high staccato. "Hear dat man talk! Why, dat old nag ain't got but one good leg, and it's under suspicion. He ain't been out ob de barn in fo' weeks. May Wheat'll run away an' hide from him."

The smiling one passed Jodey a big black cigar, which the latter promptly lit.

"Well, here's March Barley; he's entered too?" queried another member of the group. "I want to state, gentlemen, that I won many a good bet on March Barley."

"Pouf!" retorted Jodey as he nonchalantly blew forth a cloud of smoke and watched it curl upward. "He's owned by de Texas delegation, an' it's too early in de season fo' a hog killin'. De embalmers will have him in de cooler befo' de saddlin' bell rings. Sing Happy Land, an' bet on May Wheat. She's as full ob speed as de lake is full ob water, an' any ole track suits her. Even de

(Continued on Page 65)

"I Remembah Seein' a Niggah Come to Life an' Chase de Undertaker fo' Blocks!"

The Busher's Welcome Home

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Will Give You Ten Thousand Dollars Per Anum 3 Yr. Contract

on the Ship bord. Feb. 6.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here we are in the Meadow Training ocean and this is the last day we will be on the Ship bord til we get to London Eng. and from now til we get a bord of the boat at London for N. Y. City we will all the wile be on land in Itly Rome Paris France and so 4th. Wear do in Naples tommorow and thats the 1st. place we stop at wile wear in Itly and we stay there 3 days with out playing no ball game so they wont be no chanct for me to find out if my scarab is going to bring me luck or not going to bring me no luck.

Talking a bout my scarab and that reminds me what come off yest. and last night and theys some stiffs a long on the trip that you couldent get them to stoop to low and that they isent nothing they wouldent do even steal and I ain't found it out who done it yet or that is tride to do it but who ever was it would steal candy a way from a blind man wile there back was turned and when I find out who was it Im going to tell Comiskey and Callahan and they will see what kind of a gang of theifs they brot a long on the trip.

I guess I told you a bout me geting a hold of that scarab in Cairo and it was a big bargun because the man that sold it to me wouldent of never gave it up only it wasent hisn and he was hard up and this is a genuwind scarab from the tume of Cops that was the cheif of Police in Cairo 4 thousend yrs. a go & I give the man $7.50 for it and Steve Evans says its the gratest bargun a man ever got because 1 of these here scarabs if there genuwind gives you nothing but good luck and you cant have no bad luck as long is you carry them a round with you.

Well yest. P. M. we was setting out on the porch I and Evans and Schaefer and a hole bunch of us and Schaefer hailed some thing out of his pockit and it was a bout 10 of these here scarabs only of coarse not the real scarabs but fakes and some body ast him how much did he give for them and he says a nichol a peace and then he says to me Do you want to buy 1 of them off of me so as you will get some luck and I says No. I dont want no fake scarab because I got a real 1 and Schaefer says how much did you give for it and I says $7.50 and Schaefer says leave me see it a minut and I says Yes if you will promus to give it back right a way so he give me his promus and I hailed out my scarab and showed it to them and they all says it was a dandy.

Then Schaefer put my scarab in his hand a long with his fake scarabs and then he held his hand out and ast me to pick my scarab out and at 1st. they all of them looked pretty near a like and I dident know for a minut witch was mine but Evans says Cant you tell a real scarab from a fake and then he picked mine right out of the bunch with out no trubble and then he says You should ought to be a shamed of your self not knowing a real scarab from a fake and if you aint care full some body will get yours a way from you and you will be carring a fake a round in your pockit and wundring why dont you get some luck so I says How do you tell them a like and he says You cant tell by just looking with out a hole lot of practice but if you get a hold of them you can tell O. K. because you can bite on them and if its a real scarab it dont make no noise but if there a fake they sqeek like a rat.

So then he give me my scarab and I bit on it and they wasent no noise of any kind. But Schaefer was jellus a bout me haveing a real 1 and him haveing a lot of fakes so he beggin talking like hisn was as good is mine so I says all right think so if you want to but wait and see witch 1 of us has the luck.

Well Al when I come to bed last night I herd a noise like some body trying to get in to my birth room and at 1st I was going to jump up and open the door and smash who ever was it jaw and then I thot I better just lay there and leave them open the door and come in and then I would have them where they couldent get a way but they couldent open the door so pretty soon I dident hear no noise no more so I got up and went to the door and they was gone so this A. M. I told Evans a bout it and he says it was probily some body after my scarab and if he was me he wouldent carry it a round with me but get the perser to stick it in the safe so now its in the safe and if some body steals it out of there the peopl that owns the boat will half to come acrost but I guess they wouldent of no body tride to steal my scarab if it wasent a real 1 and I ast Schaefer this A. M. was they any body tride to steal hisn and he says no so that prooves whose got the real scarab and whose got the fakes.

But it shows you what a fine gang we got a long on the trip and pertending like wear all pals to gather but the minut your backs turned they would steal your shirt and I guess some of these here pitchers would like to steal my fast ball but if they did they wouldent have nothing only a fast ball because they aint got nothing there self but I guess if they had my fast ball they wouldent need nothing else hey Al.

Well Al we get to Naples tommorow night and I will male you this letter from there and they should ought to be some male waiting for me there from Florrie and little Al and of coarse I dont mean that little Al will be writeing me a letter but Florrie would know better then write me a letter and not say nothing a bout him and Im crazy to know how is he geting a long talking yet and how much does he weigh and so 4th and he should ought to have sevrel teeth by this time but I guess I shouldent be in no hurry for him to get a jaw full of teeth and that means all the sooner I would half to be buying stake for him.

Your old Pal. JACK.

NAPLES, It. Feb. 8.

FRIEND AL: Well Al tommorow we will be threw with Naples and wear going to Rome next and I hope Romes a lifer place then Naples and all as we been doing for 2 days is looking at this in that and the other thing diffrunt mts. and Vilecanose and bldgs. and so 4th and Im tireder then if Id pitched 2 double headers in 1 P. M. tho I guess I could do that all right when my arm feels good because when a mans got a fast ball like mine you dont hardily ever half to use your curve and when my arms good I could zip them fast ones threw there all day and not never feel it.

Well Al they wasent no male for me here not even a post card and I dont know weather little Als a live or dead and burred and how would you like to have a wife that dont never have time to write to you tho of coarse they wouldent be no sence in Bertha writeing to you when you dont never go a way no wheres or Bertha nether and besides you havent got no baby and Bertha wouldent have nothing to write a bout even if she went a way some wheres and set down to write you a letter.

We got here yest. and the 1st. thing when we land it they was a Dr come a round and exxamined us to see weather we had any thing and Evans says to him Dont waist your time exxamineing the pitchers because they aint none of them got nothing and he ment that we was all big helthy fellows tho of coarse they aint all of us that way and theys 1 or 2 of them that could take on a few lbs. with out crowding no body off of the bench. And then we was drove to the hotel and Callahan says we could go any wheres we wanted and I wanted to go up in my room and lay down but the boys says it wouldent be no fun going any wheres with out me so I had to go a long and we went and seen Pump A and Linoleum and Mt. Vesuvius and Evans says it was a good thing we got vaxinated up to japan so as we wouldent be in no danger if old Vesuvius had a erupsion and hes all ways pulling off stuff like that.

This is Sun. and I dident go no wheres accept to see some of the mts. and runes we dident see yest. and if they hadent of told me these was diffrunt I would of thot they was the same and Im glad it dident cost me nothing to see them and a little wile a go we was all called to gather and a wop give us a couple of bronx statues 1 for the giants and 1 for the White Sox and there statues of athaletes and the 1 the giants got is a left hander and it looks like he had just let lose of the ball and hes looking out to right field probily to see where the batters going to hit it and if hes like most of the left handers he will half to go and clime up on the right field fence if he wants to see the ball lite. and the 1 Comiskey got is an other athalete geting ready to throw a plate at some body and probily him and his Mrs. has had a quarl but you cant tell because the statue dont say nothing on it and both the statues is bear and not a stich of cloths on them and I guess theyd be bigger crowds come to the ball games if we drest like that hey Al tho theys all ways a pretty fare crowd out to the south side park in Chi when its my turn to work.

I ment they wasent nothing wrote on the statues to tell you who they are but theys a motto wrote on them both and the mottos was wrote by Hal Cane and Evans says hes wrote a lot of grate books some of them pretty near as long is the Bible.

Well Al Comiskey wont half to keep his statue locked up in no safe because I wont try and steal it off of him and take it home because evry time we had Co. we would half to rap it up in a over coat or some thing.

Well Al I will try and write you a letter wile wear in Rome and we will be home a bout 1 mo. from today.

Your pal. JACK.

ROME. It. Feb. 13.

OLD PAL: Well Al they could of left this burg off of the skedule and I wouldent of made no holler and they should ought to call it rain insted of Rome and they dident give us no rooms with a bath in the hotel where wear stopping at but Schaefer says they dident bild no bath rms. in the hotels here because when the hotels was bilt all the peopl drest like them statues and when they wanted a bath all as they had to do was go out and stand on the side walk in the rain but now the police has made them ware cloths so they half to get a long with sparrow baths in the wash bold.

Well Al Im so sick in tired of staying in the hotel and nothing to do that I couldent stand it laying a round here an other day and I would jump out the window or some thing but wear going to Niece tonight.

May be thats a lifer place than this is and the sun shins onct in a wile.

We could may be of played a game the day we got here 3 days a go because it wasent raining then but just geting ready to rain but the mare of the town says No base ball was to ruff and wouldent leave us play so Callahan and Mcgraw had to get out and show him what the games like and I guess he thot it was foot ball or some thing or may be he thot the pitcher shot the ball out of a canon and tride to hit the batter and I guess if he could see my fast ball when my supers good he would think the ball was shot out of a canon but any way when Mcgraw and Callahan explaned the game to him he seen they wasent nothing ruff a bout it so he says we could play the next day and then it beggin to rain and been raining ever sence and dont look like it was in no hurry to stop.

So theys been nothing doing and no chanct to see if my scarabs going to bring me luck. Some of the boys has been out looking at more runes and wanted I should go a long but I told them I guest I could live a few yrs. with out seen no more runes and the day before yest. they was all up calling on the pope & wanted I should go a long but you had to ware your evening cloths and it just ment getting them soked and the boys that went has got some runes of there own to look at now I mean there evening cloths that they wore out in the rain. But I guess I should ought to of went a long at that because Evans says the pope ast where I was and Evans had to tell him I was sick and Evans says its bad enough to lie to any body let a lone the pope.

Well Al I and Schaefer was talking a bout the rotten weather and Schaefer says he was talking a bout it with some of the peopl that lives here and they told him this was the worst rain sence the rain of Nearo and they use to have a lot worse rains then they have now and they got all the diffrunt rains named like the rain of Cesar the rain of August S. and so 4th. and its a fine burg Al where they got so much rain that they half to name the diffrunt rains to tell them a part and if this burg was in the league theyd play on the home grounds a bout twict a yr. and on them 2 days theyd half to start a bout 1 a clock in the A. M. to get in all the double headers and probily the grounds would be 5 or 6 ft. under water and take a little sod off like Bush or Schalk and theyd half to come up evry little wile and get some air and the outfielders would probily half to ride a round in boats and at that I bet I could take a mud skow and get a round as fast is some of them outfielders with out menshoning no bodys name.

When I Opened it Up I Jet Down on the Steps and Blubbered

Well Al wear leaveing right after supper tonight and the sooner we get a way from here I will be tickeled to deth.

Your pal. JACK.

NIECE. It. Feb. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well old Pal I guess the scarabs O. K. and I dident get stung when I bought it and its ½ payed for it self all ready and then some. They was a game this P. M. the 1st. game we played sence we come a way from Cairo but it wasent in the game where I found out a bout the scarab being O. K. because Mcgraw wouldent leave me pitch the game because he is saveing me for the day after tommorow in Paris when they will be a big crowd. The giants got beat this P. M. 10 to 9 and they wasent none of the pitchers had a thing and I could of went in there and throwed left hand it and give the both sides a trimming but Mcgraw says he dident care nothing a bout this game and the 1st. game in Paris is the 1 he wants to win and thats why he kept me on the bench and wouldent take no chanct of wareing me out.

Both the Statues is Bear and Not a Stick of Cloths on Them

But I was going to tell you a bout the scarab and what it done for me and heres what it done for me Al. We went over to monte Carlo a hole gang of us and thats the place where they run all them gamboling games faro and chuckle luck and the roll it wheel where you bet what coller the marbles going to drop in to or you can pick a No. and bet on that only of coarse theys so many Nos. that a mans a sucker to try and pick out any 1 No. but theys only 2 collers and you can bet weather its going to be black or red.

Well Al before we start it out Evans ast me did I have my scarab a long and I says no so he made me go back and get it and I kept it in my pants pockit all the wile we was over there and they was a big crowd a round the diffrunt tables but I and Evans found a place and I dident make no bets for a wile and he made a few and dident win none of them because he was trying to pick out a No. so finely I layed down a $1 only they call it 5 franks here and in Itly it would be 5 liars and I layed it down on the red and sure enough up come the red and the cooper give me an other dollar so I says I was threw but Evans says I better try it again and bet the both of my $1 at onct but I wasent no sucker like that so I stuck a $1 in my pockit and bet the other $1 on the red and sure enough it come red again and the cooper had to give me an other $1.

So Evans says now your playing with there money why dont you bet the hole $2 at onct so I seen where I wouldent be nothing out if I lost it so I bet the hole $2 on the red and sure enough it come up red so then I says Im threw and Evans says he wouldent never be threw as long is the luck was staying with me like that and he wanted I should play the hole $4.00 that Id all ready win on the red but I says no and wile we was argueing a bout it they throwed the marble again and it come up black so you see Al I would of lost the hole $4 if Id did what Evans wanted I should so I give him the laugh and I got up and left the table and he come with me and we went and found the other boys and they was all looseing there money as fast is they played it trying to pick out Nos. insted of collers so Evans told them what Id pulled off and Scott wanted me to sell the scarab to him and says he would give me $10.00 for it and I give him the laugh and now you see Al that the scarabs only costed me $3.50 insted of $7.50 because it win $4.00 for me playing roll it and after we come out of the place Evans says he over herd the prop. say that he was glad I wasent going to stay no longer because the way things was brakeing for me I would probily have all there money in a couple hrs.

And Scott says 1 of the coopers ast him if I dident have some luck peace in my pockit because he never seen no body win 3 bets in suceshon before and Scott told him no that I was just born lucky because theys a rule against carring scarabs in there when your going to play the wheel and they would of tooken my money a way from me if they had of found out a bout me haveing a scarab but they wont get the money now because I got it right here and the scarabs hid a way where they couldent find it. O you little scarab hey Al.

Theys a big st. carnval going on here and evry body drest up yest. and parade it up and down the sts. in funny customs and we all put on our base ball sutes and road in the parade and I guess its a good thing Florrie wasent a round Al the way some of them girls over looked me and theys some fine looking girls a round here but of coarse I got a wife now and dont have nothing to do with no pretty girl.

Well Al we go to Paris tommorow and I will may be write you a letter from there.

Your old pal. JACK.

PARIS. Feb. 21.

AL: Well Al this place is worse then Rome when it comes to rain and the 1st. day we was in Rome it dident rain but they hasent been no day like that here and they wasent no more chanct to play a game here then a man could fly you might say but it can rain all the rest of the winter and I wont have no holler comeing because I dont half to pitch no ball game now to find out weather my scarabs lucky because I found out now for sure Al and I dont mean a bout me wining that money at monte Carlo but I got an other big peace of news for you but probily you will see it in the Chi papers before you get this letter and may be you all ready know a bout it but theys a chanct that the federals wants to keep it a secrit for a wile and pull it just before the season opens up. So I will tell you a bout it Al and you can see for your self weather the scarab brot me luck.

Well Al I wont be with the White Sox this comeing season but I will be with the federal and geting what Im worth and Comiskey and Callahan can jump in Mich. lake as far as Im conserned and the White Sox to and I will be pitching for the Chicago federal and I bet Comiskey will wisht he had of gave me real money when he finds out his pitching staff is all shot to peace is and probily ½ the peopl thats been going to the White Sox pk. will quite going there and come over where the federals plays there games and the federals is going after all the stars and they will get them to because they aint afrade to let lose of there money.

Well Al I will tell you how it come off and I and Schaefer and Evans was setting in the hotel this A. M. and Schaefer says Well boys we made a big miss take leaveing home this winter and Evans says how is that and Schaefer says the federals was aineing up all the stars that stayed home and giveing them grate big salerys and Cobb and Mathewson

and Lajoie and Jackson and a hole lot others had all ready jump to the federal and probily we would of got them offers if we had of been where they could get a hold of us. So Evans says Well they could get a hold of us all right if they wanted to because they could wire us a telegram couldent they and Schaefer says Yes but may be there afrade that Callahan or Comiskey or Mcgraw would get a hold of the telegrams and not give them to us and then Evans says Thats right and I wouldent be supprised if some telegrams had all ready came for some of us and Comiskey and Mcgraw was holding them out on us so Schaefer says I bet thats the dope and Im going up and ast the clerk if they was any telegrams come for me that some body else got a hold of them.

So Schaefer left us and went up to the dest and talked to the clerk a wile and pretty soon he come back and says nothing doing and we hadent set there more then 5 minuts after he come back when all of a sudden 1 of the bell hops come a round yelling my name and I ast him what was it and he says they was a cable for me only he says it in France and Evans had to tell me what was he saying so he give me the cable telegram and I couldent hardily open it Al because I thot sure it was from Florrie and may be little Al was sick or dead or some thing but after a wile I got it opened up and it wasent from Florrie a tall Al but Joe Tinker the mgr. of the Chi federal and it says Jack Keefe St. Jas. hotel Will give you ten thousend dollars per anum 3 yr. contrack to pitch for us cable the anser at onct and then it was sined Joe Tinker.

Well Al you could of knock me down with a toy bloom only at 1st I thot it was a joke or some thing but then I seen it was wrote on the reglar paper like they all ways sepd telegrams on it so I seen it wasent no fake so I just set there and couldent say nothing and finely Evans says Whats the matter bad news and I says Well I wouldent hardily call it bad news and then I showed he and Schaefer the telegram and I thot theyd brake my arm off shakeing hands with me and pounding me on the back and Evans says You lucky stiff and I says How a bout that little scarab now and Evans says Yes and who got that scarab for you and you should ought to come acrost because if it hadent of been for me you wouldent of never saw the scarab so I says All right I aint no Sherlock and I will buy the ciggars for the both of you and Evans says Yes you should ought to buy a man 2 ciggars for geting you 10 thousend per anum so I says all right you cant call me no piker so I took them out and bought a couple ciggars for Evans and 1 for Schaefer and I wasent going to give Schaefer no 2 ciggars when he dident have nothing to do with me geting a hold of the scarab and he was lucky to get 1 ciggar.

So then Evans says Well you better hurry up and anser the telegram or may be Tinker will change his mind and take the offer back so I ast them what to put in the anser and they says what I should put in it just Except your offer and will sine as soon is I get home and then they both of them wanted I should put some thing in a bout them and ast Tinker if he dident have no jobs for them so I stuck that in to and then I went in the telegram ofice and tride to send the telegram but they wouldent send it unlest I payed for it 1st. so I says how much is it and they says 31 cts a word and what do you think of that for a robbers game Al but they wasent no use makeing a holler because I couldent take no chanct of Tinker changeing his mind so I give them the money and it was $3.72 all to gather because I cut out the part a bout Evans and Schaefer because Tinker will let them know if he wants them and may be he dont want them and its none of my busness weather he wants them or not.

So then I thot I better tell Callahan a bout it but Schaefer and Evans told me I better not because may be the federal might blow up before the season start it and then I wouldent have no job no wheres so I aint going to say nothing to ether he or Comiskey for a wile tho I guess they aint no chanct of the federal blown up when they got all them stars sined up and all that money to spend hey Al and I hope Tinkers got Cobb sined up for his club and I guess that wouldent be some comebination hey Al with Cobb geting the runs and me makeing the other club look like a sucker and I guess Cobb would be tickeled to deth to be on the same club with me because then he wouldent never half to hit against me accept in practice onct in a wile and I can make him look like a sucker on my curve ball any time he steps up there. Well Al if Tinkers got Cobb we will go threw that federal league like soup threw a sift and it will be a shame to take the money. O you 10 thousend per anum.

Well Al thats the bigest news I got to tell you and if it aint in the papers youll be the 1st. I to know a bout it out side of I and Tinker and Evans and Schaefer because I aint going to tell Florrie nothing a bout it til we get home and then I will spring it on her for a supprise. Some supprise party hey Al.

Well the boys has all been a round Paris seen the sites and theys plenty to see but Im all tired out with it all ready and cant hardily wait til we get to London and get on the bord of the Ship for home and I guess I wont only pitch 1 more game on the trip and that will be in London and may be that will be the last time I ever pitch with Callahan looking at me but its his own falt him and Comiskey and if they had of gave me a real salery in the 1st. place I wouldent half to jump to the federal to get the money.

Well Al we seen all they was to see a round here and seen the place where Lajoies grate granfathers burred and the diffrunt liberys and gallerys and so 4th. and Im glad Florrie dident come a long on the trip because the wommen in the party has been spending all there time in the diffrunt stores buying hats and cloths and some of them will have enough diffrunt cloths so as they can ware a diffrunt dress out to the ball pk. evry day and go home and change between the 2 games when theys a double header. And we was gave a dinner party by a man that makes champlain wine and of coarse they was nothing to do but I must write 1 of them pones of mine and talk it off at the party and heres what I give them Al:

Well boys wear all sorry
We couldent give you no game.
But you dident give us no good weather
Rain rain rain.

I wisht I could of pitched a game here
It would of gave me plesure
but I guess the White Sox are all
Of them glad it was rotten weather.

Well boys wear on our way home
From the trip a round the world
And soon we will be in america
The Home of the USA.

But we wont for get you boys
You showed us all the sites
so hurrah for Paris the best place in the world
Accept the stars and stripe.

Well Al I got to do some packing because wear leaveing here tommorow A. M. for London and I will write you an other letter in London and I bet your tickeled to deth over the good news Ive gave you Al and I know I would be tickeled to deth to hear a bout you landing a good job only of coarse it wouldent be no 10 thousend per anum. O you 10 thousend per anum. Hey Al.

Your old pal. JACK.

LONDON. Eng. Feb. 27.

AL: Well Al it takes more then a scarab for a man to be lucky is some of these lucky stiffs and some of them must of been born with a silver horse shoe in there mouth the lucky stiffs and all as they half to do is throw there bat at a ball and make base hits when they got there eyes shut and if I was as lucky is some of them stiffs I would quite playing ball and buy stock in 1 of these here gold minds and theyd probily find dimonds and insted of them finding gold theyd probily find dimonds or some thing.

Well Al I guess Ive pitched my last game for Callahan and of coarse I wasent pitching for Callahan but Mcgraw but I wont do no more pitching where Callahans watching me because I will be in the federal as soon is we get home where he cant see me no more and I would of gave a $100.00 to of win this game on acct. of it being the last game I pitched with Callahan watching me but I guess he seen that they was lucky to beat me and a man cant win no game no matter how much stuff you got when your working against a club thats so lucky that if they got a hold of some stock in a gold mind some wheres theyd probily be dimonds insted of gold.

This here Daly should ought to start a black Smith shop with them horse shoes hes got and the White Sox sined him for a catcher but hes been playing 1 base on this trip on acct. of Callahan not haveing no reglar 1 base man a long on the trip so Daly was lucky to be in the game let a lone brake it up with a base hit and as soon is we get home youll read a bout him geting sent back to the new Eng. league and Im glad I dont half to pitch in that league if there all as lucky is him.

Well old pal I wasent feeling nothing like my self any way and how could a man feel right when you been laying a round this burg 3 or 4 days and the air damp and fogy all the wile and yest. was the 1st. time we seen the sun sence we got here so my arm was lame and stiff and I wouldent of never went in there only king Geo. the king of Eng. and the Lord mare of London and all the other High puloy was out to the game and Mcgraw dident dast pitch no body else only me on acct. of them peopl being out to the game and expected to see the best we had to show them. So when Mcgraw says I was to work I dident say nothing back a bout me not feeling good so before the game he dident know nothing a bout how bad I felt but if he was any kind of a mgr. he would of saw the minut I went in there that I wasent right and tooken me out. Or may be he seen they was something the matter with me but was afrade to take me out on acct. of may be the peopl that come to the game would make a holler.

Well any way I went in there and the ball felt like it wade a 100 lbs. and I couldent do nothing with it and couldent hardily raze my arm a bove my solder and evry ball I throwed pretty near killed me but I wasent going to say nothing as long is Mcgraw insist it I should pitch so I stuck it out and I would of beat them at that if theyd been some body behind me besides a bunch of lofers that all there thinking a bout is get home and win an other penant in the Nat. league and get the loosers share of the serious money and they should ought to thank them self that there in the Nat. league and if they was in the american league they would be giveing the st. Louis club and the yankees a tuft battle.

Well they played like a bunch of these here collige willy boys and they should ought to of murdered what Benz was sloping up there but they act it like they was a scarred may be they would hit a hard foul and the ball would go threw the scream and hurt king Geo. and they would get arested for a trader so when we come up to the 10 ining the score was tide 4 and 4 and 2 out and up come this here lucky busher Daly and I was waisting my curve ball right a long on acct. I couldent get no brake to it because the ball was heavy and logy so I waisted a curve ball on him and he throwed his bat at it and catched it just right and made a home run off of it and that wounded the game up and we was licked and all the willy boys in the grand stand claped there hands and made Daly think he was a grate guy when he should ought to of been arested for ever swinging at the ball and pretty soon he will be throwing his bat at waist balls in the new Eng. league where he bellongs and the scout that picked him up must be sore at Comiskey.

Well Al they was a grate crowd out to the game and I guess we showed them we got a better game then there baby game crickit only of coarse they dident see me at my best and I would like to pitch a game for them when my old super was in shape

(Continued on Page 52)

Well Al We Seen All They Was to See a Round Here and Seen the Place Where Lajoies Grate Granfathers Burred

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VI

AT HALF past eight H. R. was in his office. At 8:35 he had engaged a stenographer by telephone and told the starter and the elevator men who H. R. was. Later on the dozen men who answered the advertisement made it impossible for either starter or elevator men ever to forget who H. R. was—without the use of gratuities, profanity or promises!

H. R.'s first task was to compose memoranda for the use and guidance of Max Onthemaker and Lieutenant Fleming. At 8:45 the first-class advertising canvassers began to appear in numbers. Really efficient men are never modest. Neither are really inefficient men. Efficiency is always a matter of personal judgment. Even efficiency experts will tell you that nobody is really efficient until efficiency experts have said so.

H. R. allowed the applicants to accumulate in the anteroom. The new stenographer had been told to write "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party" two thousand times, and to time herself. The spectators thereby realized that this was a busy office.

He was confronting his first crisis—the selection of a man who not only must be highly competent, but must be made to realize that H. R. was a pioneer, a man to whom tradition, precedent and custom were less than nothing. H. R. studied the situation, and then went out to the anteroom and looked at the waiting dozen—slowly. There are a few men in the world who can look a crowd from head to foot and manage to make each man in it feel guilty. After H. R. had so looked at them he asked skeptically:

"Are all of you first-class men?"

To their honor be it said that not one of them answered "No." Men collectively may be cruel or blind, but seldom petty or egotistical. Observe mobs.

H. R. turned his back on the crowd and returned to his private office. He did it on purpose. Men usually follow those who act as if they do not care whether they have a following or not. It is wiser to be wrong and not hesitate than to vacillate and be right. Besides, it is much quicker. At the threshold he half turned, and without looking at anyone in particular said:

"I need only four first-class men. The others might as well go away." Twelve men heard him. Twelve men followed him. He sat down at his desk, put the unpaid bill for same in a drawer and confronted them.

"Eight of you can go," he observed, and waited.

Each man cast a glance of pity at his neighbor.

"Don't be so modest," said H. R. kindly.

"You said first-class men?" politely inquired a young man, smooth-shaven, blond, blue-eyed and very clean-looking.

"Yes," answered H. R.

"That's what I understood," said the young man, extending his hand. "Barrett's my name."

H. R. ignored the outstretched hand and stared at the clean-looking young man. On the faces of eleven gentlemen came a fraternal look of self-conscious modesty. But young Mr. Barrett, unabashed, said cheerily:

"Keep on looking. I know you want me. When you discover it we'll do business."

"Go to the foot of the class," said H. R. impassively. You could tell nothing from his voice. That is a valuable gift.

The young man eyed H. R. shrewdly, then walked to a corner of the room, sat down, pulled a memorandum book from his pocket and began to count his contracts.

"Your last name, please," said H. R., looking as if what he had asked for was the right name. The assumption of guilt has the effect of putting even the innocent on the defensive. The strategic inferiority of the defensive is always acknowledged by the defeated, even before the defeat.

He jotted down the replies one after another. Within one and three-quarter minutes these men felt themselves deprived of their individual entities. They had been turned into a list of surnames, a fragment of the rabble.

People Stood in Dozens Waiting for the Early Dinner to Finish

The leader stood alone. He alone had a first name! Smith merely votes. John Smith has his own opinion. H. R. had acted instinctively. He never would have had the wisdom of an editorial writer. There are many editorial writers in all republics. Hence practical politics.

"Where did you see my advertisement?" asked H. R. "One at a time, please. Also state why you looked in that particular newspaper."

They told him, one at a time, in the hearing of the others, thereby intensifying their own feeling of having been lumped into an electorate. He wrote down the answers. Some had seen the advertisement in the Herald. Others blamed the World or the Times or the Sun or the Tribune. Three gave two papers; one had seen three. They expressed their professional opinion of that particular advertising medium, feeling that said opinion was a qualification of fitness.

Young Mr. Barrett from his chair answered: "In all the papers. I also looked in the German, Yiddish and Italian papers, in the Courier des Etats-Unis and in the first morning edition of every afternoon paper. I did it to get a line on you."

H. R. did not look as if he had heard Barrett. He said to the others: "I thank you all for coming. I shall not need Wilson, Streeter, Manley, Hill, Roberts, Smith, Jenks or MacDuffy."

One of the rejected came forward, scowling. He was naturally a robust-looking person. He said: "Say, this is ——"

H. R. did not allow the full expression of individual opinion. This form of salutary discipline explains why people are governed. He snarled in a tone of voice that made his shoulders look a yard wide: "Mr. Book Agent, I've picked the men I want. What I don't want is to hear any remarks. Talk them into a dictograph and send the cylinders by parcel post to my secretary."

He had risen. But when he finished speaking, as though the unarmed proletariat were in full retreat, he sat down again. It was the way he did it.

Men always do what they are expected to do. The eight nonsuccessfuls went out. It was only when they were outside, where the female was typewriting away, that they began to talk—loudly. H. R. had judged rightly. They were not first-class men. He turned to the others and asked:

"Can you sell advertising?"

Young Mr. Barrett came forward. The four answered: "Yes!"

"Then you can tell people how to sell anything."

He stood up suddenly, when they were not expecting such a thing. This is always subtly disconcerting. Business men and beautiful women invariably resent it.

He asked sharply:

"What is the one thing none of you can sell to me?"

He looked challengingly at the first. The man stared back at H. R., and with the canvasser's professional look of congratulation replied: "A gold brick!"

"Good answer! Not *the* answer. And you?" he asked the second man.

"Newspaper space—not to you."

"Still better answer. But not *the* answer."

He looked at the third man, who promptly said:

"Opinions!"

"Excellent. But not *the* answer. And you, young man?"

The accusation of youth is never successfully repulsed. Young Mr. Barrett, ingeniously admitting his youth to remove the sting from his humor, replied triumphantly:

"Smallpox!"

"The tendency of American youth is toward the clown. It keeps us in an attitude of perennial apology toward the perennial juvenility of our nation. What none of you can sell me is ——"

He paused. They were looking at him with the intentness with which all men look at a lunatic or at their master. After the second minute of suspense they exclaimed in chorus: "What?"

They couldn't help it!

"Cold feet!" said H. R. calmly.

They looked relieved. Then they looked anxious. The reason the ruled masses never win is because they inflict upon themselves their own doubts.

"How many times your own salary do you wish to earn for me?" asked H. R., in the tone of voice in which a philanthropist asks strangers for subscriptions to his pet charity. This always makes people feel that extravagance is a sin.

"I'd expect to earn for you ——" began one of the victims.

"Not what you would expect, but what you would like," corrected H. R. He spoke so kindly that they at once knew it was a trap. A look of brotherhood always is, to all clever men of an editorial type of mind.

"Four or five times," answered No. 1.

"And you?"

"I don't want to work for you at all," answered No. 2, feeling that his answer was sure not to be right.

"Good morning," said H. R., in such a voice and with such a look that No. 2 instantly ceased to exist. When he walked out he didn't hear his own footsteps.

"And you?"

"It depends," answered No. 3, in the earnest voice of a man trying to be fair at all costs, "upon what the work will be."

"I shan't need you. Please don't ask me questions. Good day, sir."

"I have a right ——"

"None whatever. It would be cruelty if I told you."

Mr. Barrett laughed. No. 3 said angrily: "You can't come that on me and get away with it, you ——"

"Go while the going is good, friend." H. R. spoke with the cold kindness of a man warning an objectionable inebriate. Then, with the loss of patience of a prize fighter who, however, has not quite lost sight of the electric chair:

"Get out! D'ye hear?"

The man left. H. R. stared out of the window. The remaining pair could see he did this to cool off. It gave them a great respect for him—and also a resolve not to stimulate the heat by ill-advised words. At length H. R. turned to No. 1 and said:

"Wolverton is your name?"

"Yes," said Wolverton. Then he added: "Sir."

"Do you always get what you want?"

"I get my share."

"Barrett, do you get what you want?"

"Always!" promptly answered Barrett. "But I've got to be sure I want it."

"The more money you two wish to make, the better you please me. It will give you something to brag of. In working for me you will receive your share of prosperity and the pleasure of becoming somebody!"

He looked as if the three of them stood in the plain sight of two and a half millions of spectators. He went on even more impressively:

"You will now go on Fifth Avenue and graciously permit the swellest shops to use our union sandwich men to advertise their wares."

Wolverton rose to his feet. His color also rose.

"You didn't want me to waste your time, did you?"

"No, but you have. Good day. Now, Barrett, listen to me. I never repeat."

Mr. Wolverton opened his mouth, perceived that H. R. was not looking at him, closed his mouth and went out. He was a well-dressed man with a determined chin. If it had not been for that chin he would have been a bookkeeper. Determination minus imagination equals stubbornness. Mr. Wolverton, therefore, walked out unbleeding.

"Barrett, do you see the possibilities?"

"Do I? Didn't I see the parade? Say, I can only think when I talk. Trust me! Speaking of terms." He looked at H. R., nodded amiably and said: "After you, kind friend."

"You will ask our clients five dollars per day per man, they to pay for the boards, which must be artistic and approved by me. The union label we put on. Forty per cent goes to the artist, forty per cent to you and ten per cent to the society. Don't try Valiquet's. Tackle everybody else first. I'll be here all the afternoon. Barrett, I expect you to do your darnedest!"

He rose, shook hands with young Mr. Andrew Barrett, escorted him to the door and returned to his desk.

He sat there thinking. He intended Barrett should fail, in order that when H. R. made him succeed later Barrett should know to whom the credit should go, though the cash would fall into Barrett's pocket. That would make the young man really useful. The telephone people had not yet installed the apparatus in his office, so he went downstairs and called up Mr. Maximilian Onthemaker.

"Onthemaker? This is H. R. speaking. Of course I saw the papers—Yes, all of them. Come up to my office. At once!—I can't help it, I need you—this means the front page again. If you don't want the job—I thought you would! Remember, I'm waiting. Do you hear me—waiting!"

The greatest stroke of political genius on the part of Louis XIV was his rebuke: "I almost have been made to wait!"

What, wait? H. R.? If it had not been that taxicabs cost actual money Mr. Onthemaker would have taken one. But he knew he soon would have one of his own if the newspapers did their share. Before Max could decide whether he ought to say Good Morning to H. R. in a sulky tone of voice at being called from an important conference, or smile pleasantly, H. R. said:

"Onthemaker, I am going to advertise a shop without permission and without pay."

"Another restaurant like ——"

"Like nothing! Don't interrupt again, not even to approve. I am going to have Valiquet's, the jewelers, brought to the notice of Fifth Avenue through the medium of our sandwich men. I anticipate objections. The statute clearly says we must not use a person's name for purposes of trade without his consent. But I'm not going to use the name of a person but of a corporation—for its own trade! There is no law that can prevent me from putting money into a corporation's treasury ——"

"A commission of lunacy ——"

"Be quiet! They can't stop me legally, if you are our counsel." Max bowed, opened his mouth and promptly closed it when he saw H. R.'s face. "They might try to get out an injunction, but you must beat them to it. They may induce the police to stop us by alleging breach of the peace, disorderly conduct or some violation of the city ordinances. I want you to prepare in advance restraining orders or applications for injunctions or whatever is needed to prevent Valiquet's from interfering with us. You are the counsel of the Society of American Sandwich Artists. Prepare papers also in the names of individual members. The poor sandwich artist, working for a mere pittance, without money to pay his able but charitable and indignant counsel, will fight one of the richest jewelry shops in the world. The pearl showcase alone would feed 186,451 men one week. Do you get that?"

"Do I?" Max Onthemaker, able and indignant, was rushing to embrace H. R., on whose face he saw ten thousand front-page headlines, when H. R. said coldly:

"Sit down. This is only the beginning."

Max sat down. He felt very much more like kneeling before this god of success.

"Yes, sir," he murmured prayerfully, and looked with his very soul.

"Be ready with the papers—for the papers."

Perceiving a puzzled look on the lawyer's face H. R. explained: "Draw the legal papers up so they will be news. And remember that I am the society. You are merely a lawyer lucky enough to be its lawyer. If you don't know what the reporters like to print bring the injunctions and typewritten argument to me this afternoon. Go away now. I'm going to Valiquet's."

"Not to ——"

"Not to anything you may think."

Max Onthemaker walked away, and even as he walked he began to fear that the newspapers would not let him have more than twenty-eight columns. It behooved him to be brief. What with the immemorial wrongs of the poor and the inalienable rights of American citizens, and the abuse of wealth and the arrogance of unconvicted millionaires, and the supine subservience of the police and the politicians to big business, how could he use less than three pages? How?

But he must do it. He asked himself what steps he himself would take to prevent the sandwich men, or anybody, from advertising him, and he could find no objection. But he had imagination. He indignantly put himself in the place of Valiquet's and hired M. Onthemaker, Esquire, to stop the beasts. And then he proceeded to make the able counsel of the S. A. S. A. punch the great jeweler's case full of holes—such holes as would let out the law in the way the reporters would like. This would make said holes the kind that no judge, thinking of reëlection and the recall, would dare to plug up. When your client is poor and doesn't use dynamite, sympathy is the best law with juries. And when it came to picking out jurors, Max had inherited a vision for dollars that enabled him to tell the contents of a juror's inside pocket to the penny, and, therefore, the exact hatred of riches of each of the twelve peers.

The New Stenographer Had Been Told to Write "Now is the Time for All Good Men to Come to the Aid of the Party" Two Thousand Times

VII

H. R. SENT word to Fleming, via Caspar Weinpusslacher, that he desired to meet about fifty members of the society at the Colossal Restaurant that evening at seven sharp. He then went to Valiquet's.

H. R. entered the beautiful store as though his feet had carried him thither automatically from force of habit. He paused by the pearl counter and stared at the hundred-thousand-dollar strings with what you might call an amiable tolerance. It wasn't their fault, poor things! He moved on reluctantly, six feet farther, and examined with a little more insistence the emeralds—the fashionable gems of the [redacted].

"Very fair! Very fair, indeed!" he seemed to be saying encouragingly to the dazzling green things.

The well-trained clerks looked at him, took a respectfully eager step toward him as if to place themselves unreservedly at his orders, and then abruptly immobilized themselves in their tracks—their tribute to expert knowledge!

He did not look up, but as if he were aware that the world was looking on, ready to obey, he rested his fingertip on the showcase immediately above an eighteen-carat cabochon emerald surrounded by very white diamonds set in platinum. By instinct he had picked out the best. A clerk opened the case, took out the emerald and respectfully laid it before the connoisseur. H. R. fumbled in his waistcoat pockets, then in his coat, allowed himself to look annoyed at having forgotten his pocket magnifying-glass, picked up the jewel, looked at it closely for flaws, then at arm's length for general effect. He laid it on the velvet mat, raised his eyes and met the clerk's. The clerk smiled uncertainly. H. R. unsmilingly raised his eyebrows very slightly.

"Sixty-eight thousand, Mr.—eh ——"

H. R. hesitated. Then he shook his head resolutely. Having mastered the temptation he nodded to the clerk and said kindly: "Thank you!"

"Not at all, sir," gratefully said the clerk.

H. R. walked on, a marked man, high in the estimation of the clerks because he had not bought a sixty-eight-thousand-dollar emerald! Don't you wonder how they do it? What is it? Intuition? Genius? How do you account for it?

A floorwalker, who had taken in H. R.'s introduction of himself to Valiquet's, bowed deferentially and blamed his memory for not remembering the name. He was certain he knew the gentleman well.

H. R. nodded and asked: "I wish to have a bronze statuette designed and cast for me. Which department, please?"

"Upstairs, Mr.—er—second floor, sir. Mr. Gwathmey is in charge and ——"

"Oh, Gwathmey!" said H. R., much relieved.

"Yes, sir. He's still there, sir. Elevator on the left."

"Thank you," said H. R., and the man smiled gratefully.

You don't have to buy to be treated politely in New York. The mere suspicion of the power of purchase is enough. It is thus that the principle, "Politeness pays," has been established among stockbrokers and jewelers.

H. R. was directed to the head of the department, to whom he said with a sort of boyish eagerness: "Mr. Gwathmey, I'm very much interested in the movement, as you probably know."

He looked expectantly at Mr. Gwathmey, who thereupon bowed at the implied compliment; but not knowing what to say, said nothing.

"You read in the papers about the parade my poor fellows had yesterday?"

"Not the—er—sandwich-men's parade?"

"Yes!" H. R. smiled so gratefully and congratulatorily that Mr. Gwathmey felt himself enrolled among the honorary vice-presidents. "That's it. The society emblem is a skeleton and the sandwich boards are a coffin ——"

"Yes, I read that," and Mr. Gwathmey smiled at the delightful humor of the conceit. H. R. instantly frowned at the levity—all very rich men frown at all smiles aimed at their pet hobbies. Mr. Gwathmey, knowing the ways of millionaires, hastened to explain gravely:

"There is a great deal to that idea!"

"Nobody helped me!" H. R. spoke eagerly, as all youthful aristocrats speak when they speak of their own ideas. "The ultimate sandwich! What you and I shall be at least once. I am glad you agree with me. I wished my

society to have something that would drive home the fact to us careless Americans that the richest is no better than the poorest. For we are not!" H. R. said this decisively. When the aristocrat tells you that you and he are not a bit better than the proletariat what you understand him to say is that you also are an aristocrat. A democratic aristocracy is invincible.

"No," agreed Mr. Gwathmey proudly, "we are not, Mr.—ah ——"

"Rutgers. You are not a Rutgers College man, are you?"

"I'm sorry to say I'm Harvard," apologized Mr. Gwathmey.

All fads must appeal chiefly by their novelty. The demand is for novelties rather than for rarities; otherwise plain honesty would be in demand. Mr. Gwathmey was an alert business man, and as such studied the psychology of his customers. He knew that society leaders who were good customers had advocated the cause of the shirtwaist workers and of certain educational movies—especially after said society leaders had reached the age when their looks and their pearls no longer entitled them to the pictorial supplements. How else could they stay in the newspapers except by indignation over the wrongs of social inferiors? By espousing the cause of the lower classes the latter also remained lower.

"I came to Valiquet's instead of Sharwood's," went on H. R., "because I wish a series of designs for sandwich boards—heraldic shields, scutcheons and bucklers, spade shapes, rectangular boards of the right proportion, circles and a keystone for use by the Pennsylvania Railroad. I propose to raise the sandwich to the highest form of art. I shall experiment with various materials—wood, metal and composition—with raised as well as with sunken letters, in divers colors, vert antique and beautiful soft grays. Can't you imagine a sandwich being made artistic if I get competent experts to design them?" H. R. looked anxiously at the competent expert.

"Indeed I can," replied Mr. Gwathmey with conviction. "Indeed I can, Mr. Rutgers. It is an excellent idea!"

"Thank you. Do you know, I thought so too!"

Mr. Gwathmey, being a kindly man, was so pleased at having suggested, evolved and improved a great idea that he filled with enthusiasm. Enthusiasm always made him take out his pencil and reach for a pad. He did so now.

"For instance," he said, and he began to design.

"Exactly! Exactly!" said H. R., with such eager admiration that Mr. Gwathmey was inspired by the highest of all motives—love. "I'd give everything I own, Mr. Gwathmey, to have your gift!"

Mr. Gwathmey modestly felt his talents overcapitalized. Everything this eccentric but clever scion of the Knickerbockers owned! Mr. Gwathmey almost saw the old Rutgers' farm! It must have had at least one hundred and fifty acres bounded by Broadway, Wall, Fulton and the East River. A very nice young man, with agricultural ancestors in New Amsterdam.

"Won't you give me these, Mr. Gwathmey?" pleaded H. R.

"We never send out such rough ——"

"These are not the firm's, but Gwathmey's. Just sign your name and let me keep these as souvenirs. Please!" And H. R. smiled with boyish eagerness.

Mr. Gwathmey signed his initials, reluctantly gave the drawings to H. R. and shook his modest head deprecatingly.

H. R. reverently put the precious sheets in his pocket and said: "Thank you very much. Now you will get out finished drawings by to-morrow, won't you?" Then he proceeded to contradict in advance—a purely feminine habit used with great effect by masculine leaders: "Oh, yes, you can, if you wish to be nice!"

What reply could Mr. Gwathmey possibly make? He made it. "I'll do my best, Mr. Rutgers; but ——"

"Then it's done," said H. R., with such conviction that Mr. Gwathmey could not find it possible to contradict. "And the designs for the various kinds of sandwich boards will be in color, with the different materials indicated. Send them to me, Allied Arts Building, won't you?"

H. R. forgot to say anything about costs. Only the nobility forgets such things, for the nobility knows that Valiquet's work is perfect. Mr. Gwathmey, therefore, forgot to be cautious. He said: "Very well, Mr. Rutgers."

"Thank you so much!" said H. R. aristocratically. That little phrase of gratitude in that same tone of voice has often made plebeians feel like dying to prove their gratitude. Then H. R. hesitated, looked at Mr. Gwathmey, and recklessly vaulting over all caste barriers, said: "I wish to shake hands with the man who designed my sandwiches!"

Mr. Gwathmey actually blushed as he shook hands warmly. The moment H. R. left, Mr. Gwathmey rushed to his office to take steps to please young Mr. Rutgers. Rutgers College—culture; Hendrik—Knickerbocker; no questions about price—inherited wealth; newspaper front page—somebody!

A nice boy, God bless him! Mr. Gwathmey at that moment was the only man who really knew H. R. Like a book! In this wise are historic characters analyzed by intimate friends. Invaluable testimony! Interesting side lights!

H. R. went back to his office and began to copy Mr. Gwathmey's designs. He had barely finished when Andrew Barrett entered. He looked humorous. Young men always do when they are angry at having failed but do not wish to call it failure and, therefore, must not look angry. Defeat is never a joke. Therefore, a joke can never be an acknowledgment of defeat. Very easy! Origin—U. S. A. Reason—national juvenility.

Before Barrett could speak H. R. asked: "Nobody would be first?"

"No, nor second!"

"They will. Did you properly play up the wisdom and glory of being first?"

"Of course."

"Go back and tell them that Valiquet's will advertise with our sandwiches as soon as they have prepared artistic boards. Your men have lost the chance to be first. They are asses! Tell them so, and book them for second place. Dwell strongly on the fact that the commercial standing of each shop will be determined by the richness of the sandwich boards. Tell them confidentially that Valiquet's will do some wonderful stunts with real bronze and mosaics valued at ten thousand dollars. The firm is taking big chances with breakage in the crowded Avenue, but that's why they are on top of the heap. The department stores might try real-lace edging and gold-thread hand embroidery on Genoese velvet."

Valiquet's advertising campaigns were models of ultra-conservatism and costly refinement. And now sandwiches!

"Have you ——" began young Mr. Barrett in awed tones.

"I have. Get busy! Tell them to watch. On Monday begins the greatest revolution in advertising this country ever experienced. We are making history. Pledge them to advertise through us if we deliver the goods. It will be the only swell way. Get that?"

"Betcherlife!" And Mr. Andrew Barrett rushed off.

VIII

H. R. WENT out to have his boards made. He distributed orders among wood-carvers and plaster-casting ateliers, and devised a method by which boards could be made on the principle of stereotypers' matrixes, only the letters were raised. He pledged the makers to deliver the boards within twenty-four hours, and as he did not haggle over the price, by the simple expedient of not asking for it, they promised. When a man is permitted to fix his own profit he will do almost anything.

At seven sharp, accompanied by Andrew Barrett, H. R. went to Caspar Weinpusslacher's. He could not get a seat. People stood in dozens waiting for the early dinner to finish. And most of the waiting customers were fashionably dressed. The Colossal Restaurant had become a fad! Caspar greeted H. R. with respect. He did not yet feel strong enough to display ingratitude.

"I'll fix a special table, Mr. Rutgers," he said.

H. R. nodded assent, and then sought Fleming. At the longest table sat twenty-seven unionized artists.

"Are you getting the full thirty-cent dinner?" he asked paternally.

"Yes, sir!" Fleming hastily assured him.

H. R. looked at his men. They looked away uneasily. Was this to be their last free meal? H. R. turned to Andrew Barrett, and said in a voice that did not reach the members and, therefore, increased their uneasiness:

"Barrett, in unionizing these men, thereby making them free sandwiches, I had in mind several things. One of them was the absolute control of the New York papers."

"How?" asked Barrett in utter noncomprehension.

"By organizing my men into a public-sentiment corps. Their duty will be to write letters to the newspapers. I figure that one bona-fide letter to each 13,186 circulation creates an irresistible demand. The Evening Post, of course, needs one to five hundred readers. I think that is about the proper ratio. Our men already have names; hereafter they will have permanent addresses."

"And then?"

"I furnish the paper, the stamps and the literature. The men copy the letters. The newspapers will do the rest. Did you bring the pads and pencils I told you?"

"Yes."

"Pass 'em round, one to each man."

Barrett did so. The men edged away in ill-concealed terror.

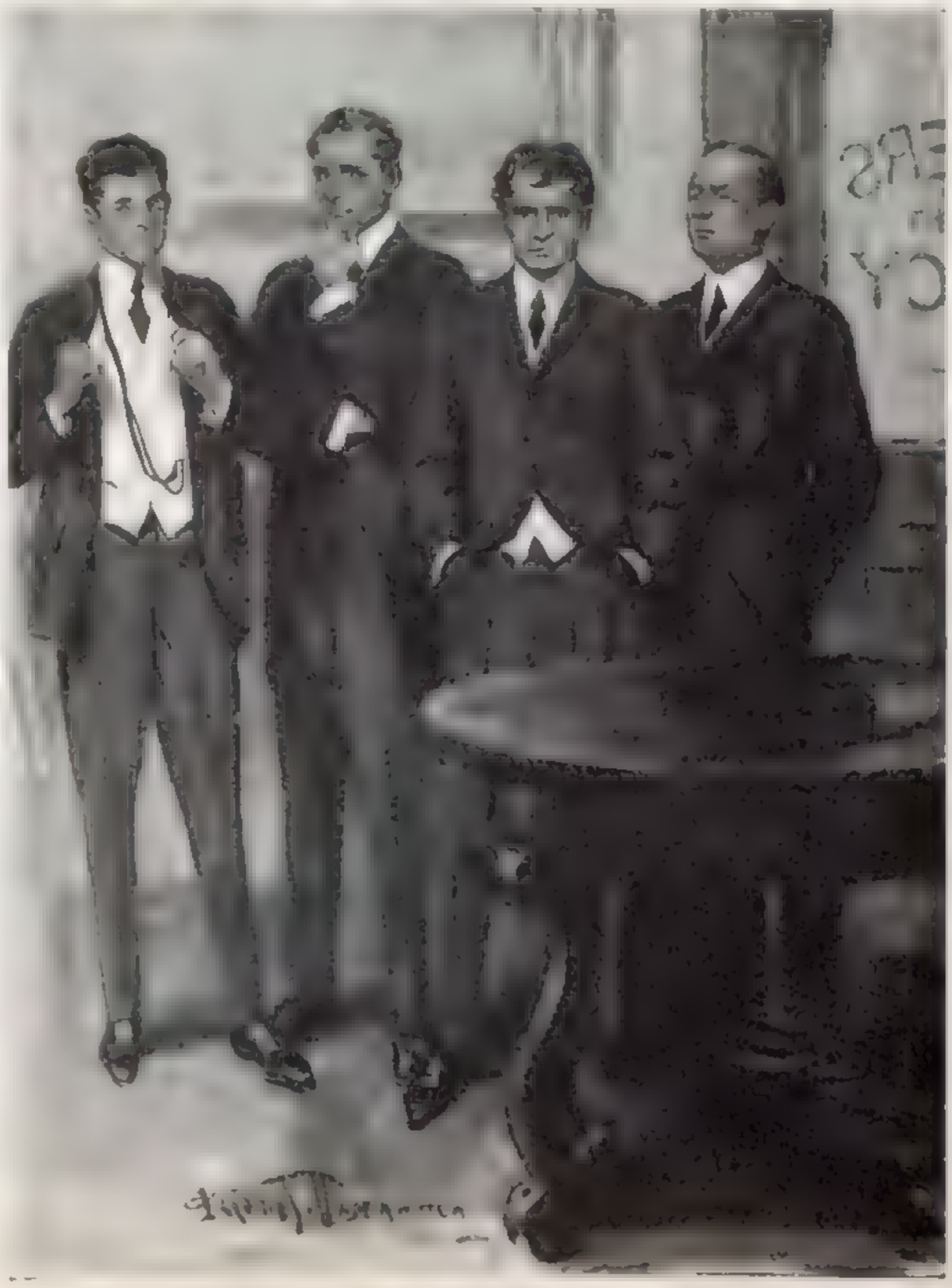
"Take up the pencils!" said H. R.

The members acted as if the pencils were rattlesnakes.

"Did you hear me?" asked H. R. calmly.

They trembled; but they were not slaves. No man can be compelled to write in a free country. By feeding these men H. R. had given them the courage to refuse to obey him! Was the food an error, as charitable philosophers have declared?

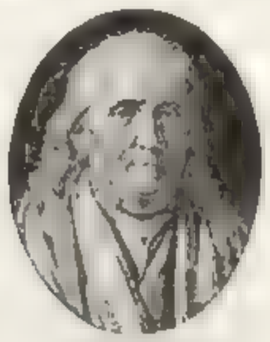
The pencils remained untouched before the men. Fleming was the only one who obeyed. But he was by now almost a capitalist. He was a distributor of meal tickets.



On the Next Morning H. R. Selected Out of Several Dozen Applicants Four Actors

(Continued on Page 45)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5, 1915

Two Governments

THERE is much truth in the boast that "Germany fights as one man." But England does not. The British press constantly prints vigorous criticisms of the government. Its censorship is attacked as a superfluous stupidity. A famous London daily refers to the First Lord of the Admiralty as a blunderer and amateur, holding him personally responsible for two exceedingly costly errors and intimating that he must be sat on.

Charges of scandalous waste and extravagance in purchasing army supplies are published. A long and vehement arraignment of the Foreign Office was spread before the public. The House of Commons is taunted with being "inert and lifeless under the deadening effects of a hollow political truce"—whereas, in the opinion of the eminent journal quoted, it should be busily investigating and debating certain matters connected with the conduct of the war.

In short, despite a war, England is still a democracy, bristling with divergent opinions which insist on expressing themselves. The political bond holds; but it is a loose, accommodating sort of article compared with that in Germany. A man has room to turn round in it and make a face at his neighbor if he chooses.

Undoubtedly England does not wish to fight or do anything else "as one man," but as a community of men who will agree up to a certain point and disagree as much as they please after that.

There is little question that Germany fights efficiently. We take it for granted that how to make ship riveters and gun holders stick to their jobs is not a burning question in the Fatherland; that the army is fed, clothed and equipped with a rigid economy worthy the traditions of Frederick the Great; that—except the grand waste on the firing line—few crumbs fall from the table anywhere, and virtually everything available is made to count for all it is worth.

To that end, Germany—or, rather, predominant Prussia—has been drilled, regimented and molded for generations by a virtually autocratic government. It is the system of Frederick opposed to that of the Long Parliament.

Whether a big democracy, with its looser, freer organization, can ever be as efficient for fighting purposes as the drilled, regimented, centralized state, is doubtful; but it is a hundred times more promising for the development of civilization.

The Barbarisms of Warfare

TORPEDOING the Lusitania was, of course, the act of barbarians. It blows aside the nebulous veil of all our humanitarian compacts and conventions, and shows in bold relief the unchanging face of war, with the features of a savage.

With the carefully planned sinking of a passenger ship carrying two thousand noncombatants—including neutrals, women and children—we return to the culture of Attila. If the Kaiser's government had wished to impress on the neutral world that war is inevitably a negation of civilization, it could hardly have chosen a fitter means. What war will do to the mind of a nation that has been trained to think war is shown by the applause with which the feat was greeted in Germany.

This country's stubborn refusal to think war, has long been the subject of more or less derisive comment on the Continent; but we are glad to believe that if an American submarine, under the same circumstances, had deliberately sent women and children to death the act would have been regarded with indignation here.

We do not mean by that to boast any inherent superiority over the people of Germany. We mean to say that our fortunate geographical position has enabled us to free ourselves sooner from the cult of Moloch. The heavy-hearted restraint with which news of the killing of Americans was taken here shows that we are not willing to fight until we have exhausted every honorable means to avoid war.

That is our inestimable advantage. That deep reaction from the bloody and heathen barbarism of war is the finest prize of our culture and our highest justification. We should be trebly careful not to lose it.

Of course no one who talks about vengeance speaks for the United States. The crime avenges itself. There may be new statues in Victory Alley, at Berlin, but they will not obscure the drowned women and children. Long after the war is over, the sinking of the Lusitania will shame Germany.

An Express Suggestion

NOT long ago, in a ten-minute walk through an apartment-building district nine miles from the center of the city of New York, we noticed three large and shiny department-store delivery wagons, motor-driven, each with a crew of two men. The contents of all three wagons could have been put into any one of them without much more than half filling it. That was brought to mind by a letter from the head of a concern which stands for efficiency the country over. It ran:

"One big express company has wound up its affairs, and others have reduced dividends because the parcel post has taken away a good part of their former business; but are there not other fields for express service? For example, every big department store has its hundred or two hundred delivery wagons, traveling the same routes. Probably an expert could organize a suburban express service that would do away with this very costly duplication. Such a service might be used, too, by smaller merchants, who cannot compete with big stores in the matter of maintaining expensive delivery wagons.

"In cities of the third and fourth classes, and even down to country towns, there is much duplication and great waste in retail deliveries. No doubt consumers finally pay for it. I suspect it would be possible to organize an express delivery service—at least in all towns of considerable size—that would be much more economical than the present system.

"It may be said that this has been tried; but I doubt that it has ever been tried on a scale and in a way that express companies might try it. Profits might be decidedly less than on the old express business—still, decidedly better than none."

Time was when each big store had its independent electric-light-and-power plant. Now many buy current from a central station, finding it cheaper. Probably a consolidated delivery service would be cheaper also; and it has been shown repeatedly that the cost of delivery from store to house is an important item to consumers.

Our Debt to the Scapegoats

JOURNALISM, like politics, must have its punching bag. The game cannot go on without something to wallop. On a broad and philosophic view, just what you wallop is quite immaterial. Pretty much everything needs it more or less, including yourself, but that philosophic view is entirely impractical. The hard-working journalist, with duties of a pacific and instructive nature to perform, cannot scatter himself over the whole mess of things. His exhibition lasts, at most, only half an hour. He must be brief and concrete.

The practicable expedient is to take some gentleman—preferable elderly and rheumatic—attach one elastic cord to his head and another to his heels, and explain to the audience: "This personifies evil; now watch me swat it!" That gets him through his day's work as nothing else could, in fact, as soon as he has got his punching bag duly labeled and identified to the audience, so that—like the character in melodrama who appears wearing evening clothes and smoking a cigarette—it is immediately recognized as the personification of evil, his job becomes comparatively simple.

We could easily name half a dozen citizens who have acquired an inestimable value to journalism through having been cast so often for the rôle of villain that, when they appear, the audience begins to applaud, without even waiting to see where the blow lands. On that broad and philosophic view, they probably deserve hero medals for the number of journalists they have saved from nervous prostration induced by searching for topics about which to write.

We have often thought what a graceful and appropriate thing it would be if journalism should give them a dinner to commemorate their invaluable services to the profession!

The Failure of Censorship

AT THE beginning of war, England set up a censorship over the cables and passed an act threatening punishment of any paper that printed matter prejudicial to the British cause. This was accepted, with some grumbling, as a military necessity; but in course of time newspapers found the Press Bureau suppressing matter not at all of a military nature—even mere translations from German or other foreign papers.

The explanation is that such articles are suppressed not on military but on diplomatic grounds, because they might cause embarrassment between England and an ally or a neutral country; and: "Since we are known to have a censorship, everything that is published in the English press is regarded as having been passed by the censor. The mere existence of the censorship is considered to give greater diplomatic significance to what appears in the press, no matter what its source."

Having put a finger in the pie, the government must put in its whole hand. Because it has set up a censorship, it might be held responsible for the republication in England of an American article criticizing Japan's course in China.

Whether a censorship is a military necessity, or even a military advantage, in these days of scouting aëroplanes, field telephones and wireless, is an open question. Certainly in this war the German General Staff has known exactly what the British Army was doing considerably before the British public knew; and the German navy, as its raids show, has not needed English newspapers to apprise it of the disposition of the British fleet.

By beginning to censor, the government puts itself in a position where it must censor still more.

Iron and Copper Monopolies

IN THE fourteen years that have elapsed since the Steel Corporation was formed the subject of a monopoly in the iron trade has excited the imagination of innumerable people and produced copious governmental investigation, denunciation and prosecution. When the corporation had completed its absorbent operations in the Lake Superior region and in the South, it was said to control about all the loose iron ore that was commercially available for American furnaces, and so to hold the future of the steel industry in the hollow of its sooty hand. This was the chief count against it as a monopoly.

Since then its largest Northern lease has been canceled, throwing open a great supply of domestic ore. Much more recently a competing company acquired large bodies of ore in Cuba and in Chile. Sixteen shiploads of Chilean ore are said to have arrived here in late months and to show a higher iron content than Lake Superior ores, while freight from Chile to the furnace is less than from Lake Superior. So there is nothing resembling a monopoly of iron ore. As a matter of fact, until within a few weeks iron and steel prices have been notably heavy for a good while.

We do not recall that anybody has been particularly exercised about a copper monopoly. If the Government is prosecuting one we have overlooked it; and if the Government is not prosecuting one—in view of its unremitting industry in that line—we feel confident there is none to prosecute. Copper, however, was one of the industries hit hard by the war, for we export a large part of the output of our mines, and ever since war was declared exports have been on a much reduced scale. In eight months, to March, they were not greatly over half the value of the preceding year.

Naturally we should expect a low price for copper; and as soon as war was declared the price did drop to about twelve cents a pound; but, though copper was selling a year ago at a trifle over fourteen cents a pound, it is now selling at nineteen cents a pound. There is an organization called the American Copper Producers' Association, concerning which we know nothing in particular and whose high moral purposes we willingly take for granted. When war was declared and exports were cut off, the associated producers immediately cut down production by one-half, and held it down until—as a trade circular puts it—"existing stocks of copper were cleaned up and the price advanced"—when producers opened up again full tilt to supply demand at the high price.

Undoubtedly producers acted intelligently. We wish cotton growers, finding the price of that product demoralized by war, could have emulated their example. We merely point out that the monopolized steel trade cannot maintain prices, while the unmonopolized copper trade is able to boost prices—in the face of small exports—from twelve cents to nineteen.

We should like to ask consumers what difference it makes to them whether an article is "monopolized" according to the Sherman Law, or not.

Do You Want South American Business?—By Roger W. Babson

The Presidents of Peru and Chile Talk to Merchants of the United States

LIMA is to-day the business center of Peru; and Peru is, next to Chile, the most attractive country of the west coast of South America. Peru may become the California of South America. It will some day have a great flood of immigration from Europe. It is to-day where so many of our Western States were fifty years ago.

I had very interesting talks on the future of Peru with several prominent men. My most important interview was with General Oscar R. Benavides, the President of Peru. Twice I met him at the Palace. He looked exactly like a well-groomed New York banker.

The President spoke to me of four matters; and I will tell you, as best I may, his message. His ideas, as conveyed to me, were roughly as follows:

"Urge the American people to insist that Spanish be taught in every high school in your land. I understand that in the commercial high schools of a few of your cities this language is already taught; but that is not enough. It is unreasonable that there are hundreds of your schools teaching German to every one that is teaching Spanish. Not only does our mutual safety as Americans—for we, the citizens of Peru, are as much Americans as are the citizens of the United States—depend on a union of the English and Spanish races; but our mutual financial interests depend on the same thing.

"The thoughts of the children of a nation are unconsciously focused on those nations whose languages they are taught in the public schools. If you want your people to be interested in Germany and France, and to have no interest in South America, then continue to exclude the teaching of Spanish from your schools; but if you want the masses of your people to become interested in South America, then insist that Spanish shall be taught in every high school in your land.

"For entrance into college, Spanish should be required, with an option of either French or German. We are teaching our Peruvian children English and French. We are doing this not for the purpose of making salesmen of them—to send into the United States and elsewhere—but because we want to focus their attention on your country. We want our children to know more about our brothers in North America. We can best accomplish this by teaching them English.

"We want your people to know more about us—not your big corporations and banks, but the masses in your country. In order to form closer relations between the two great continents of North and South America, there must be a closer relation between the great common people of the two continents."

"What is it," said I, "we have done in our dealings with South America that we should not have done, or left undone that we should have done?"

To this question the President replied as follows:

"Considering our very friendly relations, you must not ask me to refer to anything you have done that I think you should not have done. I cannot criticize your people or your country. We Peruvians all value your kindness too highly. It would be very unbecoming in the President of Peru to criticize even the business men of your country.

"As to your sins of omission, I will venture to suggest that your textbooks and newspapers give too little space to South America. Remember that this Southern Continent is a tremendous affair from every point of view. Do your schools give sufficient attention to our importance? Do the geographies and histories studied by your people give enough space to Peru? We want the school children of the United States to know more about Peru and its great natural and other advantages. I do not criticize your people for not extending to us more credit, or for not better adapting yourselves to our ways and needs; but I do think your people should give more time to studying our country. Here you and others come only for a few days, hastily seeing but a few of our cities and talking with a dozen or so of our people; and then you return to the United States to write articles on Peru!

"After you have been here and lived with us, so as to know us and our resources, if you then decide that Peru does not deserve credit, and the like, very well; but I urge you not to judge us without real knowledge acquired by personal study and observation when possible, and otherwise by reliable textbooks and histories. Thus, my only criticism is that the great and powerful everyday people of your country have been taught too little about our land and its resources. My earnest suggestion to the people of the United States is that they demand a greater knowledge of Latin America, which during the next fifty years is to have the same wonderful development your great supposedly barren West has had during the last fifty years."

The Economic Future of Peru

I NEXT asked the President to forecast the changes likely to take place in Peru during the next twenty-five years. I wished to present to you parents who read this weekly the possible development of the west coast of South America that may occur during the lifetime of your children who are now in school. The President stated that the development of Peru would come about through railroads, mining and irrigation. Concerning these he said:

"Most of all, Peru needs railroads and means of transportation. As you know, we have two great ranges of mountains—one along the coast at the west and the other toward the border of Brazil on the east. Between these two great mountain ranges is a rich and fertile plateau, about two hundred miles wide and eight hundred long. Here is the most perfect climate in the world, and only railroads are needed to develop the country. These mountain ranges absolutely lock up this fertile plateau, and only by railroads can they be pierced. Perhaps this can best be done by building a railroad from Chimbote to Huaraz, and my government will consider itself bound to secure the conclusion. The wealthy Department of Ancachs will be transformed by this railroad.

"Simultaneously with the building of railroads will come mining development of the great deposits of copper, gold, silver and lead, as yet comparatively little worked. Petroleum has been discovered in good-paying quantities, and geologists believe that large reserves exist. Coal is abundant, a large bed of anthracite being known to lie in the hinterland of Chimbote. These minerals and coal need only transportation to make them a source of great wealth. Tungsten ore, the basis of the new incandescent lamps that are rapidly becoming so popular, is also plentiful here in Peru. Hence, I expect that the immediate future of Peru will be largely mineral during the next twenty-five years.

"The ultimate future of Peru, however, is coming from agricultural development. Peru has a possibility of forty-three million acres of good land that can produce anything, of which only one million is now under irrigation. Your able Minister, the Honorable Benton McMillin, is well acquainted with the agricultural possibilities of Peru. Mr. McMillin is the link in the chain that connects Peru with the United States."

Valparaiso is the second Pacific port on the American continents, San Francisco ranking first. It is the home of great English, French and German importing and exporting houses. These I have visited, and at each I received the same story, as follows:

"Chile needs customers and credit—customers for her nitrates and credit in order to develop her other industries. For both, Chile has heretofore depended on Europe. England and Germany have taken ninety per cent of the nitrates and furnished eighty per cent of the capital. Probably as soon as the war is over they will again take the nitrates, but will they be able to continue to supply us with capital? Won't there be a great chance for the people of the United States to come down here and invest? Of course the Chileans should save more themselves; but they don't and won't. They think much of show and would rather give mortgages than save up capital."

Before interviewing leading merchants in Valparaiso and greeting the very accommodating Vice Consul, Mr. Aldis B. Easterling, I went directly to Santiago, in order to keep an appointment with the President of Chile, His Excellency Señor Don Ramon Barros-Luce.

The President of Chile is a very fine, dignified gentleman, nearly eighty years of age. After much formality and ushering from one room to another, I finally reached the beautiful state reception room, where he was waiting. After proper introductions I said:

"Mr. President, as you know, United States business men are especially interested to learn of Argentina, Chile and Brazil. I want you to tell me something about your country for them." To this he replied:

"The Republic of Chile, with a population of four millions, forms a long and narrow strip of land along the western coast of South America, and has an area greater than the combined areas of Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland. As regards its physical aspect, Chile may be divided into four perfectly outlined zones:

"First Zone—Desert. This zone, extending from latitude 18 degrees to 27 degrees south, comprises the Atacama Desert, and contains the inexhaustible nitrate deposits. As there is scarcely any rainfall and very few streams, the vegetation is limited to certain small valleys, where are found alligator pears, figs and pomegranates, and where barely sufficient hay is raised to meet local needs.

"Second Zone—Mineral. This zone extends from latitude 27 degrees to 33 degrees and has abundant mineral wealth, including gold, silver, copper, cobalt, nickel, lead, iron and magnesium. In this region the Andes reach their highest point. Some vegetation is encountered and the vineyards produce fine wines and raisins.

"Third Zone—Agricultural. This central zone lies between latitude 33 degrees and 42 degrees, and includes, between the two mountain ranges, an exceedingly fertile valley, with streams useful for navigation and for hydraulic power. In this valley is the origin of the largest and

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most solid fortunes amassed in the farming industry. All kinds of fruits, extensive forests, many minerals, and rich coal mines are also here.

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I next asked the President regarding the assets of Chile and what Chile has to offer to foreign capital. In reply he permitted me to give out the following facts from a report by the Commercial Section of the Chilean Government:

"Chile is the only country that produces nitrate in the natural state. The value of this nitrate amounts to over one hundred million dollars in United States gold each year, of which the government receives about twenty-five per cent in export taxes. In normal times the industry employs about fifty thousand men. Rumors have at times gone forth that these nitrate deposits will soon be exhausted, which assertion is absolutely without the slightest foundation. Thorough investigations and explorations have proved that the deposits of nitrate existing amount to 5,408,204,000 metric quintals of one hundred kilos each—or a sufficient quantity of exploitable nitrate to last for a period of two hundred years."

As nitrate has been declared contraband of war, Chile is in the depths of a depression to-day.

The President then took up the subject of other mines. Said he:

"Mining is, beyond doubt, the most important branch of the industrial activities of the country. Even the subsoil contains every kind of mineral known up to the present day. These rich deposits have hardly been scratched and are an inexhaustible source of future wealth for the nation. The mineral and metallurgic production represents a value of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year, which is vastly superior to the amount derived from the agricultural and manufacturing industries."

Chile's Mineral Resources

"With regard to gold and silver mining, those industries cannot now be said to be in a flourishing condition. This is due not to any scarcity of ore—there are extensive deposits—but to the fact that the huge extensions which at one time made the business a very lucrative one have yielded up all the ore contained in the richest layers, and more capital is needed to work the mines at greater depth. Further capital and modern machinery would make the working of these mines very remunerative.

"The iron industry is yet in its infancy and will secure a prominent place in the world's production, as the enormous deposits, which up to now have been kept practically intact, will give a field for exploitation on a huge scale.

"Coal is another mineral product with a brilliant future. The quantity mined has greatly increased during the last ten years, amounting last year to one million five hundred thousand tons.

"The borax industry of Chile is also of great importance and we supply fifty per cent of the world's consumption. This is in spite of the fact that only the deposits at Ascatan are being worked, those at Chilcaya being kept in reserve."

When I compared the verdure of central and southern Chile with the remainder of the west coast, it seemed to me that this country had great agricultural possibilities. Concerning these agricultural possibilities, the President replied:

"Mr. Babson, I do not doubt that agriculture will be developed more and more in Chile; but I do not think it has any such possibilities as Argentina can offer. Labor is too scarce in Chile to make agriculture really profitable or attractive to immigration from your own or any similar country. Certainly the most that our farmers can hope to do is to supply the Chilean market and make it unnecessary for us to import foodstuffs. The same conclusion applies to our timber. We have extensive forests; but they are all needed for home consumption and not a foot of lumber should be exported.

"Instead of advising capital from your United States to invest in lands for agriculture, I advise them to consider manufacturing possibilities in Chile. Next to

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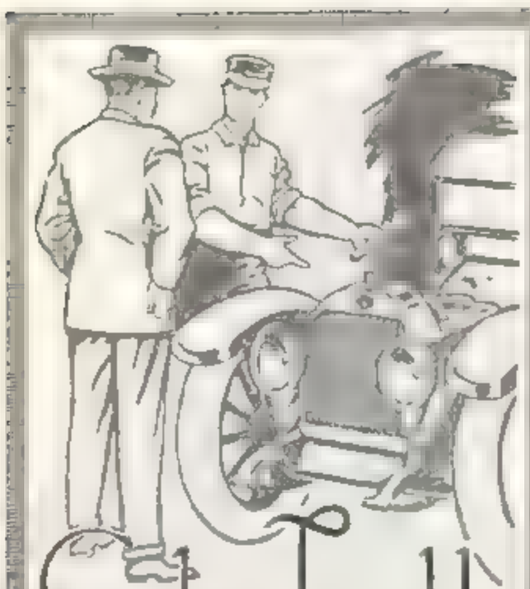

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6

mining, Chile must look to manufacturing for future growth. I believe that Chile is to become the great manufacturing center of South America. Here we have iron, coal, timber, water power, chemicals, wool and all the raw materials. I believe that your people, instead of trying to sell us goods, should come down here and build mills. Give Chile a market for her nitrates, copper and iron, together with capital to build mills, factories and ships. In such a case Chile will become a great industrial country—an exporter of goods instead of an importer. This is the idea that is at the bottom of the slogan: Chile for the Chileans!"

In closing the interview I asked the President whether he had any suggestion that I could pass on to the people of the United States as to how closer relations could be established between us and Chile. Said I:

"Mr. President, though we buy twenty-five million dollars' worth of goods from you, or eighteen per cent of your entire exports, you buy only seventeen million dollars' worth, or fourteen per cent of your imports, from us. How can we obtain a larger percentage?"

At once he replied:

"Your merchants of North America must start banks here in Chile before you can hope to accomplish much in securing Chilean trade. People in South America are apt to judge a foreign country's importance by its steamship lines and banks—especially the latter. Your countrymen have not a single bank here in Chile, while there are three large German banks and two important English banks. Is it any wonder that Germany and England get the trade? Not only would a North American bank be of great value to your merchants but it would advertise your country better than anything else could do."

Handicaps on Trade With Chile

"Yes, Mr. Babson; I cannot place too much stress on both the need of good North American banks in Chile and the profit that should accrue to your people who shall start such banks. Money can be loaned in Chile, on the best security, at from ten to twelve per cent. The government tax on banks is very slight. Our Constitution demands that foreign and domestic banks must be treated alike.

"Moreover, unlike your merchants, who simply want to sell us their own goods, a bank established now should continue to be a source of great profit even after Chile becomes an exporter of merchandise instead of an importer. Furthermore, as a bank does all its business in paper currency, it is not affected by the variations in exchange and the other factors that may bother an importer. I strongly advise the manufacturers of the United States to get together and form a Bank of North America for Chile."

In this connection several persons told me that the German and English banks copy full particulars from the drafts, bills of lading, and so on, which manufacturers in our country are compelled to use when sending goods to South America.

For instance, assume that a big department store in Santiago, such as The Chilean Stores, buys a bill of goods from a New England mill, and the New England people draw on the Chilean store for payment. Assume that the New England people deposit their draft in the First National Bank of Boston, which may sell it or send it to the Anglo-South American Bank of Santiago for collection. It can readily be seen that it would be a very simple matter for the English bank to note the character of the goods sold, to whom these goods go, and the price at which they are sold. British loyalty would certainly demand that this information be furnished to English importers, who next time will underbid the United States merchants.

Whether the English banks do this as systematically as do the German banks I do not know; but this is the sub-rosa reason given in South America why our United States merchants do not get more repeat orders. Certainly it looks suspicious to see catalogues of printing machinery begin to come to a Chilean publisher from English and German concerns shortly after he buys a printing press from a New York firm.

Before Chile can become either a buyer or a seller of general merchandise, she must secure greater markets for her nitrates and greater credit for her people. Until that time comes the average salesman from the United States will have hard picking.

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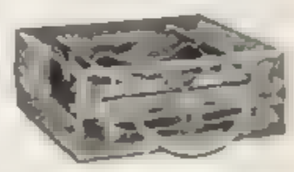
HISTORY is in the making in the trenches in Europe. And the Corona Typewriter is on the ground recording it. Many war correspondents have found their Coronas as indispensable as their cameras.

And thousands of men and women in every peaceful walk of life use the ——



Above—Carrying case open
Below—"Phantom" picture showing Corona *folded* in carrying case

CORONA
Portable Typewriter

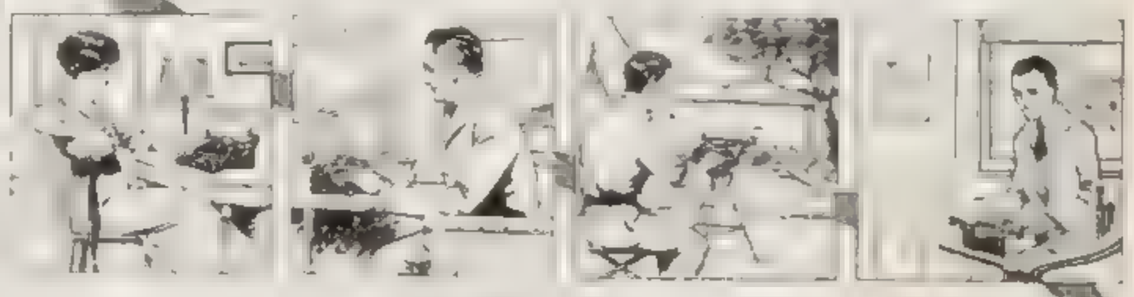
The Corona is a practical, portable typewriter for your *personal* use. Whatever writing you have to do—wherever you have to do it—you will find the Corona-way the rapid, easy, clear, business-like way. It will save many an hour of tedious "long-hand" writing—many a dollar of stenographic expense; and it will increase your personal efficiency.

The Corona weighs only 6 lbs. Unlike all other typewriters, which have rigid frames, the Corona has a *folding* carriage. Thus it can be closed up like a book, and easily packed in grip or suitcase, taking no more space than a large camera. In spite of its lightness and compactness it is a *real* typewriter, with every modern improvement, from visible writing to two-color ribbon. It stands the wear and tear test, too. Its cost?—— only $50.

The Corona is easy to operate. Even if you've never used a typewriter, you can quickly acquire speed on the Corona.

Many prominent concerns have equipped their road men with Coronas. Uncle Sam uses it in many departments. It proved its value to Ex-President Roosevelt on his Brazilian expedition. It is used in many business offices by executives and employees to save the time consumed in dictating.

We couldn't begin to name all the lines of work in which the Corona is making itself indispensable. But if we could, *yours* would be included.



Do This Now

Before you turn this page, decide that you will let us prove to you why *you* should "Own-a Corona." Have the Corona dealer nearest you demonstrate this remarkable little typewriter. It will argue its own case. Or, if you do not know the Corona agent in your locality, fill out and mail the coupon below. It will bring interesting literature and information as to how you can secure a demonstration without any obligation.

Executives, Sales Managers—Telegraph at our expense for demonstration.

Corona Typewriter Co., Groton, N. Y.

Agencies Everywhere

Corona Typewriter Co., Groton, N.Y. Please send Booklet No. [illegible], also advise how I may secure a demonstration of the Corona. (If space for name etc., is insufficient, continue on margin.)

Name

Address

Oil Wear

How often do you stop for oil?

DO you watch to see whether your oil "wears" well or poorly? You should.

You may be sure of this: An oil that "wears" poorly lubricates poorly.

For the next 500 miles note down the quantity of oil you use.

Then clean out your motor. For the following 500 miles use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Chart on this page. Again note the quantity consumed.

The result will demonstrate the superior "wear" of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. To many motorists the difference is astonishing.

What accounts for it?

It is due partly to the oil's *lubricating efficiency*—which remains unimpaired under the heat of service—and partly to the correctness of the oil's *body*, which assures an adequate supply to all working parts and a perfect seal between pistons and cylinder walls.

With a perfect piston seal, fuel gases cannot blow past the piston rings, destroying the oil film and wasting power; nor can undue quantities of oil work into the combustion chambers and form troublesome carbon deposits.

The "wear" of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car will give you striking proof of its lubricating efficiency.

At the left we print in part our Chart of Automobile Recommendations. For a number of years this Chart, which represents our professional advice, has been the motorist's standard guide to scientifically-correct lubrication.

If your car does not appear in the partial Chart on this page, we will gladly mail you a complete Chart on request.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation In the Chart below the letter opposite the car is a recommended grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: A means Gargoyle Mobiloil A. Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. The recommendations are for cars in stock [illegible] pleasure and commercial vehicles on the chassis as noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]									A	A
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
(6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Avery	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Model C (T-m)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
(Royal)									Arc	Arc
Cartercar	A	B	A	B	A	B	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
(Com'l)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Chandler							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
[illegible]							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chesterfield									A	Arc
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]									A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Delaunay Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A		
Detroiter			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
(6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Dodge									B	B
E M F										
Empire						Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
(Com'l)	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Garford	A	E	Arc	A	A	Arc				
[illegible]	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A		
Grant							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Model 20	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
I H C					B	A	B	A	B	A
(Motor)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A						
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jackson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery							A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly Springfield	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
King	A	L	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc
(4 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
[illegible]							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Model 48							A	A	A	A
Kline Kar		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Lozier-Stewart			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lumoblle	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Lyons	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
Lyons Knight							A	A	B	A
Mack	A	E	B	E	B	E	A	E	A	E
Model 5					A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
12-70 Series									Arc	Arc
Metz	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc				
Knight							A	A	A	A
Moon 6	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
(4 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	A	A	A	Arc		A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]									Arc	Arc
Pathfinder					A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
(Com'l)	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Pope-Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc		
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Reo	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Republic	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sayers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Selden							E	E	E	E
Service	A	F	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Singer	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Smith	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
(4 cyl.)									A	A
Stevens-Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Knight			A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
(4 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight							A	A	B	A
[illegible]							A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
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For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C."

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Rochester, N.Y., U. S. A.

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Domestic Branches:

Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Boston, Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh

BAD BILL BOBO

(Continued from Page 7)

"Maybe Bill's a close trader; but it's plain to me that this town thinks mighty well of him, else there'd never have been the turnout we seen to-day. I've heard it said round town, too, that Bill has got draw poker down pretty near to an exact science." Ripples of laughter. "I hope he has; for I want to tell you folks"—the tears were hopping down his sunken cheeks—"that I'm—proud—to—shake such a man by the hand. Let us sing, all together, 'Wash Me and I Shall be Whiter Than Snow.' Shout it out. Brother White will lead."

The service concluded with another attack on the saloons; Brother Schoonover could never keep his tongue off them long.

"So now they're trying to scare me," he announced at the end of a blistering denunciation. "And this is how much I think of their threats. Do you know what they've done? They've wrote letters to warn me if I don't quit I'll be tarred and feathered some fine night. One sneak—they're all sneaks, for they're afraid to sign their names—says there're twenty good men in this town ready to hang me if I don't drift soon.

"Now, friends, I wouldn't bother even to tell you about these things—only that it shows we've got the whole miserable gang shaking in their boots. They can't harm me. Let them do their worst, but they can't harm me; for if I should be killed to-morrow my soul would go marching on. They can't stop this fight. It's to a finish. And if my life could win it—oh, what a glory to die!"

First Monday broke sparkling, and at an early hour dust clouds hung thick above every road leading into Ringer. The Square was jammed with wagons and buggies and horsemen. They overflowed the livery yards and appropriated every vacant lot.

"Look at 'em milling round!" remarked Bobo to me, standing on the curb in front of the Fashion. "I never seen so many farmers in town in my life."

As we watched, a little cavalcade of five men on scrub cow ponies debouched on the Square from the north. They were weather-beaten, hairy and hard. In close order they ambled past us, their faces wreathed in expectant grins; and one of them waved a hand at Bill. Saddles and bridles were frayed and patched; red dust thickly coated horses and men.

"Here they are!" said Bill, and looked thoughtful.

"Isn't that Frank Kincaid in front?" I asked.

He nodded, continuing to stare after them. Presently he said:

"I wish Thurber was here."

"Where is he? He shouldn't be out of town on a day like this."

"You're whistlin' he oughtn't! But he done fixed up some business for to-day over at the Junction—had to fetch a prisoner or something. So he got me to take his place."

It was usual for Thurber to be absent whenever trouble loomed.

"They should never have elected him sheriff at all, Bill. He's afraid of that Kincaid Gang."

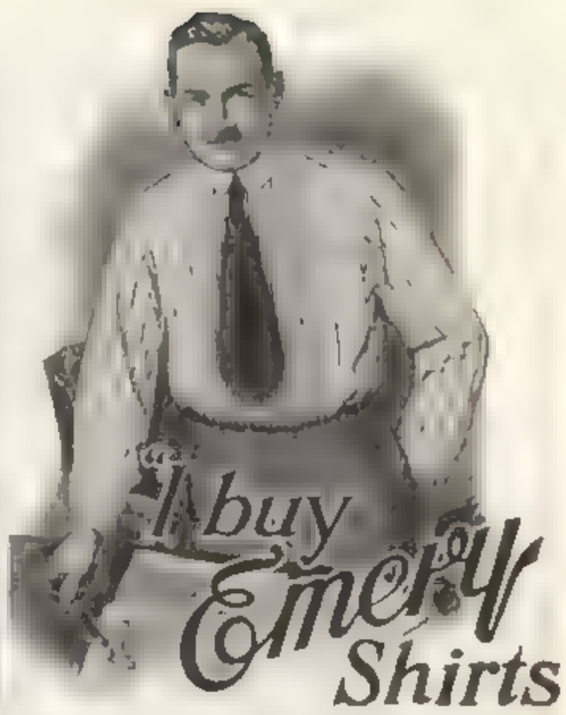
"So is everybody," answered Bill temperately; "I am, and so are you. The sheriff ain't a coward. He's just naturally peaceful."

The Kincaids dismounted in front of a saloon, leaving their horses tied to a hitching rail. Long after they had disappeared inside I caught Bobo watching the place out of the corner of his eye. Therefore he did not surprise me when he departed for his lodging house, with the explanation that, since he was sheriff for the day, it behooved him to "get heeled."

We did not meet again until early afternoon. Then, on my way to the post office, I ran into Bill, dawdling outside the Fashion. He hadn't the air of a lounger at all, and I guessed he was doing sentinel duty there.

While we were talking along came Brother Schoonover, with his ludicrous, hurried, shambling gait. He had on baggy trousers, a black seersucker coat and a straw hat. The coat was a mile too big for his wasted frame and the hat a size too small for his bulging dome.

As he arrived opposite us the doors of the saloon swung open and young Ruef Page lurched out. The two collided. Quick as



for the regard I have for the *Emery* label—standing as it does for the 30 years' reputation of a foremost American shirtmaker and relieving the shirt-purchaser of any doubt as to style, material, making or fit. It assures fast colors; the comfort in a *pre-shrunk* neckband and a right sleeve-length; unsurpassable finish; in short: Guaranteed fit, color and wear."

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Keep the careless coal man from marring and scarring the sides of your house every time he delivers coal. Save your lawn, walk, flowers and shrubs from being ruined by coal dust and stray lumps. Install a

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Easily put in a new home or one that is already built. In a house already erected the Majestic Coal Chute can be placed in the opening now occupied by the basement window. In a new house, arrange for it when building foundation. The Majestic [illegible] a window when chute is not [illegible] and gives a splendid light to the basement. The [illegible] chute is in use. The Majestic is more than just a coal chute. It's a cellar window as well

Burglar Proof — Strong — Durable

The Majestic locks from the inside securely and is absolutely [illegible]. It is extra durable, and will outlast the building. Has heavy steel body, cast-iron door frame and [illegible] When open the hopper comes out automatically, catching all the coal, without waste or dirt.

Thousands of owners of homes, hotels, stores, apartments, etc., have installed Majestic Coal Chutes in their buildings. Architects and Contractors indorse them and specify their use in all the new modern structures.

Write For FREE BOOK

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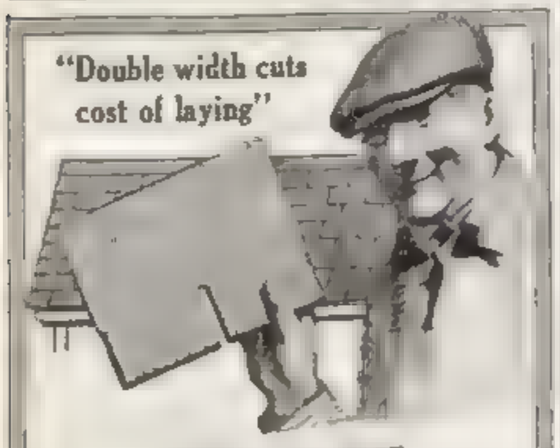

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Book, "Repairing and Building," Free

Let us send this valuable book on building and repairing. It will help you.

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he was to take hold of the boy, to prevent him from falling, he was not quick enough to placate Ruef. Probably Ruef did not even hear Schoonover's apology; to his liquor-crazed brain anything from a stranger was an insult.

Some words passed and he struck. The two men clinched and Page threw the preacher heavily to the sidewalk. Straddling him he jerked out a knife; but while he was opening it Schoonover heaved and rolled him over. The younger man scrambled quickly on top again, pinned Schoonover down, and his long right arm drew back and up.

In that instant Bad Bill cleared five yards of space in a diving tackle and hurled Ruef off the sidewalk into the gutter.

"Quit it now!" he panted, shoving the cold mouth of a six-shooter against the boy's neck; and Ruef sobered abruptly. He grew still—the glare faded from his eyes.

Somebody ran for a doctor and we carried Brother Schoonover into a drug store. He was deathly white and blood welled from his mouth.

"What?" snapped Doctor Buchanan as he made a swift examination. "What's that? Don't press so close! No; he isn't cut. He's had a hemorrhage. Stand back, there! The man's dying. Somebody help me get him to the hospital."

An automobile was pressed into service and bore him away. As it moved carefully up Cedar Street it passed Ruef Page, who gave one glance at the limp figure in the machine and seemed to shrivel up. A stumble, and he hurried blindly toward home, where he had promised to remain, with his mother, subject to the sheriff's call.

"It's a bad business—bad!" exclaimed Bobo. "I wouldn't have had that happen, Dan, for—— Why, it'd just kill poor ol' Miz Page if the feller should die."

The possibility of a tragic ending obsessed him all the afternoon. Though everybody else was talking about the fight, and debating whether it was accidental or a deliberate assault instigated by the saloon people, Bobo moped by himself. Five times he piloted me by the sleeve to the rear of the Palace Drug Store in order to report on the victim's progress.

"He's got a chance," was his fifth bulletin. "Doc Buchanan says he'll pull through sure—if he don't die."

"Where's Ruef?"

"He's home. And he's going to stay there too. When I left he had his head down on his ma's lap, and he was cryin' like a baby."

An hour later we chanced to meet again and Bill came out of a fit of brooding with:

"He just can't die! A little ol' hemorrhage ain't going to kill a man, do you reckon?"

"It ought not. He's had 'em before and recovered."

"Somehow," he said slowly, "I got so I sort of respected the dadgummed fool. Well, there's no use frettin', is there? And I've got enough other things to think about."

Assuredly he had. The Kincaids, from Red River Bottom, were now on the high tide of their monthly orgy and wanted everybody to know it. They moved in a body from one saloon to another, citizens scattering before them. Every ten seconds one would raise an ear-splitting yell.

"I wish the sheriff was here," observed Bad Bill plaintively. "Those fellers are like to do something mean."

His surmise was soon verified. One of the gang tripped over a basket of vegetables in front of Sid Semple's grocery store. Admitting the natural chagrin of a gentleman whose holiday is marred by a tradesman's stupidity, there was still no valid excuse for his scattering the vegetables with a running kick. The cabbages rolled in all directions; and, with a gleeful whoop, his brothers and cousins pounced on them and began pelting one another.

Hearing the commotion, Sid abandoned a customer to take a fall out of his tormentors, rushing out with fire in his eye. That was before he knew who they were; and after he recognized them all he could do, of course, was to join in the spirit of the joke.

"Charge 'em to me, Semple!" bellowed Frank Kincaid, shying a cabbage at a timid farmer in a wagon.

The grocer gave a sickly smile and was heard to murmur:

"That's all right, boys!"

To my consternation, the deputized sheriff for the day let this disturbance of the peace pass.

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AMERICAN MADE FOR AMERICAN TRADE

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New Departure Ball Bearings will withstand the terrific shocks sustained by the mechanism of the most powerful racing car or the heavy commercial truck—under all conditions—whether the stresses be vertical, horizontal or angular.

DOUBLE ROW
A dual capacity bearing taking end thrust from any direction and radial loads in combination. Will replace one radial and two thrust bearings in any mechanism. Has greater radial capacity than other forms of equivalent bore and outside diameter.

RADAX
An angular contact single row bearing designed to carry a radial load in combination with one-direction thrust.

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That's why they should be in *your* car. Then there will be no binding, rasping or wedging to waste the power of your motor—trouble proof—no adjustments necessary.

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Designed as the final standard of this type of bearing for radial load only, reducing friction losses to the minimum.

New Departure Ball Bearings in your car mean maximum efficiency in eliminating friction with consequent reduction of gasoline and oil consumption, an increase in motor energy available in driving—less depreciation, less up-keep expense.

An interesting booklet, "New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner," will tell you how to know your car better. Write at once for your copy and, as a matter of convenience, please ask for "Booklet A."

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Main Office and Works, Bristol Conn.
Hartford Division, Hartford Connecticut
Western Branch, Detroit 1016-17 Ford Bldg

"If Sid's satisfied," he argued, "it isn't up to me to butt in." All the same his irritation made it patent that he had not convinced himself. "Why, things as bad as that happen every day!"

About five o'clock the crowds began to thin. The visitors who had come to buy and sell drifted out of town; but those who had come for relaxation lined the bars three deep. Their clamor sent peaceful citizens scurrying homeward long before supper and some of the merchants closed their shops.

"Bill," I said to that worried individual, "something's going to break loose soon."

"No-o-o," he rejoined half-heartedly. "The boys're just feelin' good—that's all. A little noise don't matter."

"Bill," I said again, "man to man now, don't you know what's raising all this hellery?"

A nervous grin and he said readily:

"Sure! Booze."

On the stroke of six Frank Kincaid issued solemnly from the Fashion, untied his horse from the rail, kicked him in the ribs a few times—to hearten the beast—and mounted. We knew what that portended; but, instead of executing his favorite trick, he started to roam the Square.

At the Cedar Street corner a cripple sat on the sidewalk in the angle formed by the First National Bank and Jim Seeley's barber shop, proffering pencils to passers-by. He was without legs. Force of habit made him reach out his hand toward Kincaid and whine his wares; and one of the little devils that lurk in bad whisky did a hop-skip-and-jump in the rustler's muddled brain. He tossed a dime into the open palm; then he took down his rope.

A few deft shakes to make a noose, an overhand flip, and he had roped the cripple round the body.

Kincaid jabbed his horse into a lope, jerking the legless man out into the dirt of the Square. The cripple let out a yell of terror.

"Drop him!"

The command came like the crack of a rifle—and there was Bad Bill, poised on the curb, one hand high above his head in warning. Kincaid stopped his horse.

"Turn him loose!" Bobo ordered.

In the swift hush that came over the Square his voice echoed in every corner of it.

"Who'll make me?" jeered Kincaid; yet he hesitated to start again.

At his words there was a rush of his kinsmen from the Fashion. Bobo drew a long breath, like a man who has passed a crisis.

"All right!" he shouted in ringing tones. "If you want it, take it!"—and dropped Kincaid out of the saddle before anyone could flick an eyelash.

It was the prettiest throwdown I ever saw, and the only one I wanted to see. A barrel stood near and I ducked out of sight behind it. When I peeped out Bobo was behind a telephone post. Three bullets plumped into it waist-high; a fourth ripped along its edge, level with his head. The Kincaids ran to their horses and the fight was on.

A wonderfully inspiring sight is an efficient man in action. The more efficient he is, the greater his zest. From behind his shelter Bad Bill Bobo worked his forty-five in wild elation, keeping up a sort of paean of battle the while.

"Here"—winging a rider who sought to outflank him by going up a lane—"is where Ringer goes dry! You-all hear me? We won't wait for no election. We'll clean up with booze—and bums—got that one—right now!"

Suddenly little Sid Semple dashed out of his grocery with a repeating rifle, and dropped behind a rampart of baled hay. They received him with a hail of bullets, but he shrilled defiance and triumph. They had humiliated him once; but he was a man again and his spirit soared.

"Good boy!" yelled Bobo. "You sure do handle that gun. Wow! That just missed one. Lower, Ol' Settler—lower your sights."

And Sid heard and obeyed. He pumped his gun until it was red-hot to his hand.

Experts in these matters have declared that it was a beautiful fight while it lasted. Perhaps it was; but I had too much on my mind really to enjoy the professional features.

It did not last long. The Kincaids never stood a chance. They were in the open and mounted—ready targets despite rapid moving; and within five minutes the gang was in flight for Red River Bottom, leaving

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Frank and one other badly wounded member behind, on the ground. Whereupon we emerged blithely from our barrels and cellars and other handy shelters.

Thus did Bad Bill Bobo make history in our town. To this day they show visitors to Ringer the cottonwood tree, on the Mulberry's banks, where we hanged Frank Kincaid that night.

That was five years ago. This spring I had occasion to revisit Ringer, and dropped in at Mayor William Jennings Bobo's livery and feed barns to pass the time of day.

"Well," demanded His Worship, "what do you think of the old town now?"

"Dead as ditch water! Honestly, Bill, it's so quiet I hate to speak out loud! They were right after all, I expect—and prohibition killed it."

"Killed nothing!" snorted the mayor, reaching for his ledger. "Look here! Collections're better than they've ever been in the history of the town—and the stores sell more goods. We don't get all that hoorah bunch no more and there's less milling round; so maybe it seems quieter. But Ringer's growing like a colt. It'll be the metrolopus of the Southwest some of these days—mark my words! Why, we voted two hundred thousand dollars of bonds for paving only last week!"

"Great!" I cried. "How's Bill Junior?"

A pleased grin stole over Bobo's face and he hitched his chair closer to me. His manner softened from the argumentative to the confidential.

"Well, sir, that's the greatest kid in the world!" he admitted. "The cute things he says keep me and Willie May busting ourselves. Do you know what he can do? He can say the names of the books of the Old Testament off by heart. Yes, sir—barely four years old and knows right now more'n his daddy ever knowed! His grandpa was tickled most to death over it and give him a bicycle. He's learning him the New Testament now. Huh? Sure! The old man's been living with us since the town went dry."

"And what's become of Ruef Page?"

Bad Bill Bobo chuckled.

"Didn't you hear? He's studying to be a preacher, and he teaches a class of boys in Brother Schoonover's Sunday-school. And he's some teacher, too! My wife plays the organ for 'em; and she says Ruef can explain the lessons to beat hell!"

Curing the Smoke Evil

HARDLY a week passes without some new application of the discovery that shooting a certain kind of electric current through the air will settle dust—a discovery already in practical use in a dozen ways, ranging from making milk flour out of milk spray to settling the dust in cement mills. Engineers are now seriously considering a method for clearing the smoke in railroad tunnels and for cleaning the air in subways.

The process undoubtedly would remove the smoke in tunnels but would leave gases. The most complete remedy for smoke in long tunnels is running trains by electricity, an extremely expensive undertaking to accomplish this one result. Accordingly the electric-precipitation method promises a cheap substitute, even though it cannot do a complete job on the gases. In subways one of the difficulties of ventilation is the accumulation of fine particles of dust in the air. The electric precipitation of this dust has possibilities that are now being studied.

The process provides for sending high-tension currents through the air, which instantly affect all the fine floating particles, making them jump together in groups and fall to the ground. The inventor, Dr. F. G. Cottrell, turned his patents over to a corporation, which is to use all its profits in scientific research; and the profits of the company in its brief business career indicate that great sums are to be available for making other discoveries.

Fans as Centerpieces

DINING-TABLE electric fans are the latest summer comfort. These fans revolve horizontally instead of vertically, as do the familiar ones, and the air is thrown off at a tangent from the revolving blades. The mechanism is mounted on a small pedestal; so that such a fan, placed on the dining-room table as a centerpiece, throws a continuous current of air to the faces of all the people sitting round the table.

"Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese" Tavern, in Fleet Street, is, to-day, one of London's sights, because here Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of the first English dictionary, quaffed his tea and enjoyed his pipe of good Virginia.

But could the Doctor take a whiff or two of the *modernized* Virginia tobacco, DUKE'S Mixture, he would fain add some adjectives to his dictionary, to describe the "bouquet" of this mixture of Virginia's honey-colored leaves.

But why describe? How much better to try for yourself the tobacco that has been under continuous cultivation and improvement since the days of Good Queen Bess!

Each sack, containing forty generous cigarette-fuls of DUKE'S Mixture, is guaranteed to please the smoker's taste, or his dealer will refund the purchase price.

The smoker of imported tobacco should remember that in countries where Turkish tobacco *costs less* than Virginia leaf, Virginia is considered the best. And DUKE'S Mixture is Virginia at its best.

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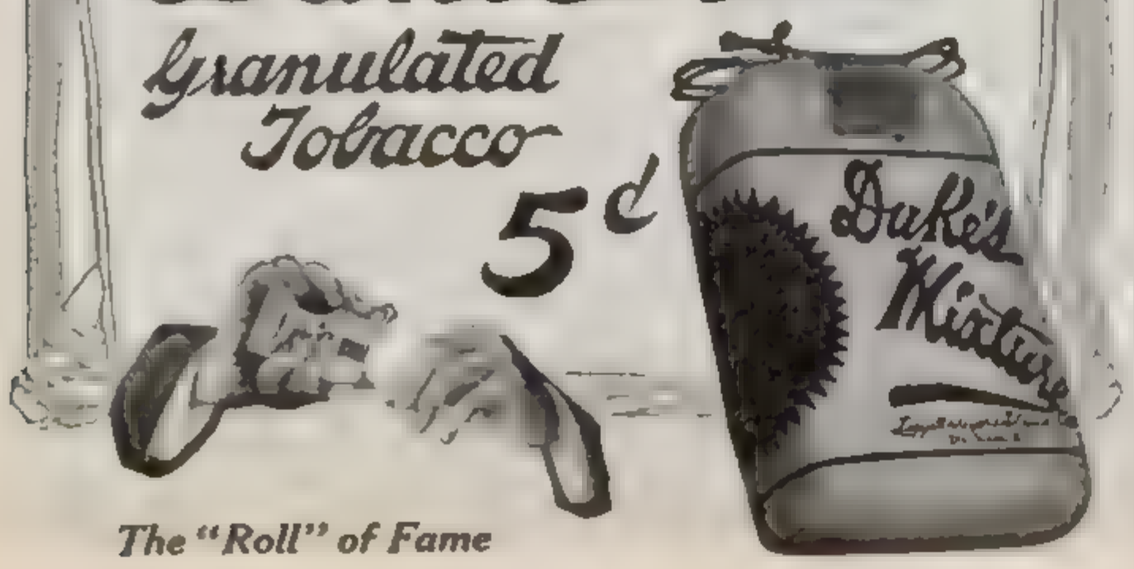

The "Roll" of Fame

The Military and Naval Defenses of the United States

(Continued from Page 5)

have a war, the blame for lack of preparation will fall on the executive—on the President, the Secretary of the Navy, and the officers of the navy in charge of the various branches. They, therefore, should have greater power than they have had in the past to determine the specific subjects for the expenditure of the amount of money that Congress is willing to furnish for general naval purposes, and to apply it to those needs that their expert knowledge dictates.

I quite agree that naval officers interested in the development of their respective branches of the service will not regard the matter of cost as carefully as Congress will, and should. Their recommendations as to the amounts to be expended are, therefore, to be taken with caution; but when Congress makes up its mind as to how much is to be expended, then it ought, it seems to me, to allow the men who know, some discretion in expending it for the best purpose, subject always to the approval of a responsible Administration. Let us hope that the present agitation concerning the inadequacy of our naval defense may lead to a General Staff for the navy, and that it will be given full opportunity to frame the policy of the navy in expert matters. The problem of an adequate navy is a much easier one than that of an adequate army—easier in point of accomplishment; easier in the determination as to the amount we need, and much more important for our immediate protection.

The second bulwark in defense of our nation is the coast defenses. These are twofold: First, the coast defenses proper, which are fortifications at strategic points on our coast; and, second, such a mobile army as would be needed to meet an expeditionary force landed on our shores where, in the nature of things, there are and can be no fortifications.

As to Coast Defenses

We must first get into our heads clearly what the necessary plan of the coast defense of a country consists of, and what the object of land fortifications must be in such a plan. The fortifications play an important part in our first line of defense—to wit, the naval line of defense on the high seas. The fortifications, with their armament of high-power, long-range guns and the submarine defenses of mines and torpedo stations, are intended to cover and protect every important coast city against the attacks of the navy of the enemy. They relieve our navy of any duty to protect coast cities against the enemy's navy. But for such fortifications, hostile war vessels might slip by our own navy and subject a defenseless city to bombardment and destruction or to the heaviest kind of ransom. From such a naval expedition only a comparatively small force could be landed, and a comparatively small force supporting the coast artillery could resist its attack on the land.

Our coast fortifications are criticized because they are not fitted to resist land attack in the reverse. By practicable changes in the mortar and other batteries of these forts they can be given formidable defensive power against their own capture from the land. But it must be borne in mind that their chief military purpose is to defend against naval attack upon coast cities and harbors from the sea. Their sites are not chosen for protecting cities, near which they are constructed, against land attack. That must be the work of the third line of defense, the mobile army.

The second function of fortifications placed at strategic points along the coast, covering not only large cities but every good harbor, is to prevent the landing of an expeditionary force at a place that could be made a protected base of operations for an invasion of the country. In other words, these fortifications are so placed as to compel an invading military expedition to land its troops from an inadequate harbor or an open roadstead along the coast.

A third object of fortifications covering good harbors is to afford a place of refuge for our commercial shipping, foreign and coastwise, for the repair of the ships of our navy after a battle, and for renewing their

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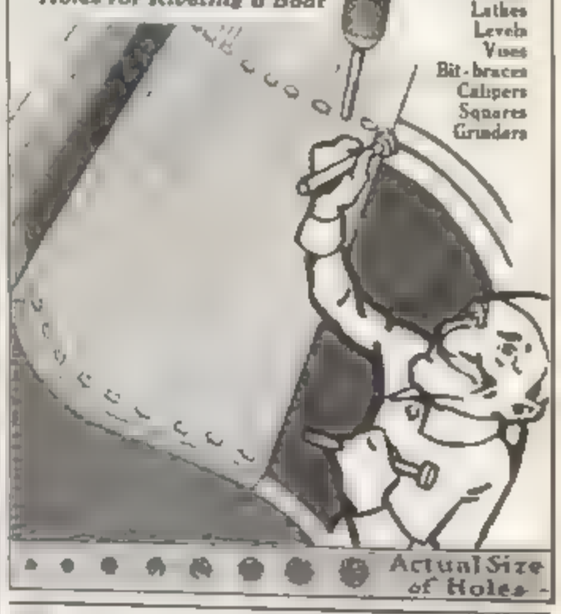

Actual Size of Holes

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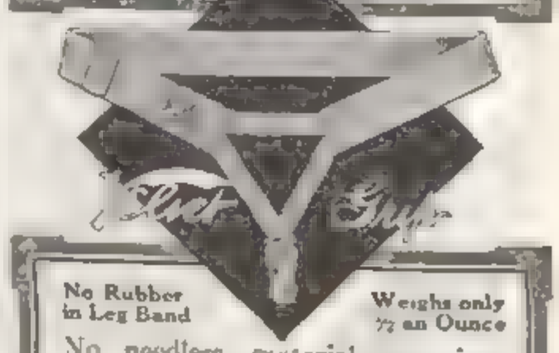

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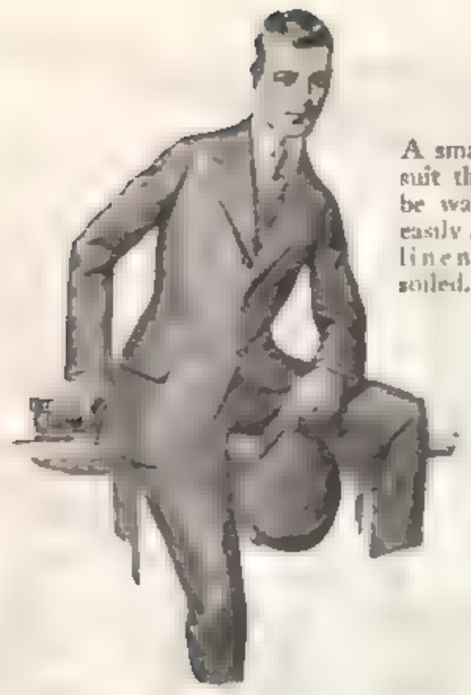

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supplies of ammunition and other necessaries without being exposed to attack by the enemy's vessels.

These are the three objects of coast fortifications. Because the public has been given a different and erroneous idea, one cannot emphasize too much that coast fortifications are not for the purpose of directly resisting the landing of a large expeditionary force to invade the country. With the tens of thousands of miles of our coast, it would be utterly impossible to build fortifications that would cover and protect every mile of that shore.

Now it is a great satisfaction to be able to say that, except with respect to one or two features which can be readily supplied, our coast fortifications are entirely adequate for every office that any coast fortifications have in modern warfare.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that they are as extensive and as defensive as any coast fortifications in the world. There is only one important place where we need an additional fort, and that is at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay.

The great cities of Norfolk, Baltimore and Washington are amply protected by local fortifications, but we do need a fort built at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay to cover the passage between Cape Henry and Cape Charles. Land has been purchased for fortifications at Cape Henry, which ought to be promptly constructed in order that Chesapeake Bay may never again be used by an enemy to our great disadvantage, as it has been in the past.

Criticism of our coast fortifications has been directed against the range of our guns. I do not feel it necessary to go into this in full, because I do not think it contributes to a layman's understanding of the exact situation to use detailed and technical statements. The high-power, long-distance guns we have in our fortifications are twelve-inch guns. They are mounted—most of them—on what are called disappearing carriages. The gun is loaded and aimed behind a parapet and earthworks; then, by machinery, it is elevated above the fortification to be fired, and the shock and recoil incident to the firing sink the gun again below the fortification, out of sight of the enemy.

Increasing the Range of Big Guns

The range of the gun depends on the angle of elevation, the explosive power of the charge, and the weight of the projectile. By elevating the angle above the horizontal, the distance the projectile will go can be increased materially. By increasing the weight of the propelling charge and decreasing the weight of the projectile, the range can be increased. The range of the twelve-inch guns in these fortifications when built was as great as that of any guns then in use in modern navies. The possible elevation of the guns was ten degrees above the horizontal, and five degrees below the horizontal for the purpose of firing down. In very few of the fortifications is it necessary to fire down. By a very slight change in the carriages the elevation could be increased above the horizontal to fifteen degrees, with no range below the horizontal and without at all interfering with the effectiveness of the gun or the carriage. By reducing the weight of the projectile somewhat—not enough to be substantially less destructive to battleships at long ranges—the range of these twelve-inch guns can be increased to over twenty thousand yards, leaving only one thousand or two thousand yards in favor of the naval guns.

If a hostile fleet should station itself at a distance of twenty-four thousand yards from a fortification and accurately drop great shells from its fifteen-inch guns into the fortification, and strike the guns of the fortification, it could reduce it without any effective defense; but practically that is not the way it works. At a distance of twenty thousand yards a fortification on the horizon presents a very small mark, and when the guns of the fortification at the time of their discharge are only a few seconds of time above the parapet they form scarcely any mark at all, and very much less than the deck and sides of a great battleship.

Second, the accuracy of aim at that distance depends on the length of the base line on which the calculations of the range are made. The length of the base line that may be had on a naval vessel, as compared with the length of the base line that those firing guns in land fortifications have, is so much less that the hits of the mark from

(Continued on Page 36)

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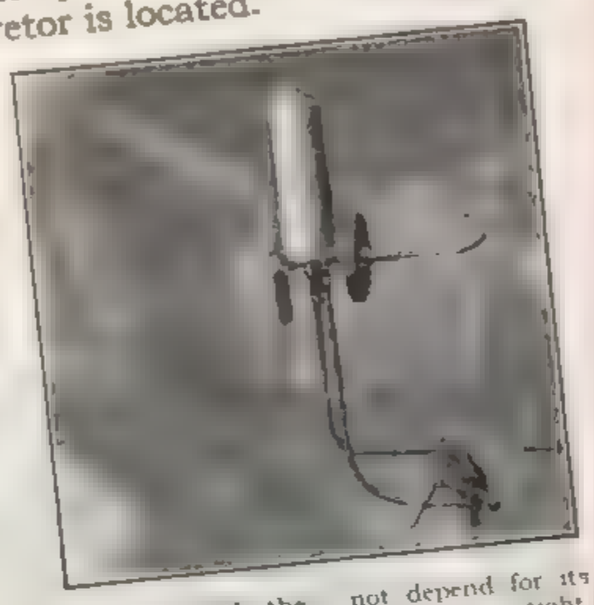

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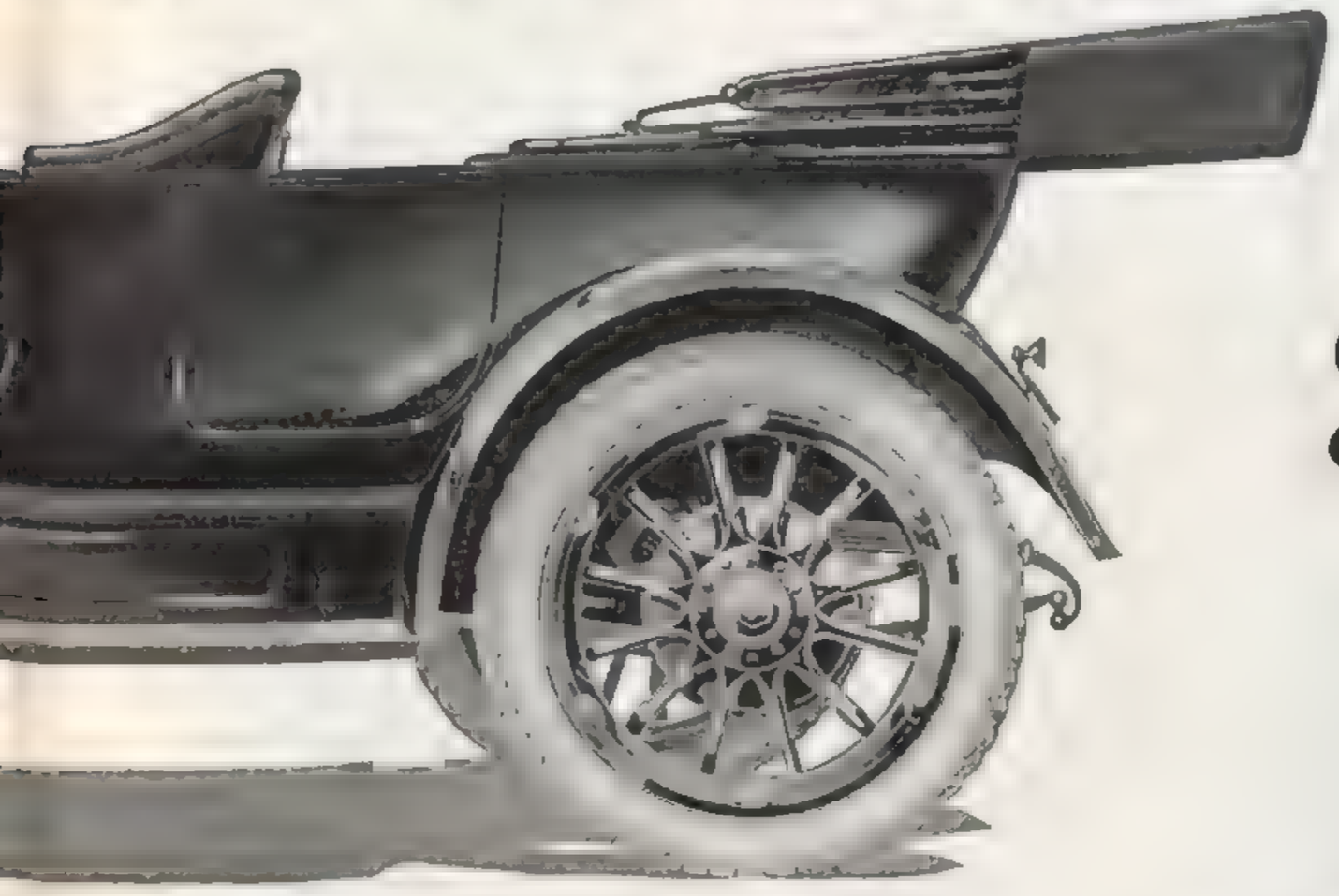

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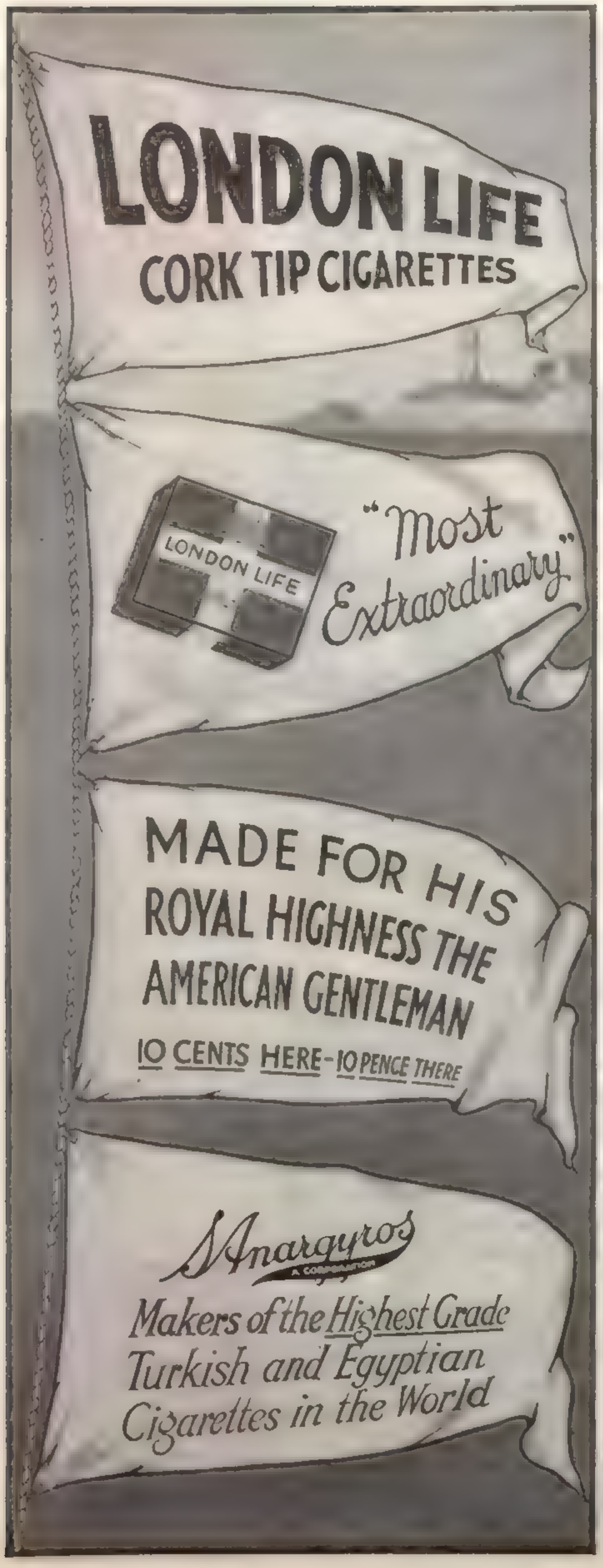
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(Continued from Page 33)

land at those long distances are several times as many as from the deck of a naval vessel. More than this, the platforms of the naval guns are unstable because of the waves of the ocean, and this decreases the accuracy of fire. The waste of most costly ammunition by battleships at that distance, as compared with effective hits, would be so great and the damage done so little that the advantage in point of range which a fleet with fifteen-inch guns would have over a fortification with twelve-inch guns at fifteen degrees elevation would really be a negligible factor.

It is suggested, however, that a fleet might fire at a point beyond the range of the coast fortifications over the fortifications into a city, without being exposed to any fire themselves. There are only a few points along our coast where this would be possible, and this could be easily prevented by putting in one or two sixteen-inch guns, as is now proposed, at such points. The expenditure of two million or three million dollars in replacing some of the older guns by sixteen-inch guns in some of our largest fortifications would remove the slightest ground for the criticism that has been made as to the range of our coast-defense guns.

Our Lack of Ammunition

The fire control, which is the complicated mechanism for electrical and other communication by the commanding officer to the officers in charge of each gun and battery—so that the whole fire of all the guns of a group of fortifications can be directed by one mind—is substantially complete, and lacking only in that all these communications are not submarine and thus removed from the possibility of interference by the enemy. The mines, torpedoes and submarine defenses for the fortifications are quite up to European standards.

Among the alarmist views in respect to our coast defenses we frequently find a reference to, and an emphasis on, the ease with which, when the howitzers of the Germans were brought into action, the Belgian fortifications at Liège and Antwerp were overcome and destroyed, as an evidence of what could be done with respect to our fortifications. This alarm is wholly unjustified. The Belgian fortifications were fortifications that were unfitted and not intended to withstand the fire of more than six-inch guns. They had no resemblance to our coast fortifications. It is quite doubtful whether forty-four-centimeter, or sixteen-inch, guns were ever used on the Liège fortifications. All the damage done could have been inflicted by twelve-inch howitzers, and it is probable that nothing larger was there used.

Instead of wondering at the ease with which those fortifications were destroyed, competent artillery experts wonder at the delay such fortifications were able to effect in the movements of the Germans on their advance toward Paris, and raise the question why, with the knowledge the Germans had of those fortifications, they were not ready with proper artillery to reduce them in much less time than they did. There was not the slightest resemblance between those Belgian forts and the coast defenses that guard our great cities and harbors.

The attacks made by the fleet of the Allies, with the heaviest naval artillery, on the forts at the Dardanelles, and the inability to take those forts by naval attack, have a strong tendency to demonstrate the difficulty the heaviest fleets must encounter in attempting to destroy proper coast fortifications. The coast fortifications in the Dardanelles are said not to be so strong as our coast fortifications; and yet the English and French, with the strongest fleet ever gathered together, have thought it wise to give up the naval attack and resort to the landing of an army supported by the fleet.

The criticism of our coast fortifications is therefore quite unfounded. The truth is, we have done better in the matter of our coast fortifications, in keeping up to the modern standard of defense, than in any other branch of our defense. Our coast fortifications are far more complete and much more easily brought up to date than our navy or our army.

We are, however, lacking in personnel in our coast fortifications. The carefully worked-out plan of a competent Military Board requires that we shall have a force large enough to man all our guns in our insular and canal fortifications in the regular coast artillery force, and that we shall have enough men to man half our guns in the fortifications of the Continental United States, with the purpose to secure the other half from coast-artillery militia. We lack six hundred and thirty-two officers and ten thousand men in our regular coast artillery to satisfy this plan.

Of course we lack, also, a full complement in our coast-artillery militia; but if we secure the regular force, as we should, it would probably not be difficult to make up the complement of the coast-artillery militia should war come on, because there is a substantial number of men in the coast artillery who do not have to exercise great skill. Clearly, however, we should at once proceed to recruit our regular coast artillery.

This present deficiency has been caused partly by the fact that we now have very formidable coast defenses to be manned by the regular coast artillery at Corregidor, at the mouth of Manila Bay, in order to protect that as a naval base; at Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu, as an outpost of the Panama Canal, and at the Canal itself.

We are lacking in ammunition for our guns in coast defenses. The Coast Defense Board of 1906 recommended that we should have ammunition enough for two hours' firing in our insular and canal coast fortifications, and for one hour's firing in those of the Continental United States, on the theory that in the United States we would not need to have continuous firing at many places at once; and from proper centers of supply we could meet the emergency.

The allowance was based upon the estimate of the time which would elapse from the moment that the leading vessel of an attacking squadron would come in range to that when the last vessel would pass out of range, in an attempt to run by. The supply was based on the most rapid rate of fire practicable in action, which for a twelve-inch gun is taken at about one round for every forty seconds. It is hardly conceivable that such a rate could be continued for two hours, so that the supply would in reality be enough for much more than two hours' firing.

There is a difference between authorities in this matter; and General Weaver, Chief of Coast Artillery, as a matter of caution, thinks we ought to have enough for two hours' supply in the United States for each gun as well as in our insular and canal defenses. We now have on hand of the amount recommended by the Coast Defense Board a full supply for the cannon already mounted in our insular and canal fortifications and 73 per cent of the supply for the United States proper.

It takes many months to make such ammunition, and we ought to lose no time in making the needed appropriations to supply this need at once. Failure to provide the proper ammunition in time of peace, when its preparation needs so long a time, is inexcusable.

Indeed, it ought to have been made before; but, unless military defenses are in the limelight of politics, it is easy for appropriation committees and administrations to save money by ignoring the persistent and warning recommendations of expert chiefs of bureaus on such humdrum items as ammunition.

The Question of the Mobile Army

I now come to the question of the mobile army. Confusion has existed in the minds of some laymen with reference to the difference between that part of the army needed to use and make effective our coast fortifications and that part of the army which would be required to resist an invasion by an expeditionary force of the enemy landed on our shores after our navy had been impaired or destroyed. This is due partly to the absurd arrangement that until recently obtained, by which the command of the mobile army and the coast artillery stationed within a territorial division is in a major general of the mobile army. The two branches should be separated and the coast artillery put under a brigadier general and a major general of the coast artillery.

This reform was in part effected by a general order of February, 1913.

The mobile army is that part of our regular army which is capable of transportation for use on the field from any point in the United States to any other point in the United States; if necessary, to any point in our insular or canal possessions; or, indeed, to a foreign country when an invasion of that country becomes part of our defense. The coast artillery is an immobile force, in the sense that its proper place and

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I Dare You to Doubt My Word

duty are in the coast fortifications, attending to the discharge of the fixed artillery. Of course it can be moved from one fortification to another; but it is a perversion of the object of its creation to use it as infantry in a mobile army.

The mobile army is made up of infantry, cavalry and light or field artillery, united in units in a proportion that military experience and science have shown to be most effective in battle. The ordinary military unit in a war is a division of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men. The largest part of this division is made up of infantry, less than ten per cent of cavalry, and guns of the light artillery in the ratio of something more than three guns to a thousand men of the infantry and cavalry, with the needed artillery force to handle and fire them.

This mobile army is to be used as our last line of defense against invasion. It is not so important in the first stages of war as the navy and the coast fortifications, because of the risk that the foe would run in attempting to send an army across the ocean in troopships while our navy was free on the sea, and while we have, as part of our coast defense, submarines and torpedo boats with which to sink the unarmed transports.

The length of time it must take the fastest fleet of troopships and a convoying fleet of naval vessels to come from Europe or from Asia to our shores would greatly increase the risk and the exposure of such unarmed transports. It would be dangerous for any considerable force to land on our open shore without maintaining their communications, by which supplies might be renewed from time to time from their home ports.

Thus, with an active navy such as we ought to have, the practical difficulty of an invasion by a formidable expeditionary force coming across either ocean would postpone any attempt until after our navy had been met and practically demolished.

The alarmists speak of our long line of open coast, where any foe might land an expeditionary force, count up the number of men that could be sent on the largest transports, assume that they would cross as easily and as quickly as one of the great ocean liners could run from Southampton or Liverpool to New York with a boatload of immigrants; and thus that an army of one hundred thousand well-armed, well-equipped and well-trained men could be landed on our coast before we could turn round. Such a picture can only be drawn by one who ignores conditions that must always be present.

Fortifications Worth Manning

The unfairness of such a picture, however, is no reason why we should not take reasonable steps to have an army sufficient to meet any expeditionary force likely to be landed, should our navy meet severe reverses and we be limited to such resistance to landing as we could give by mines and submarines, or to such embarrassment as we could effect by raids of the few naval cruisers left to us on the line of communication to the home ports of the enemy.

What kind of an army could we oppose to such an expeditionary force?

The limit of the regular army now permitted by law is one hundred thousand men. That includes not only the coast artillery but also the so-called Philippine Scouts, consisting of some four thousand Filipinos, officered by Americans and fitted to do duty only in the Islands. Since the limit of one hundred thousand was fixed conditions have greatly changed; and the limit should be changed.

We have built great fortifications at Corregidor, at the mouth of Manila Bay; at Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu; and on the Isthmus of Panama. If these fortifications were worth constructing they are certainly worthy of manning; and I have referred to the addition to the coast artillery, needed for these and other purposes, of ten thousand men and six hundred and thirty-two officers. But, besides the coast-artillery companies for the guns of the fortifications, new garrisons of the mobile army must be maintained to make the defense of the Hawaiian Islands and the Panama Canal effective. The number of men needed for this purpose has been determined by the General Staff.

The Secretary of War, in his annual report for 1914, shows that the Regular Army, on June 30, 1914, consisted of 4701 officers and 87,781 men. Of these, 758 officers and 17,901 men belong to the coast artillery; and 1008 officers and 18,434 men

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belong to the staff, technical and noncombatant branches of the army. This leaves a mobile army of 2935 officers and 51,446 men. When the proper garrisons of coast artillery and of the mobile army are placed in the Philippines, in the Hawaiian Islands and on the Isthmus of Panama, the troops left in the United States will be 12,610 of coast artillery and 24,602 of the mobile army. This latter, as the Secretary of War most pertinently points out, is not much more than twice the size of the police force of the city of New York. For the continental United States, with its population of near one hundred million people, this is a very small force.

The Secretary of War recommends that this mobile force be added to by enlisting twenty-five thousand more men, raising the continental mobile force to fifty thousand. Certainly this is a very moderate increase and one sorely needed. If we added also the ten thousand men needed for the coast artillery it would require an increase of thirty-five thousand in the Regular Army. This is none too much. My own judgment is that this increase ought to be made at once, and that the limit of one hundred thousand, to which the President may by order increase the army, should be made to apply only to the mobile army of infantry, cavalry and field artillery, and to exclude the coast artillery and the Philippine Scouts.

How Could We Raise the Men?

In time of war, with these increases in our Regular Army made by executive order, we should have a mobile force of seventy-five thousand regulars and one hundred and twenty thousand of the National Guard in the continental United States. The Board of Army Officers, appointed to report on a proper organization of our third line of defense, estimated that we should need, roughly, an army of five hundred thousand men. We have small arms enough for an army of half a million men and ammunition enough.

How could we raise the remaining three hundred thousand men of our third line of defense? Some effort was made in the second Congress of the last Administration to provide for a reserve of men trained in the regular service. It has proved an entire failure and has attracted not more men than enough to furnish a dinner company for Congressman Gardner. The Secretary of War proposes to substitute for the plan that has not succeeded one by which, through discharges into a reserve by the secretary, of competent enlisted men who have satisfactorily served a year with the colors, a body of trained men in reserve can be created, and their places in the active regular force be supplied by new enlistments. It seems to me that this is a plan which might work, and that it ought to be tried. Mr. Garrison has evidently given much study to the matter and would not have made such a recommendation unless it was approved by the men of lifelong military experience at his side.

The great defect in all the armies abroad, and especially in those countries where a standing army is not maintained, is the lack of officers. There is not the slightest reason why, by a comparatively economical expenditure of funds, we should not increase our supply of officers to educate an army of citizens in a national emergency. By a reasonable expenditure at West Point we could double the size of the classes at that admirable military academy. The education and privileges the cadets enjoy would enable us at once to fill up the quota.

Then, it would not be unwise to establish another military academy in the Far West, under the control of the War Department. Graduates could be divided into those who would become permanent officers and those who might be permitted to go into the reserve after three years of service with the colors. In the course of ten years we would have a supply of army officers who, with the militia officers, would furnish a sufficient force to drill, discipline, prepare and command men in a volunteer army.

We should have a National Council of Defense, with the President at its head, and with the Secretaries of the Army and Navy, and their respective chiefs of staff, and the chairmen of the proper committees of the House and the Senate as members. Such a council, by its investigations and reports, would give Congress a basis on which to act. If it were a permanent body it would gradually establish itself in a position of influence; so that our development would not be haphazard and would proceed with due regard to economy, on the one hand, and efficiency on the other.

From this summary review it seems to me clear, therefore, that what should be done is practical and within our reach if we adopt the policy at once, or within a reasonable time after consideration, and conform consistently to that policy in our legislative provisions.

First, we ought to take immediate steps to bring the navy up to the point it would have reached had the policy recommended by the Naval Board not been departed from. This is of primary importance. So, too, is the supplying of the needed personnel to man the ships. This is the line of all others that we must strengthen, and this is the line with respect to which we have a certain measure—and that is a standard of equivalence with every navy in the world except that of England.

Second, we should fill up the comparatively small gaps in our coast fortifications. This is, of course, important; but it is so easily within our immediate reach that it does not call for emphasis. The additional ten thousand coast artillery men, however, are of prime necessity and should be provided at once.

Third, the enlargement of our Regular Army to give us seventy-five thousand effective men in the mobile army in the continental United States, the creation of a reserve as suggested by Secretary Garrison, and a substantial increase in officers by enlargement of West Point and the establishment of a new academy in the West, are all steps that commend themselves as matters of exigency.

There is no occasion for alarm. Indeed, I think alarmist articles weaken the force of the argument in favor of reasonable preparation. The statements are so extreme that the public either disbelieve them or say: "If it needs such elaborate and expensive preparation it is impossible for us to make it, and we'll take the chances."

A League of Peace

I am as strongly in favor of peace as anyone and just as anxious to secure it. A man who is not in favor of any armament at all and is, therefore, a so-called pacificist, is no more in favor of peace than I am. The only difference between us is as to the best means of maintaining it. I am just as strongly as any pacificist in favor of settlement of international controversies by an arbitral court for justiciable issues, and a commission of conciliation for political and nonjusticiable issues. I am in favor of a League of Peace, by which the leading countries of the world shall agree not to enter into any war except after they have submitted the justiciable issues fairly and fully to an arbitral court, or the nonjusticiable issues to a commission of conciliation.

Such a League would benefit mankind so much that, if it could be brought about, I would be willing to depart from our valued traditional policy of not entering into European controversies, and would advocate the United States' becoming a party to such a League, with a provision that, if any member of the League went to war with any other member of the League before submitting the issues between them to one tribunal or the other, all the other members of the League bind themselves by united forces to defend the member attacked.

I think the moral effect of such a League would be greatly to restrain the disposition to go to war. Our relation to world peace is sufficiently close to justify us in becoming a member of such a League and backing it up. Of course the League ought to embrace the great Powers of Europe and this country. It would not be necessary to embrace the less powerful countries; but when such a League was formed the smaller countries would be glad to avoid the danger of oppression by joining it.

The great opportunity for the establishment of such a League is in the state of mind in which the dreadful horrors of the present war, after the war is over, will leave the participants. They will look with more favor on any plan to make war less likely than ever in the history of the world. We shall be much more influential in leading the other nations into such a League if we are in a state of proper national defense. It is not necessary for us to become a military Power and to develop militarism in our people—indeed, it is impossible for us to do so; but we may, by only a moderate provision for our own defense, give weight to our voice in a real and effective peace-promoting League.

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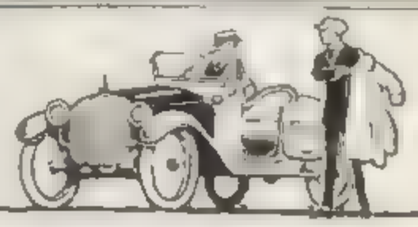

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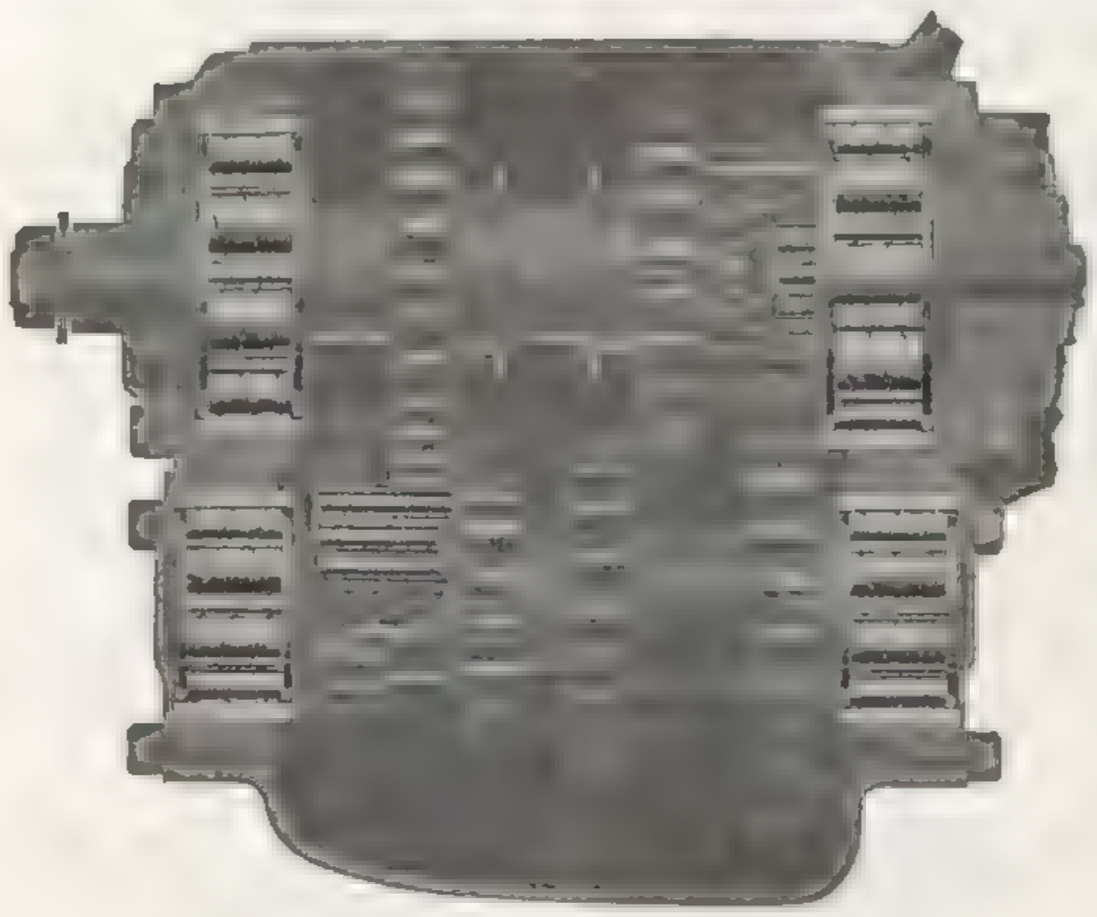

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Retailing, based on exact knowledge, is a mighty profitable business. Based on guesswork, it's about as hopeless as bucking a three-shell game at a county fair.

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THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE

(Continued from Page 11)

he said haltingly as he sought to control his breath:

"Good friends, we must crave your utmost indulgence. Let me ask of you one great favor: When the *maestro* comes out let there be no demonstration. As you love him, be silent—be as silent as death itself. It is imperative. Let there be no sound, I beg of you!"

A murmur of surprise followed the strange words of the impresario. To the true virtuoso the tone of his house is almost as vital as the tone of his instrument. And they were asked, in all earnestness, to sit mute before their master!

The clusters of lights illuminating the vast auditorium disappeared one by one until there remained only the tiny red bulbs at the emergency exits to spot the darkness. The murmur faded into absolute silence. The pendent chandelier on the stage, its scores of glowing bulbs screened with yellow silk, was dimmed to twilight; so that even the great piano itself loomed misty and indistinct.

The house took to watching the small door on the left through which the great man must enter. Shortly the door opened; and against the light from within appeared the silhouetted figures of Jacoby and Rosa his wife. The musician was leaning heavily on her arm and she was helping him up the short flight of steps to the stage. He walked like a blind man. As the little door closed behind them the hush of the house became tense. Now—if ever—these three thousand throats should acclaim him; but they kept their faith with Merlin and sat rigid.

The two people advancing on the stage seemed like pygmy creatures lost in the vast defiles of some enchanted island, so oddly did the dim lights dwarf them in the broad setting. They moved slowly, the *maestro* once or twice putting out a hand, as though to pierce the darkness.

Finally they reached the piano; his wife seated him on the bench and laid his hand on the keys. Then she did a very odd thing—she turned to the great house and laid a warning finger on her lips; then stole away.

The house settled itself. This was the first Thursday in November! Jacoby sat motionless. His eyes were fixed on some indefinite spot in the shadows. He sat thus for a full minute—an eternity to the house, which began shifting uneasily; and, most of all, an eternity to the three who watched him off stage. Jacoby had permitted himself to be brought across the street like one under a spell—physically obedient but, to all appearances, with his mind still in the abyss.

"We have lost!" murmured Rosa despairingly. Merlin tore his eyes loose from the odd figure on the stage, as though to make sure that he himself was not dreaming. Cats and dogs! Had they succeeded in rousing the dreamer, only to lose him again in full view of this staring throng? They were not here to exhibit a somnambulist. An idea arrested him.

"Georges!" he cried and his secretary—faithful shadow—was at his elbow. "In my office, on the safe, is Richard Spurling's violin. Bring it to me!" And when it was brought he said: "Open it! What! What! Locked! Smash the lock—so! Now—Georges! Severine is out in front—the aisle seat, fourth row, left center. Bring him to me."

In a trice little Severine, the violinist, had been dragged from his seat and taken behind the stage.

"He is asleep—in a trance?" said the little man as he came in.

Merlin, at the table, was scribbling on a scrap of paper. Over his shoulder he growled:

"Yes—asleep! And you are to waken him. Play this!"

Merlin thrust the violin into Severine's hands and held up the sheet of paper, on which were half a dozen bars of a strange melody.

"Here is the tempo—so!" Merlin was saying as, with his hand, he swung an imaginary baton. "Do you get it? Now play!"

"But ——" began the puzzled violinist.

"But nothing! Play, you fool! So—take it slowly to the rise—the merest hum—so! Now begin!"

He opened the door to the stage a little wider and motioned for the lights to be extinguished behind him so that he might not make himself conspicuous to the audience. This audience, if he knew it, was dangerously near the exploding point.

"Once more—a little louder—more free—so! Gad! Vossberg, look!"

Jacoby was bending forward, searching the uncertain depths of the stage as though seeking to surprise the echo of some familiar cadence. The violin sang though its half dozen bars as softly as a breath of air. Jacoby was smiling now. He began to caress the keys with his fingers—to explore them.

Then suddenly the air began to vibrate. So gently did the felted hammers fall on the tense strings of his instrument that, for a moment, the sustained tone seemed to come less from the piano itself than from the very atmosphere. The air became saturated with throbbing sound—hung heavy under it, as under the stress of distant thunder on a summer day. The tone became more firm; it divided itself into inarticulate phrases. Through it there came a voice, calling. It was trying to speak, to sing—the voice grew, faltered, was gone—came again; until finally it found itself, burst crystal clear on the ears, singing the song that the violin in the trembling fingers of Severine had been whispering.

No sooner did the theme burst forth than it seemed to be taken up by scores of voices near and far—calling, answering each other, laughing, echoing; twisting and turning the thin little motif into myriad fantastic shapes. The musician at the keys began to sway from side to side with the rhythm—for there was rhythm, in spite of the inextricable tangle of counterpoint.

The song of the multitude grew faster and faster; the volume of tone rose measure by measure, until it became a mighty, sustained diapason which swept the whole instrument. And then, like a rocket curving through its zenith, the thing burst into a shower of glittering sparks, which glowed for a moment and died away.

The silence was so abrupt that it left the house fairly gasping for breath. Little Severine was listening, almost terrified; it was beyond his power to conceive what the master had done with that ragged little theme he had scraped off on the strings. Rosa was silent, her head buried in her arms.

Merlin threw open the door and was on the stage in one bound. He sprang forward on tiptoe, waving his arms wildly in the air, his face going through the most grotesque contortions. There was no sound from his lips; but with all his might he was impressing silence—silence!—silence!—before the storm should break. The performer at the keys had let his hands fall; his head moved and he seemed to be counting.

The youthful violinist stole away and found his place again, out in front.

"He is in a dream!" he whispered to his neighbor; and, like a spark in tinder, the whisper flashed across the house from row to row, from tier to tier—to the very topmost gallery.

The master was playing in a dream! Hush! Not a sound! What does he play? They looked at each other timidly. What does he play? Could there be any question? What should Jacoby—their great Jacoby—play when he dreamed? The sonata—*the* sonata!

Jacoby raised his hands again. The fingers fell on the keys. The allegro movement began. It was like the opening of a flower, its lifetime of color and fragrance compressed into a few precious moments.

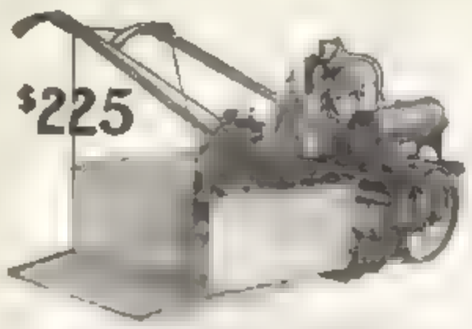
"Cats and dogs! They are under the spell—every mother's son of them!" muttered Merlin to himself.

He was staring out at the house. The impresario was not insensible to the wizardry of sound the master was weaving on his amazing instrument, with its pure intervals; but, like the sailors of Ulysses, he was stopping his ears to it lest he fall under its magic and forget the business at hand.

With a conscious effort he tore himself loose; he tiptoed cautiously to the rear door, making a passing appraisal of Rosa, who was watching the *maestro* in awed reverence. Merlin slid down the corridor to the little cubby-hole, opened the door and thrust in his head.

"How goes it?" he cried in a half whisper.

The two mechanicians did not take their eyes from the revolving disks which were imprisoning the exquisite vagaries of the



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unconscious musician. They nodded their heads impatiently, waving their hands in mute answer; they were blowing industriously on their needles, so that not so much as a fleck of dust, not a mote, should mar the project of stealing the tangible image of the unknown sonata.

It might very well have been that those three thousand listeners were asleep. When the allegro ended there was just the suggestion of a drawn breath of relief among them; and in another moment the deep, sonorous chords of an andante, introducing a variant theme, began to pervade their senses. Merlin did not know which fascinated him more—the dreaming performer or the house struggling under the spell he cast. It was well, thought he, that he had provided for this windfall. Never again would such music be heard from human hands.

The new theme, translating itself from key to key with uncanny modulations, sounded the depths of pain as the tempo slackened to the largo, like a chant through an echoing cathedral. Then, silence. Blank silence! And the scherzo broke like the rays of warm sunlight through the clouds.

Faster and faster the fingers flew, weaving together the two themes that had gone before. A moment ago and the house seemed dissociated from its body; now the physical predominated. The deathly stillness was gone. It was as though a magician with mere facile fingers had steeped their senses in every phase of emotion—love, beauty, sorrow—leading them down into the depths step by step until it became numb pain to listen.

Then, with a wave of the wand—the wand of the sprightly, capricious scherzo—Jacoby was saying:

"See! It is all a trick—I do it with my fingers; I do it with my piano—my wonderful piano, with its two sets of black keys! Pain and sorrow, love and beauty—they reside in my finger tips, not in my soul! There is nothing not subject to motion and number. Mind is mathematics—tone is merely the sums and divisions on a child's slate! It is I—I—I—Jacoby! Not Jacoby's heart, but his fingers, his piano!"

Merlin was conscious of a strange pricking sensation in the back of his neck. An electric thrill was in the air. The thing outside ended in a wild, shrieking crash. Then silence.

Then the storm broke. The vast auditorium became a hollow cone, within the imprisoning sides of which bedlam broke loose. Every man of the three thousand was on his feet now—waving his hands, tearing his hair, stamping his feet, clapping, shouting—anything to make noise; noise that battered itself back and forth between the walls, which seemed to shake the very rafters of the edifice.

Cries of Bravo! Bravo! and Jacoby! Jacoby! rent the air. They were crowding into the aisles, surging in struggling lines toward the stage. They banked themselves just beyond the rail, the din becoming louder and louder as they gave way more and more to their exultation.

"Fools! What becomes of the finale? Cats and dogs! Why couldn't they be still to the end!" Merlin was snarling as he rushed to the front.

He started out on the stage again, imploring them to be still—to return to their chairs. He signaled frantically. The crowd neither saw nor heard him. Another thing had checked them. The tumult of acclaim ceased as suddenly as though choked by some gigantic hand. Jacoby had raised his head and was looking about him in a dazed way. His querulous voice broke the taut silence.

"Rosa! Rosa!" he was calling. Rosa was by his side in an instant, her hand on his. "What is it? Who are all these people?" And he indicated with a wave of his hand the bank of upstaring faces.

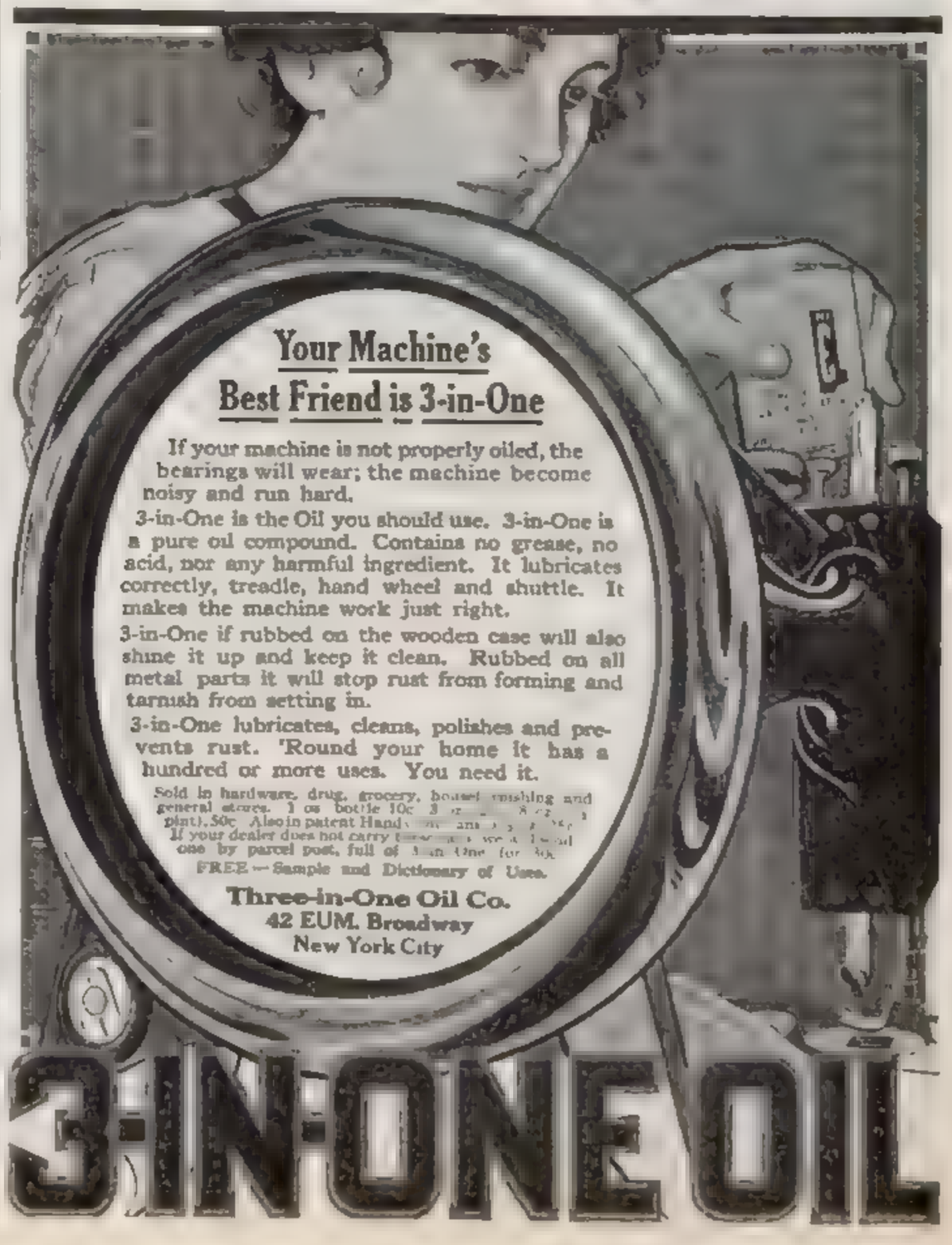
Merlin was equal to the occasion. He sprang forward.

"This is your day, Ernest! Have you forgotten? These are all your good friends—who love you. This is the first Thursday in November."

Merlin waved the house back to their chairs. Jacoby rose. He gently pushed his wife aside.

"Am I a child, that you must lead me? Begone!"

He bowed stiffly to the house; then he began to play. It was a rhapsody of insurmountable technical difficulties—the first number on his program for the afternoon. He blazed through it like a skyrocket. It was six o'clock when the house emptied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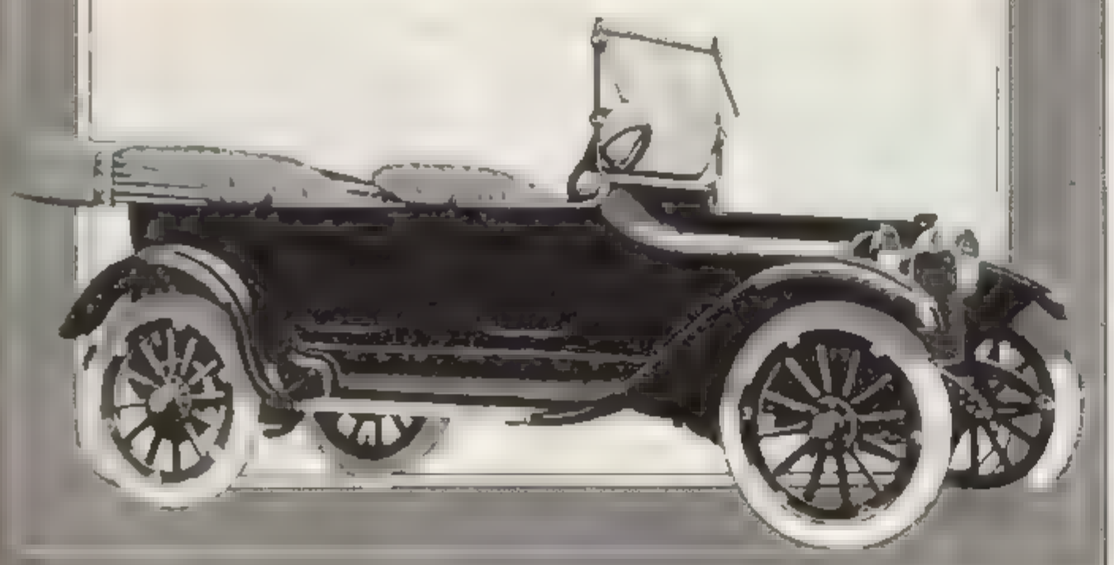


itself into the street. He had played through his set program, denying, as was his custom, all encores.

Merlin some time later took his priceless master record from its fireproof vault and presented himself in Jacoby's drawing room. Rosa was frightened at his advent, for he had confessed to her the existence of this record and that it awaited only the master's signature and approval to be given to the world.

Everything was arranged with the utmost care. The machine was started when Jacoby was in conversation with Doctor Vossberg and Severine, the violinist. The *maestro* looked up quickly.

"Who plays Jacoby's piano?" he demanded in the middle of that wonderful introduction.

Merlin came forward.

"Who should play your piano—who but Jacoby?" said he, eying the musician sharply.

The master listened through to the end of the third movement of the unfinished masterpiece. He clapped his hands in ecstasy and cried:

"Again! Again! Once more, Merlin! 'Tis wonderful!"

Merlin chuckled and went back to the beginning. The musician sat spellbound.

"Who plays?" he asked when it was finished.

"Who but Jacoby?" answered Merlin.

"I? Jacoby? Do you laugh at Jacoby, Merlin? Eh, Merlin? At last we have somebody greater than Jacoby! This man is as much greater than Jacoby—as Jacoby is above the rest of the world. Who is it, I say?"

The little group looked at Jacoby, dashed.

"But, *maestro*," persisted Merlin, who was breaking into a sweat, "this is your sonata—*the* sonata—your unpublished masterpiece!—with which you began your day—your first Thursday. They went mad! Listen! You can hear them calling your name at the end of the scherzo."

"Silence!" cried Jacoby. "My sonata? You blaspheme! This is the music of a prophet. Here are such close harmonies as I have dreamed of, but never attained."

"But there are millions in it—for you and me, Jacoby!" cried Merlin, aghast as he saw a fortune slipping through his fingers. "Here are millions—if you will only sign the record"

"Millions to steal!" thundered Jacoby. Then suddenly, his face changing: "You have been imposed on, my good Merlin. That is not my sonata—*the* sonata. I have never played it. No one has heard it. *The sonata*" he whispered with a rapt look as he tapped his forehead—"it is still here."

There the matter rests. The priceless record of the unknown masterpiece still remains in Merlin's safe.

THE VIEWS OF MR. WU

(Concluded from Page 9)

than to the friends of the past, who have given no sign that they are not the friends of the present?"

He stopped and drummed again on the table. And I knew I had, in those few sentences, after much meandering, Mr. Wu Ting Fang's idea of the situation between Japan and China, which is, as I interpret it, that if China needs help it is the part of the United States to give that help; and that China will expect it.

There was a little pause.

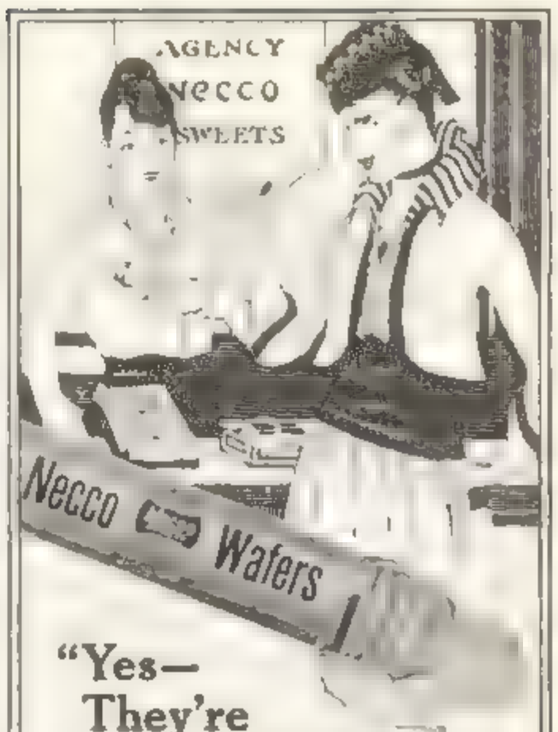
"I trust," said Mr. Wu, "that you gather my meaning."

"I do," I said. "And now, returning to other things, if, as you say, you intend to live until you are two hundred years old, how many more years will that be—counting from the last Chinese New Year?"

"My son," said Mr. Wu as he shook hands with me in the hallway, "a man who has decided to live until he is two hundred takes no account of time; hence, I cannot answer your question. But, if you will eat no more flesh and will follow my advice, we shall both live for years and years, and be well and happy and strong. By the way, how old are you?"

"I'll tell you when I get to be two hundred," I said.

And he waved his hand at me as my pony, driven by my two coolies, ambled down the graveled road.



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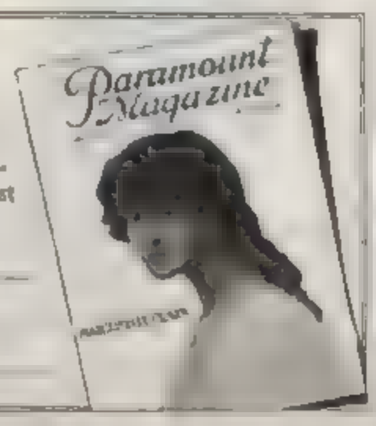

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H. R.

(Continued from Page 23)

"Mutiny!" muttered Andrew Barrett, and looked anxiously at his chief. How would he meet this crisis? The absolute control of the New York papers hung in the balance. But H. R. merely asked pleasantly:

"Ready?"

Not a man stirred. They had forgotten that he could fight!

"I will dictate and each of you must write down what I say. I want to know how well you can write."

Two of the men began to shake their heads with growing independence. Others followed, for moral courage is contagious even in industrial democracies. H. R. smiled confidently. That made them waver. Confidence is the most demoralizing of all social factors.

"Now write, and sign your name after you finish."

Then H. R. dictated:

"Please pay us five dollars a day!"

They grabbed the pencils with one lightninglike movement and wrote very plainly. They signed their names even more plainly.

"Give them to Fleming. On Monday we begin work. I shall consider the writing carefully."

In this wise was organized the publicsentiment corps of the S. A. S. A. Literature, it had once more been demonstrated, is merely a matter of demand and supply.

IX

AFTER dining in the company of Barrett and Caspar Weinpusslacher, H. R. went to the agency that had handled his newspaper advertising, opened a charge account, and told them to send to all the morning papers the following advertisement:

WANTED—An actor who can look like a gentleman in good health before a critical audience of 250,000. Apply in person, without press notices.
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It was rather late in the evening when he sent for Max Onthemaker, but this only served to strengthen the learned counsel's high opinion of H. R. When H. R. told him what he proposed to do Max jumped in the air for joy. Then he sat down limply. It suddenly occurred to him that H. R. was far too intelligent. This is fatal to the right kind of newspaper publicity. But H. R. soothed him and dispelled Max's doubts by showing him with the utmost precision how to become an efficient and altogether legal *agent provocateur*. The legal mind always concerns itself over the particular paragraph. It comes from numbering the Statutes. Max worked till dawn on his papers and arguments.

On the next morning H. R. selected out of several dozen applicants four actors who looked really distinguished. The others walked away cursing the Trust. They are rarely original, as a class, by reason of their habit of also reading the press notices of their colleagues.

H. R. told the lucky four that he would give them the hardest part of their lives. They looked at him pityingly. He then guaranteed to get their pictures in all the papers. They looked blasé. He began to speak to them about fame and about money, and then about money and fame—the power to go into any restaurant and cause an instant cessation of mastication, or walk into any manager's office and be entreated to sign, at any price, only sign, sign at once! They accepted on the spot and asked when the engagement began. In their eagerness to be artists they forgot to ask the salary.

H. R. then told them that they must introduce the art of sandwiching to New York. They must command the union sandwiches.

Never!

He explained to them very patiently, for he was dealing with temperaments, that to make sandwiching an art required the highest form of histrionic ability. Anybody could look like a gentleman on the stage or in any of the Fifth Avenue drawing rooms to which they were obviously accustomed. But unmistakably to look like a gentleman between sandwich boards would require a combination of Richard Mansfield and ancient lineage. He asked them kindly to ponder on the lamented Edward VII. How would the Czar act? That is the way he wanted his artists to act—like royalty. It was the highest art ever discovered. They would be the cynosure of all eyes on Fifth Avenue, where most eyes belong to wealthy women who always look for, as well as at, handsome men of discretion and bonafide divorce decrees. The artists themselves would represent Valiquet's, the world's greatest jewelers, and the newspapers would be told of the enormous salaries paid. Some of the boards would be of real gold, to be valued at $250,000 in the most conservative of the newspapers.

The men also would be paid in cash, two dollars a day.

"The idea is not to sandwich in the ordinary commercial way, but to give our press agents the swellest opportunity of the century. Managers have used real diamonds on the stage. Money buys them. I am using real gentlemen. Money cannot make them. Valiquet's never does anything inexpensive, and this is merely the first and most dazzling chapter in the history of the new art of advertising. The newspapers will duly chronicle the fact that each artist received one thousand dollars a week—which the artists have turned over to charity, like gentlemen. To be the Theodore Roosevelts of street advertisements is more than a privilege, more than an honor, more than art—it is cash! There have been sandwich men. There shall be sandwich artists! Gentlemen, you will make history. If you feel you don't measure up to the job you can get out of here!"

They not only signed but begged to begin on that day, even if it was Friday. But H. R. was adamant.

"Monday!" he said. "And no more remarks. Report at nine A. M. dressed like gentlemen."

Andrew Barrett reported enthusiastically that nearly every shop on the Avenue was ready to sign contracts if Valiquet's began. There had been some skepticism, and expectations were keyed up to the snapping pitch.

Mr. Gwathmey sent a dozen designs for boards and H. R. accepted them on official stationery of the society. He also asked that the designs be engraved in color. He told Barrett to get Valiquet's written acceptance of his order.

On Sunday all the newspapers were impressively notified that there would be some novel and revolutionary advertising schemes on the Avenue. To insure attention, the newspapers were simultaneously informed also that the Fifth Avenue Merchants' Guild had decided to advertise more extensively in the daily press. New York would give an object lesson in confidence to the rest of the country. This would allay all fears as to the fundamental soundness of the general business situation. Wall Street might be in the dumps, but the legitimate merchants, up to the full-page size, were more truly representative of the metropolis.

Fleming had been told to detail himself, Mulligan, and the four most typical sandwiches in the society, to act as the advance guard. He and the five were at the office early Monday morning; so were the four histrionic artists; so was Max Onthemaker, with nineteen injunctions, writs and legal documents neatly typewritten, three process-servers, and thirty copies of a statement for the newspapers.

Each sandwich received his board and a copy of his own speech. It was a plea for equal rights and the cessation of hostilities against a poor man simply because he had no money, a prayer for the enforcement of the Constitution, and three quotations from that Book that taught sandwich men to turn the other cheek. Also a post-scriptural assertion that each man habitually went to church to pray and not to ask for unearned bread or jump on Standard Oil. Max himself made them memorize the speech. They were letter perfect before he stopped.

"This will kill 'em dead!" he said enthusiastically. "Why, Mr. Rutgers, even the newspapers will think they are Christians and ——"

"Make them Early Christians," wisely advised H. R. "That's what the world needs to-day!"

"You are right, as usual. Hey, you fellows, add: 'If we must die we die forgiving our fellow men in the knowledge that after this life we shall come into our own.'"

"Hey, I ain't a-going to be killed just to——" began Mulligan, edging toward the door.

"In the newspapers, ass! On the front page, imbecile!" shrieked Max.

Mulligan shook his head doggedly.

"Mulligan!" said H. R., and clenched his right fist.

"Yees, boss."

Hickory, dickory dock.
Keep lots of GEMS in stock.
Men who want an easy shave
For the Damaskeene will crave.
- One Dollar

The Gem Damaskeene Blade, with its finely-tempered, smooth-cutting edge, has made millions of satisfied friends.

ALL LIVE DEALERS

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St W. Montreal

Put *Comfort* in your Grip

when you pack for the vacation—slip in a GEM Safety Razor—add an extra packet of the famous GEM Damaskeene Blades—and you have at hand *all* the time the simplest and most economical shaving outfit imaginable.

Gem Damaskeene Blades, 7 for 35c
(50c in Canada)

$1.00

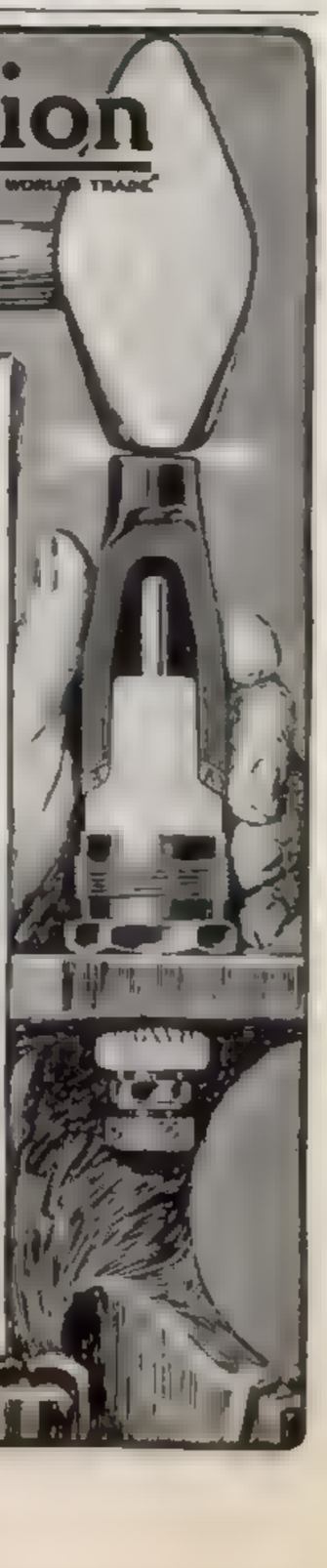
A Gem is a joy and a boon anywhere—any time.

Champion

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Champion Regular
½ in. and ⅞-18, $1.00

Champion One-Piece
Heavy Stone
All Sizes, $1.25



Asbestos Cushion Prevents Breakage

See that bushing (A-A in illustration)?

That's where the hammer-like blows of the explosions in your cylinders pound the porcelain insulators in your spark plugs.

We cushion the blow by packing the little copper bushing with asbestos.

That saves the porcelain—also the compression.

This distinctive Champion feature saves motor car owners many a dollar and much annoyance.

This is just one of many reasons why 75% of American Made Motor Cars are equipped when new with Champion Spark Plugs.

When you replace your plugs insist on Champions.

The Champion Guarantee

Complete satisfaction to the user [illegible]

See your dealer or write direct to us.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
105 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

A famous Valspar test—

VALSPAR is the absolutely waterproof varnish. We have proved it by many extraordinary tests, one of which is shown above.

You need not be afraid of ordinary, everyday, household accidents, such as the overturning of hot coffee or other liquids upon your furniture or floors—*if they are Valsparred.*

You need not fear the spilling of water—the leaking of a radiator—a window open to the inbeat of rain—the effect of weather upon the outer door—*if the woodwork is varnished with Valspar.*

Valsparred surfaces do not need oils or furniture polishes, which may hold dirt and be unsanitary. The way to clean a Valsparred surface is to wash it.

Because of these wonderful qualities, manufacturers are making furniture finished with Valspar.

In fact, any dealer can get it for you, if you insist upon it. Look for the label "Finished with Valspar".

Valsparred furniture is practically accident-proof. It may be procured in either bright or the popular dull finish. And it must be remembered that all furniture is varnished, whether it is dull or brilliant.

Whenever there is any varnishing to be done around your home be sure that Valspar is used, for *Valspar is the ideal varnish for every use, indoors or out.* Some of your neighbors have used Valspar—ask them what they think of it.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

Special Offer

Upon receipt of your name and address, with ten cents to cover cost of mailing and packing, we will send you a ½-pint can of Valspar. Use this Valspar on the article which gets the hardest service in your home. Wash it with soap and water. We want you to satisfy yourself that Valspar is absolutely waterproof and as nearly wear-proof as possible.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK CITY

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

New York Boston Paris Chicago Toronto Amsterdam

TRADE VALENTINE'S VARNISHES MARK

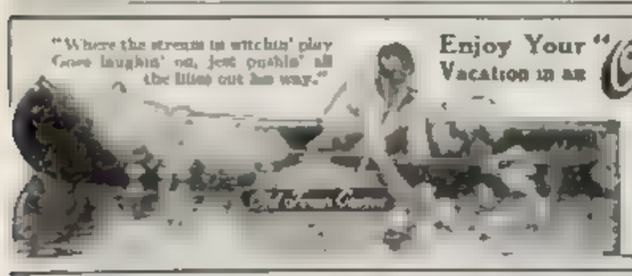
ESTABLISHED 1832

W. P. FULLER & CO. San Francisco Agents for Pacific Slope

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for Needed Inventions and How to get your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it in the possible words of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Enjoy Your Vacation in an "Old Town Canoe"

It has made canoeing the most popular summer sport of [illegible]

OLD TOWN CANOE CO
434 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

RUBBERSET

RUBBERSET

The Safety Tooth Brush

PROTECT yourself from the dangers of bristle shedding tooth brushes. Replace your tooth brush with RUBBERSET—the brush that *holds* its bristles. RUBBERSET bristles are firmly gripped in solid vulcanized rubber and can't come out. RUBBERSET makes good—or we will

Prices 25c and 35c—Everywhere

RUBBERSET COMPANY, R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.
Factories Newark, N. J.

"I'll be there to see that you get the forty beers, and I'll guarantee that you'll have a chance to assuage your thirst after business hours."

"All right, boss," said Mulligan. "And I'll guarantee the thirst."

"Say, can you beat it?" admiringly asked Max of Andrew Barrett. "Where does he get it?" And he tapped his own cranium sadly.

"And Mulligan, if you should be locked up," added H. R., "the first thing you do when you get to jail is to declare a hunger strike. This will stamp you as crusaders! And crusaders never frighten business."

"Great heavens!" whispered Max.

"Do we get the ——" began Mulligan anxiously.

"Nothing need be said about drinking. You'll get your forty."

"Refer all reporters to your counsel," finally advised Max. "Forget everything else, but not that, not that!"

■

THE four great actors, distinguished-looking, positively Beau Brummellesque, in shining top hats of the latest fashion, and the six professional sandwiches in their working clothes, went out of the Allied Arts Building to make history. The silk hats walked ahead, abreast. The six members of the S. A. S. A. followed in Indian file. Each of the four Beau Brummells carried a beautiful shield with an effect of an imperial breastplate.

THIS BOARD DESIGNED BY
VALIQUET'S
PREMIER JEWELERS
OF AMERICA
O. K.—H. R., SEC.

The six walking professionally carried the most beautiful boards ever seen, with these legends:

WONDERS OF THE WORLD
THE OLD WORLD HAD SEVEN
THE NEW WORLD HAS ONLY
ONE
VALIQUET'S
O. K.—H. R., SEC.

FOR SILVER AND GOLD,
PEARLS, DIAMONDS,
RUBIES, EMERALDS,
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS
VALIQUET'S
WHO DESIGNED THIS BOARD
O. K.—H. R., SEC.

VALIQUET'S
OFFICIAL DESIGNERS
OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY
OF SANDWICH ARTISTS
O. K.—H. R., SEC.

They created a furore. But H. R. had commanded them to walk from Twenty-third Street to Forty-second on the east side of the Avenue, and back on the other side; then to the office. He desired to arouse expectancy. The people who had seen would tell those who had not, and then both would remain to see if those who had seen had told the truth. It is the man who compels audiences to wait for him that really is entitled to have them.

The faint sense of waiting for something worth waiting for, that so far only the annual police parade has been able to arouse in New York, was discernible on the faces of the spectators. They began to cluster on the edges of the sidewalks. The chauffeurs began to look anxious. Honestly, they did!

Andrew Barrett had shown to the other shopkeepers the Valiquet designs, and told them to watch for the jewelers' astounding coup. He booked twenty-two orders for the next week.

At two o'clock the artists sallied forth for the second time. The throngs opened for them to pass. Those spectators who had put off lunching to see the epoch-making stunt were rewarded. They saw four perfectly attired gentlemen in top hats, carrying dazzling scutcheons. Then the six typical sandwiches.

The sandwich was the thing! The sandwich men were merely artists. The spectators recalled that ultimately all men and all women must become sandwiches. It made New Yorkers realize that Death was still on the job. This gave them something to talk about that night at dinner before dancing. Also three hundred and fifty thousand people saw the O. K. of "H. R." It is easy to remember two letters.

Humanity, for some unexplained reason, respects a man who places the cause before his name. If a man tells men "I am the cause," men know it is the truth and they will pillory him in the flesh—egotist! But if he says, "The cause is my life," they will pillory him in marble after he loses said life.

It was an extraordinary sensation. The big shops emptied themselves. In McSwatt's and Norton's and Fay & Read's the rush to the Avenue doors was so great that floorwalkers who tried to stem the tide were crushed, manlike, by the women and borne half-clad on to the sidewalk. The proprietors looked at the crowds, heard the same remark, "What is it?" by the tens of thousands, saw the sandwiches, saw the looks on the tens of thousands of faces and said: "Damn!"

They had not heard the knock of Opportunity and Valiquet's had. No wonder the jewel firm's dividends were regular. It wasn't the big profit in gems. It was the ears! The proprietors blamed their advertising managers.

The triumphal march of the sandwiches was more than a success, more than a sensation. It was an event. The four top-hatted histrions foreswore the stage. No artist had ever won such triumphs since Nero. They had started as Beau Brummells. They had become Kings. And the union sandwiches following in Indian file, oblivious, like true artists, of the admiration of the rabble, thought of the end of the day, of the forty beers and the free food—of unearned wealth!—and actually swaggered so that their parasite-infested hirsuteness and their beast-faces took on an aspect of aristocratic eccentricity, of zeal for a noble cause. Their rags, in juxtaposition to the dazzling gorgeousness of their sandwich boards, thus became ecclesiastical vestments—they might have been pilgrims wearing tatters in fulfillment of Lenten vows of renunciation.

It was, of course, a masterly combination. "Only Valiquet's would think of doing such a thing!" said all Fifth Avenue, as usual giving credit to commercial genius instead of the creator.

The other mercantile geniuses, seeing that their shoppers had declared a legal holiday, frantically telephoned to Mr. Andrew Barrett to send out their sandwiches at once. They would pay ten dollars per man—yes, twenty dollars. Only do it now! They did not wish to be put in the position of following. This is fatal on Fifth Avenue.

Valiquet's was skimming the cream! Never mind submitting the legends! Get a hustle on! Never mind striking catch-phrases. That would come later. Get the sandwiches on the Avenue—the bare name and the sandwiches!

The crowd, who had not had time to forget about the sandwich-men's parade of a few days before, cleverly saw that this was the second chapter. They, therefore, knew all about it and could and would say so to their less clever fellow-beings. Completeness of knowledge is one of the nicest feelings in the world.

Barrett excitedly reported the avalanche of orders to H. R. and was promptly and calmly dispatched to the board-makers to order fifty boards each of the six Valiquet designs, three hundred in all. H. R. then dictated for publication a statement as to the real meaning of sandwiching on Fifth Avenue. It was not merely advertising; it was philanthropy. Much more went to feeding starving artists at the Colossal Restaurant than to the militant brethren in the shape of wages. It was also the best way of advertising Fifth Avenue's wares.

Mr. Wilberforce Josslyn, president of the Valiquet Corporation, was told of the sandwich desecration of the holy name.

(Continued on Page 49)

Hupmobile for Nineteen Sixteen
$115 Lower in Price—$200 Greater in Value

These two facts about the 1916 Hupmobile make this the most important announcement this company has ever made.

The 1916 Hupmobile is priced at $1085—$115 less than our 1915 model.

Yet we have gone to greater lengths than ever before to maintain the Hupmobile reputation for quality. The new Hupmobile has twenty per cent more power, giving a quicker pickup, an even stronger pull on hills and in sand, and slower running on high speed. We have made many refinements throughout the chassis; increasing the quality and improving the workmanship everywhere. Note these mechanical features: Tungsten steel valves, disc clutch with 16 hardened steel plates, bronze-shell motor bearings, spiral bevel gears in rear axle, nickel steel axle shafts, vanadium steel mainleaf in springs, tubular propeller shaft. Compare these features of the $1085 Hupmobile with any car on the market.

The 1916 Hupmobile maintains the reputation of earlier Hupmobiles for economy. The total repair expense of 54,000 Hupmobiles now in service, including breakages due to accidents, is less than one-quarter cent per mile. The 1916 Hupmobile will probably reduce this average. Though twenty per cent more powerful, the 1916 car is a fit companion for our earlier models in gasoline mileage, tire service, and oil consumption.

We have been told countless times that the 1915 Hupmobile is the easiest riding car ever built. The 1916 Hupmobile is more comfortable. The upholstery is deeper. Genuine high grade hair and improved cushion construction give the comfort of an old shoe. Springs are even more flexible and easy riding. We have moved the control levers forward to add roominess, and changed their shape to give easiest operation. Tires are large in proportion to weight. The 119 inch wheelbase cradles you over bumps and smooths rough roads.

We know you will be charmed with the perfect performance and the luxurious ease of the 1916 Hupmobile.

The upholstery is genuine high grade leather. The open bodies are lined, with no highly polished surface exposed to scratches or mars. Floor-boards and clear running boards are best linoleum. The tonneau is richly carpeted.

The new bodies have a depth of color and lustre of finish you have heretofore seen only in highest priced cars. Fenders, radiator, and motor bonnet are enameled by a new process—beautiful and long wearing.

The 1916 Hupmobile has the famous Bijur system for electric starting and lighting. This equipment is used on some of the highest priced cars. Latest improved battery ignition—surest and simplest built—is used. In our own shops we build the genuine Goldie one-man top and Collins quick-acting curtains. Five demountable rims, complete electric lighting equipment, latest and best speedometer, an exclusive design rain vision and ventilating windshield, Hupmobile patented tail light, genuine crown fenders, non-skid tires on the rear wheels, are regular equipment on the 1916 cars. You will find nothing that makes for completeness missing from the Hupmobile.

These many improvements in style and refinements in design we give you in the 1916 Hupmobile at $1085 for the five-passenger touring car or roadster. You considered the 1915 car a big value at $1200. Compared with our previous cars the 1916 model is not only a bigger value but it is offered you at a reduction of $115.

We have accomplished these two results so important to you—first, by pledging ourselves to a fifty per cent increase in production for 1916, which means we buy better materials cheaper and greatly reduce overhead cost per car; second, by increasing our factory facilities and improving factory methods—new machinery and new processes enable us to build better at lower factory cost; third, we are confident that no car on the market is sold on a narrower margin of profit than the 1916 Hupmobile.

In a word, in our 1916 cars we are giving you the saving we effect through reduced factory costs, reduced material costs, and an unusually low profit per car.

For 1916, too, we offer you a complete line of Hupmobiles. We are now prepared to give you any type of car your needs or your tastes may demand—five-passenger Touring Car, two-passenger Roadster, All-Year Touring Car or Coupé, seven-passenger Touring Car, seven-passenger Limousine, five-passenger Sedan. We have absolute confidence that each of these types is the best value at the price on the market—certainly the best value ever built by this company.

All types retain the Hupmobile steady-riding, low-hung chassis; all bodies are racy and distinctive in appearance; all models are highest quality in every detail of construction.

In considering the 1916 Hupmobile, please remember that the Hupp Motor Car Company is one of the few manufacturers in the United States that have never built a poor car or had an off year. Wherever you go you will hear the Hupmobile spoken of as a car of most unusual value at its price. That is why "we believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world." That creed of ours is fact to Hupmobile owners.

The reputation of quality in our cars is the biggest asset of our business. And we guard it most jealously.

So when we tell you the 1916 Hupmobiles are the best cars this company has ever built, and when we offer you our best cars at a reduction in price, you may well take our word for it that you will make no mistake in selecting a Hupmobile.

But we don't ask you to accept our word alone. We do ask you to see the 1916 Hupmobile—to ride in it—to drive it if you will.

Write for your copy of our new catalog, which illustrates and describes in detail all the 1916 cars.

And won't you please ask the Hupmobile dealer in your city to prove to you every statement we make in this advertisement? Let him show you in an actual merit test that the 1916 Hupmobile is just what we say—truly "the best car of its class in the world."

1916 HUPMOBILE PRICES

Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1085
Roadster, $1085 · Sedan, $1365 · Limousine, $2365
All-Year Touring Car, $1185 · All-Year Coupé, $1165
Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1225

PLEASE MAIL THIS COUPON

Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan:
Send me your complete catalog of 1916 cars

Name _____

Address _____ *City and State* _____

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MECCA

CIGARETTES

New York Evening Journal, December 7, 1914

The Belgians adore their brave King and he adores them. The democratic friendship between the King and the common soldiers is amazing. It is quite customary for him to hand his cigarettes to them and take a light from them in return. He spends a portion of each day in the trenches with them.

MECCA Cigarettes are the most popular smoke in the most democratic country on earth—the United States.

Matchless *Quality* makes this wonderful Turkish Blend the largest selling brand in America today. Millions of Americans smoke MECCA in preference to any other cigarette, because MECCA gives them "Perfect Satisfaction." Have you tried them?

In the handy slide box, 10 for **5c** In the oval foil package, 20 for **10c**

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(Continued from Page 46)

His private secretary alone had the courage to impart the news. Mr. Wilberforce Josslyn turned round in his Circassian walnut swivel-chair, said *"Stop 'em!"* and revolved again.

The secretary carried the order to the first vice-president. Mr. Angus MacAckus, first vice-president, took it upon himself not only to stop 'em but to punish 'em. He hastily descended to the main floor. What he saw through the Fifth-Avenue doors appalled him. And worse—even within the sacred precincts of the shop the reckless jewel-buying public and the conservative charge accounts alike were talking about it, actually congratulating the gentlemanly salesmen and the courtly department managers and the obliging watch repairers.

Two women, whom he recognized as reporters by their intellectual faces, approached him, but he ran away from them toward the door. Mrs. Van Vervain, undisputed czarina of society, was in one of the compartments of the plate-glass-and-solid-silver revolving doors, and he waited in order to welcome her.

"MacAckus," said Mrs. Van Vervain in her sharp, imperious voice, "why did you do it? Not to advertise?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. MacAckus, forgetting himself and speaking with heat.

"I thought not. Well, I am glad you are helping. I shall send my check to them, poor men!" Then she had one of those moments of kindliness that made people worship her: "It was a very clever thing to do, MacAckus. I am glad you had not only the brains but the courage."

The reporters heard her. It was their business to get the news. Mr. MacAckus realized that Mrs. Van Vervain's approval had changed the complexion of the affair. At the same time Valiquet's never talked for publication, and the remarks of their clients were sacred. He turned to the reporters and said in the peremptory tone that makes reporters feel obedient:

"Not a word of this! Do you understand?"

"We understand perfectly," said the American. "We certainly do!" and wrote what Mrs. Van Vervain had said and what she was wearing. It would be a text for one of Albert Migraine's editorial sermons, proving that millionaires, instead of being blown into Atoms, should be freely permitted to give Money for starving men to convert into Food. In fact, Nature wisely provided that Millionaires should have Money to give away. The more the Poor received the less the millionaire would take to the Useless Grave.

Mr. MacAckus, greatly perturbed by this deviation from the norm, rushed to the president's office to tell him Mrs. Van Vervain's opinion. Before he could speak Mr. Wilberforce Josslyn said:

"Did you stop 'em?"

"No, sir. Let me explain. Mrs. Van Vervain just came in and ——"

"I sent word to have 'em stopped!" said Mr. Josslyn, frowning.

"Let me explain, Mr. Josslyn ——"

Disobedience cannot be explained away. Discipline must be enforced. The obvious advantage that a corporation president has over his subordinates is that he does not have to be hampered by petty details.

"Stop 'em!" he said coldly.

"Mrs. Van Vervain said ——"

"And Mr. Josslyn said 'Stop 'em'!" He turned his back on MacAckus, who thereupon rushed downstairs frowning angrily. He'd stop 'em!

He walked out into the Avenue. It was blocked. He tried to elbow his way through the intelligent femininity, and was nearly run in by a traffic policeman. The women refused to budge—the sandwiches were coming. And, would you believe it, as the shining top hats drew near the crowd actually divided itself, Red-Sea wise, to let H. R.'s Chosen People pass safely.

Mr. MacAckus did not faint, because he was too angry. He stepped in front of the four obvious gentlemen and held up a hand. He could not speak. But the four, who had been elevated to imperial dignity by New York, moved on so majestically that Mr. MacAckus began to retreat before them, waving his hand frantically. He stepped backward, keeping time to their steps, his hand moving up and down in his wrath. It looked for all the world like a bandmaster indicating to his artists just how to play it. Backward he stepped, onward they marched, until speech returned to him:

"Stop! Stop! Stop!"

They did not hear him.

He called to a policeman:

"Stop 'em!"

H. R. had won!

The officer ran up. He was a policeman. He therefore said: "What's the matter?"

"These men have no right to use our name. We did not authorize them. We wish them stopped from using our firm's name for—er—advertising purposes. It's against the law. I'll make a complaint against them. Stop 'em!"

Max Onthemaker came forward, his face pale with determination. Four reporters trailed along.

"Touch these gentlemen at your peril!" he said to the policeman. "Here is a sworn copy of the statute referred to by that person." He shoved a typewritten document under the officer's nose. There were two seals on it: one was in anarchistic red and the other in Wall Street gold.

"Observe," pursued Mr. Onthemaker impressively and very distinctly, that the reporters might not misquote, "that the statute says the name of a living person must not be used. But Valiquet's is a corporation. Do you get that, officer—it is a corporation!"

The officer read the newspapers. He knew what corporations were. Some corporations bought votes for the Republicans; and, besides, they paid only the men higher up. He therefore informed Mr. MacAckus:

"I can't do nothin'!"

"And even if you could, officer," said Mr. Onthemaker to the reporters, "the magistrate would let them go, with a reprimand for you. We are ready for him." Then he said to MacAckus: "Get out of the way or I'll have you arrested for blocking traffic, causing a crowd to collect, for assuming that you own the sidewalk, and for interfering with honest workingmen who are trying to earn a peaceful living. Also for oppressing the poor. We have not asked you for money. We do not wish your charity." He paused, and shaking a finger at Mr. MacAckus said loudly:

"We spurn your tainted money!"

H. R. had not made a mistake in picking out this man to represent the society.

The officer looked at Mr. MacAckus and said:

"Please move on, sir."

"That's polite enough," said one of the reporters, making a note of it. But Mr. MacAckus said:

"Why, you infernal ——"

"Move on!" said the cop.

"I am Mr. MacAckus, of Valiquet's ——"

"Tell him who you are, officer," said the diabolic Onthemaker, guessing the cop's nationality.

"I am Mr. MacGinnis, of the —— precinct."

People began to clap their hands—people who never went into Valiquet's. Mr. MacGinnis thereupon laid a hand proudly on Mr. MacAckus' arm. Mr. MacAckus lost his head—that is, he shook off the white-gloved hand of the law. The law blew its whistle, as the law always does in civilized communities. Instantly, as though the whistle had been the cue, the stirring sound of galloping steeds smote the asphalt of Fifth Avenue.

"Let him go, Officer MacGinnis," said Max Onthemaker magnanimously. "We do not care to appear against him."

"Ain't he fine looking?" a woman asked her companion, looking at the law. She even pointed at him.

Mr. MacGinnis, therefore, haughtily said: "Resisting an officer ——"

H. R. on horseback, in correct riding attire, following seven mounted traffic-squad men, appeared on the scene.

"There he is!" said Mr. Onthemaker to the reporters, dutifully yielding the center of the stage to its rightful possessor. After all there was only one H. R., and both H. R. and Max Onthemaker knew it.

"That's the commissioner," said a clerk to the atmosphere.

"It's young Van Vervain!" asserted the fickle one who had thought MacGinnis was fine looking.

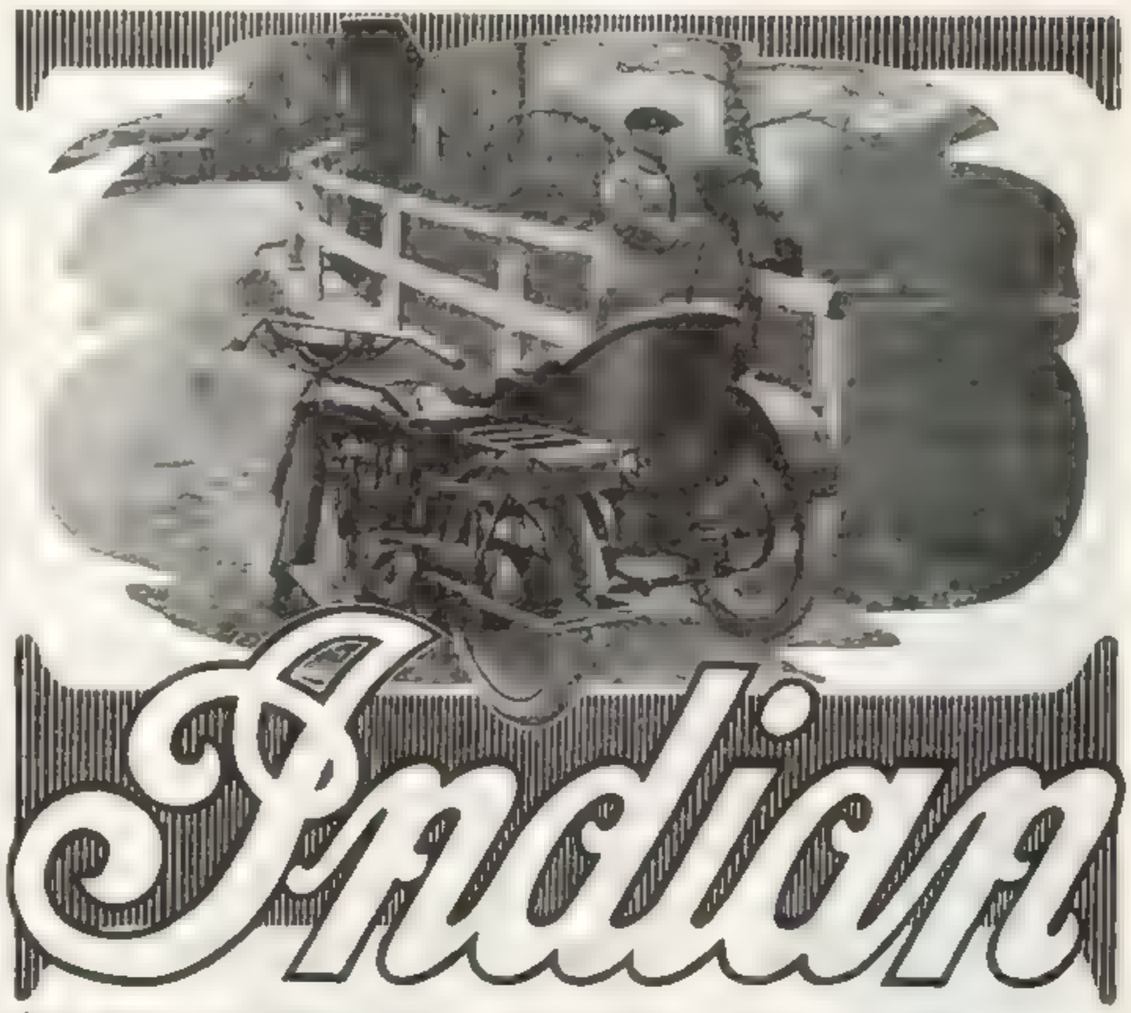
Before the traffic squad could dismount H. R. jumped down from his horse, threw the reins to one of the mounted officers, said "Look after him!" so decisively that no remonstrance was possible, approached the group and said:

"I'm Mr. Rutgers!"

Fifth Avenue was impassable now.

"Who is it?" asked ten thousand who had been asking "What is it?"

Those who had heard proudly repeated the name to those who had not. Within



Indian

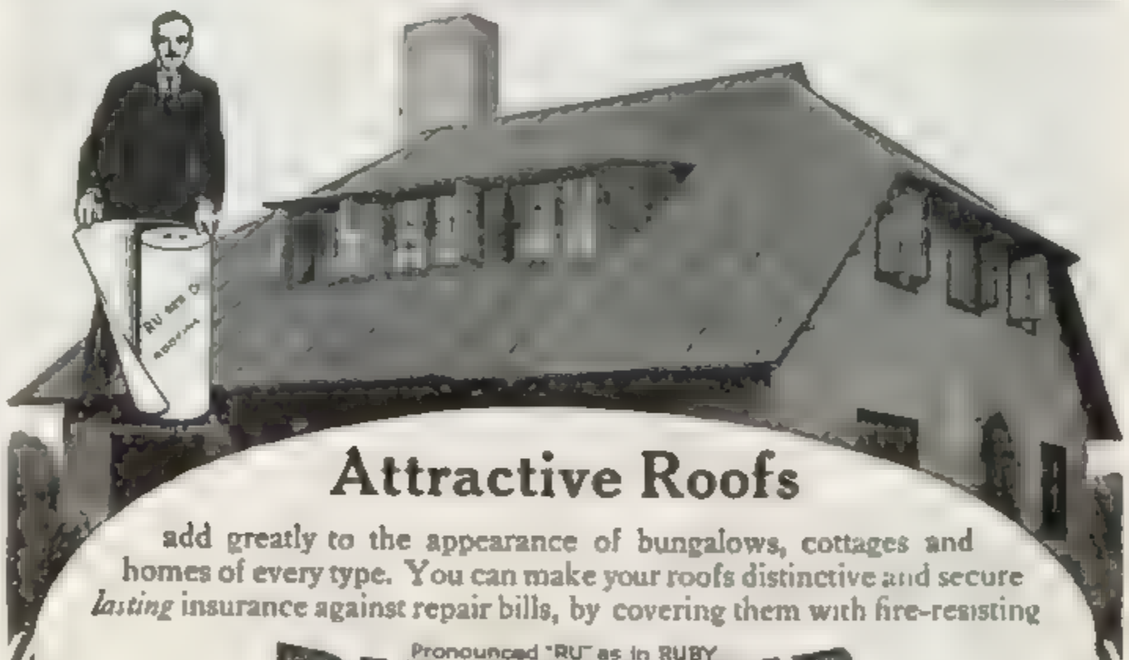
THE Indian Motocycle shares the place held only by highest type motor vehicles of all kinds. Indian riders have permanently distinguished themselves as a class that demands refinement in the machine they ride.

The extreme good taste of Indian design and execution has made motorcycle enthusiasts of thousands of exacting men. This, coupled with the fact that the Indian has automobile speed, power, comfort and durability, *at much less cost*, makes the greatest motorcycle value today an Indian.

Be sure to visit the Indian Exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 701 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)



Attractive Roofs

add greatly to the appearance of bungalows, cottages and homes of every type. You can make your roofs distinctive and secure *lasting* insurance against repair bills, by covering them with fire-resisting

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

made in Slate Gray and beautiful, permanent Tile Red and Copper Green.

Snow, rain, extreme cold and torrid heat have never injured RU-BER-OID. It is *permanently* waterproofed with a compound containing animal and vegetable substances which cannot crack or run. Hundreds of RU-BER-OID roofs put on *more than 20 years ago* are still watertight.

Bungalow Book Free

Building a Bungalow gives valuable advice, suggestions on sites, foundations, fireplaces, interior arrangement, and other matters interesting to property owners and home builders. This or other books will be sent on request. *Mail the coupon.*

The STANDARD PAINT CO.

NEW YORK and CHICAGO

Also makers of Ru ber oid Shingles, Amiwud Wall Board and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete

The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco, (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

RU-BER-OID is the *original* pliable, ready-to-lay roofing. It has always cost more than ordinary prepared roofings, but it is *cheaper by the year.*

Because RU-BER-OID wears longer it has had more than 300 imitators. The U. S. Appellate Court has enjoined manufacturers of imitations from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" of their roofing. Get the genuine, which has the "Ru-ber-oid Man" (shown above) on every roll.

Building Book Coupon

The Standard Paint Co., 563 Woolworth Bldg., N.Y. City
Send me samples of Ru-ber-oid and the books opposite which I mark X. I intend to roof a.. — —

☐ Roofing a Home
☐ Building a Poultry House
☐ Building a Bungalow
☐ Building a Barn
☐ Building Your Own Garage
☐ Covering Your Factory
☐ Artistic Roofs
If a dealer, check here ☐

Name ___

Address

Enjoy the Scenery
Forget the Bumps
Be a Tourist—Not a Mere Road Inspector

MANY motorists today are slaves to the road. Their daily drives and week-end trips are limited because of rough, rutty roads. They arrive home tired from being bumped around and "picking" roads—they see nothing else all day.

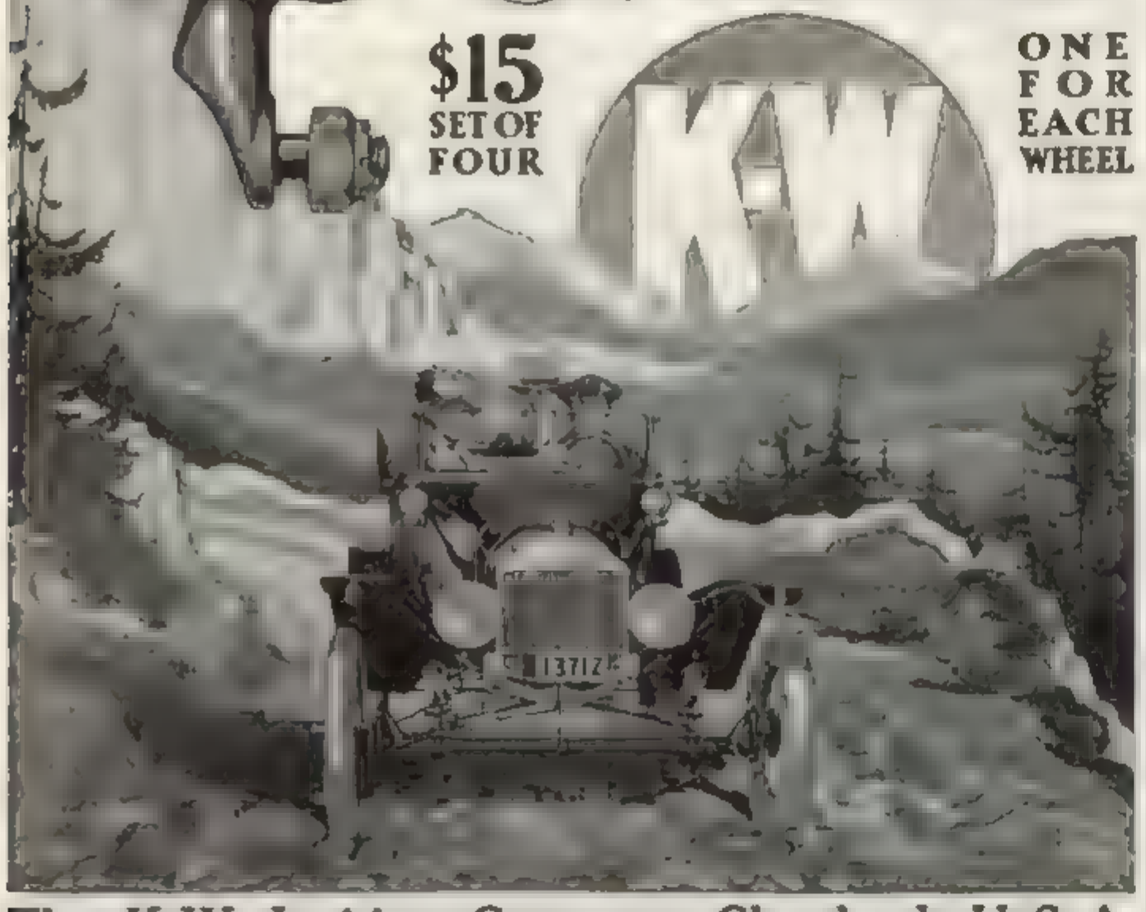
Don't be a mere road inspector—equip your light economical Ford with K-W Road Smoothers, and get the greatest enjoyment and comfort. They give these because their design combines these three vital factors: a spring to effectively take up the shock; an anti-rebound air chamber to ease off the rebound of the spring; anti-side-motion links to prevent rocking and swaying. Sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

Write for booklet "That Satisfied Feeling."

Remember you can get the three vital features necessary for perfect comfort *only* in

K-W Road Smoothers

NO SIDE-SWAY NO RE-BOUND



The K-W Ignition Company, Cleveland, U. S. A.

HASSLER

Shock Absorber for FORD Cars

Has this exclusive protected patent feature that does what no other can do;

Holds down the leaf spring and prevents upthrow

The special large spiral springs do not support the direct weight of the car. Working in combination with the regular leaf springs this construction gives unique riding comfort "Whipping about," "tossing" and "side sway" are eliminated Gives you "limousine luxury," saves tires, protects the motor from jolts and jars.

Easy Steering—Safe Driving—Fully Guaranteed

More than 20,000 private owners testify to the superiority of the Hassler. Hundreds of commercial users, after comparative tests, are using from five to fifty sets each Write today for illustrated folder and complete details.

Any mechanic can apply easily Full instructions with each set. Hassler Shock Absorbers are sold under a strong liberal guarantee If, after 10 days' test, you're willing to part with your set, your money back without argument

$20 for set of 4

Not Sold Through Jobbers—Write Factory or Your Nearest Distributor

Ervin Greer Automobile Co., Chicago, Ill.
Hassler [illegible] Co., Newark, N. J.
J. F. Charley Auto Co., Evansville, Ind.
[illegible] Co., Louisville, Ky.
Eckel Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.
Kirkham & Johnson, Superior, Wis.
Edward McClintock, Minneapolis, Minn.
Hebert & Arnot, San Francisco, Cal.
Arkansas Valley Auto Co., Pueblo, Colo.
Procter Brevard, Weatherford, Texas
Edward Heathman, Dayton, Ohio
C. R. Hamilton, Lakeland, Fla.
Pinkerton Motor Co., Peoria, Ill.
Winn & Huss, Yuma, Ariz.
L. M. Cotton, Inc., Boston, Mass.
S. T. Candler, Los Angeles, Cal.
J. A. Moore, San Diego, Cal.
C. A. Kuhr, Cincinnati, Ohio
A. H. Blath, Salt Lake City, Utah
Kaehler Motor Co., Richmond, Va.
E. T. Fowler, Springfield, Ill.

Robert H. Hassler, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

forty seconds, as far as Thirty-fourth Street, intelligent New Yorkers were saying: "It's Mr. Rutgers!"

Officer MacGinnis touched his white-gloved hand to his helmet.

"That's Hendrik Rutgers!" explained Max Onthemaker to the reporters.

H. R. looked Mr. MacAckus in the eye and said with patrician frigidity:

"If you think you have any ground for a civil action go ahead. My office is in the Allied Arts Building. I'll accept service in person or through my counsel here."

A murmur went up: These were law-abiding men. They, therefore, must be not only right, but mighty sure of it. All the lieutenant dared say, when he saw the representative of business and the representative of the leisure class, was: "Gentlemen, I'm afraid you're blocking traffic. Perhaps if you went inside ——"

"Follow me!" said H. R. to his men, and he led them down the nearest cross-street. He halted fifty yards from the corner.

Mr. MacAckus had followed and unlimbered his heavy artillery.

"This infernal outrage "

H. R. lost all patience. He said to the mounted lieutenant:

"Take us to the magistrate!"

To Max Onthemaker he whispered:

"Got the papers with you?"

"And the reporters too," answered the able counsel with much pride, as though the reporters were his own private property loaned to the cause for the occasion without charge.

Seeing that the police made no move, H. R. said determinedly:

"I insist upon going before the magistrate. You can report the case at the station later and save us time."

This made the police officer hesitate. It always does. It works on the principle of treating your opponent as if he were a taxicabby who has overcharged.

"I guess that's the best way," said the lieutenant.

"Thank you, inspector. Will you kindly tell one of your men to bring my mount along? Thank you!" said Hendrik Rutgers.

Politeness pays. By saying "Thank you" in advance of the service no gentleman can refuse. At the magistrate's court the session was short and sweet. Mr. Onthemaker looked eloquent. The clerk who had typewritten the restraining orders whispered "It's No. 5!" and his chief picked it out of the seventeen without hesitation. Everybody was impressed by the obvious efficiency. Efficiency must never be hidden.

The argument prepared by Mr. Onthemaker was one of the best His Honor had ever heard. He needed it for his own fall campaign. It certainly read well. He even read it in print—in advance.

"Let me see your argument," said the magistrate, and when Mr. Onthemaker gave him the speech he put it in his inside pocket. He did not know what to say until he saw the reporters taking notes. Then he knew.

"Discharged!" he said. It was the most popular decision in New York when you wish to be reëlected.

Max Onthemaker looked at his watch. Morris Lazarus by this time had doubtless applied for an order restraining Valiquet's from interfering with the lawful business of Jean Gerard, Walter Townsend, J. J. Fleming, William Mulligan, William F. Farquhar, Marmaduke De Beauville, Wilton Lazear, Percival Willoughby and Francis Drake.

"We have secured an injunction against Valiquet's. Here it is," said Mr. Onthemaker. "You are the vice-president of your corporation. You might as well learn your own business from me." Then, with a fierce frown, that there might be no back talk, he explained with utter finality: "This is a certified copy!"

He approached Mr. MacAckus and took advantage of the contiguity to whisper: "If you don't wish to make your concern the laughingstock of America get busy and keep the newspapers from printing that you were fool enough to oppose us in our perfectly legal position. Bear in mind that if you fight us you make us."

"No compromise!" said H. R. sternly.

"No, sir," answered Onthemaker meekly. Then he hissed at MacAckus: "Do as I tell you, you boob!"

Mr. MacAckus clearly realized that this was a conspiracy. That always makes business men fear that they may lose money. The fear of that always sharpens their wits. It comes from a lifetime's training.

It was all Mr. Josslyn's fault. This made Mr. MacAckus almost despair. But he said very kindly to the reporters: "Gentlemen, will you all be good enough to call at our office before you print anything?"

The reporters, very kindly also, told him they would.

The free sandwiches returned to Fifth Avenue. It was an ovation! Art again had triumphed! Proudly up and down, from Twenty-third to Forty-second and back on the other side, they marched unhindered.

The reporters did justice to the story. Like all really big stories, it was legitimate news. They had indeed suspected advertising until H. R. refused to speak about himself.

"All you please about my poor sandwiches, but not one word about me. I have merely tried to rehabilitate the pariahs of the great mercantile world by simply reviving the lost art of perambulating publicity. If I have succeeded in making sandwiches free in New York my work is done. Please do not mention my name!" Then he leaned over confidentially and said very earnestly: "My family is conservative and hates to see the old name in print. Don't use it, boys. Please! That's why I never sign more than my initials!"

Ah, it was not alone modesty but high social position and inherited wealth that were responsible for "H. R." instead of the full name? And they reporters? News is what is novel; also what is rare. H. R. was therefore doubly news. The minds of the reporters did not work like H. R.'s, but they arrived at the same point at the same time. This is genius—on the part of the other man. Keeping your mouth shut after it happens is a still higher form of genius.

The newspapers gave him from two to six columns. Since the reporters could not get anything about H. R. from H. R. they got everything from Max Onthemaker, from the sandwich men, from Andrew Barrett, and also from their inner consciousness and psychological insight.

Nine newspapers. Nine different heroes. One name—and initials at that! H. R. Luck? Genius? America? Newspapers?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Express Telephones

TELEPHONES are now in actual operation from railroad express trains to stations along the railroad line. The railroad that first successfully tried wireless telegraphy from moving trains has been equally successful in changing some of the installations to telephoning by wireless.

Perhaps the oddest part of the new system is the attachment that enables a person on the train to hear a message clearly in the telephone above the roar of the train. Talking into the telephones need be only in whispers, yet the words heard in the receivers are shouted out by the instruments. Receivers have been adopted for the train set that magnify sixty times the impulses received.

Wireless telephony is no longer a difficult problem over short distances; and a new device, which greatly magnifies the effect of incoming wireless waves, meets the final requirement for train telephony by magnifying the voice in the receiver. Such telephony has two limitations, however. The instruments will not send and receive talk at the same time in the manner of ordinary telephones. Consequently when one is listening to a telephone message by wireless a switch must be pressed down; and when one begins to talk the switch is released. Furthermore, at the present time the telephone cannot be connected with central telephone systems, and all messages must be phoned to the train from railroad stations along the line especially equipped for the purpose.

By the successful application of telephony to station-train communications the extra expense of special operators is largely avoided. It has suggested to the railroad companies the possibility of equipping the cabooses or buggies of freight trains with wireless telephones. The member of the train crew in the caboose should be fully competent to take and receive messages, and in this way the train dispatcher could keep in touch with freight trains out on the line.

One of the heavy burdens of railroads is the great amount of wages paid to the train crew for hours when the freight train is idle on a siding, waiting for its turn on the main track. Constant communication with the freight conductor would enable the train dispatcher to push freight trains along faster, with a saving of labor cost.

Buick 1916

—AND THEY FOLLOWED THE MAN WHO DREAMED

SOONER OR LATER, to every line of human effort, there comes a prophet, who sees clearly beyond the Things-As-They-Are—and his courage matches his vision.

Approval or disapproval are the same to him, for he knows that his work will inevitably prove itself.

The achievement of the Buick Valve-in-Head Motor is an example of that success which follows when a genius gives his idea the wings of fancy and the feet of fact.

Triumphant leadership has long been held by the Buick Car through the inspired common sense which has the vision and the flight, but keeps to the solid ground of practical performance.

To the far-seeing vision of the Buick dreamer, the Valve-in-Head Motor was, long ago, the logical Power Unit to make the Motor Car render its utmost in service and fulfill its practical destiny. He foresaw the limitless possibilities of the automobile in every arena of the world's action.

Today everybody hears about the movement throughout motordom for the adoption of the Valve-in-Head Motor.

It is the response of the industry to the call for more power—for the Sixes of today, with their continuous torque and velvety, vibrationless smoothness—more power.

But the demand does not stop there. It is for more power with less fuel.

And the Valve-in-Head is the answer.

Now the question arises, what is the connection between these two developments—Sixes and the Valve-in-Head?

No mere coincidence explains the fact that the Valve-in-Head is acclaimed everywhere just as the Sixes reach the peak of popularity.

As far back as 1903 the Valve-in-Head principle was worked out for Buicks. From that time on, Buick Cars have proved the might of the Valve-in-Head on every road in the world.

In 1912 the first Buick Six was built. The Valve-in-Head principle was to have a more severe test.

After two years of driving under every condition that could possibly do a motor car to death, it came through unscathed. Then—Buick Sixes were offered to the public. And the factory has never caught up with the demand.

The Buick Valve-in-Head Motor has made real the dream of possibilities in the Six.

These are the reasons why, for the coming season, we shall build Sixes exclusively—and why Valve-in-Head construction is being so widely adopted by the Motor Car industry.

The discussion one hears on all sides about the Valve-in-Head makes it seem like something new. But to the Buick builders it is the story of a prophecy fulfilled.

The "dream" came true; the applied Principle which gave leadership to the first Buick car now reaches the high tide of present day perfection in the two models of the 1916 BUICK SIX.

Further and Detailed Announcement of the 1916 Buick Line will appear in the near future.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

FLINT, MICHIGAN

PIONEER BUILDERS OF VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES. DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Introductory price $35.00

After July 1st. $40.00

Here is an opportunity in fine watch buying that will probably never occur again. This new Louis XIV GRUEN VERITHIN MODEL offers, in beauty of appearance and timekeeping qualities, such remarkable watch value that watchmakers who know have exclaimed, "How can you produce such a watch at this price?"

Specifications

The movement is the standard GRUEN VERITHIN, 17 jewel, adjusted to five positions, temperature and isochronism—the thinnest durable watch made in America and Switzerland. For accurate timekeeping it is guaranteed in every way.

The case is Ultra Gold Filled, of a new and elegant design, [illegible] and has dust-proof protection cap.

An entirely new style patent dial—Platinized Silver Gray (or gilt), with raised figures in solid gold with new style hands—gives this watch a distinctive and rich appearance hitherto unknown in watches at any price.

Compare it with any watch

OUR GUARANTEE—There is not made another watch so thin, at so low a price, with such combined quality, accuracy, style and durability as this genuine GRUEN VERITHIN.

So beautiful is this new model that we know it will make for itself many sales wherever seen. In order, therefore, to have it worn and shown immediately in as many communities as possible, Gruen dealers have been authorized to sell it until July 1, 1915, at the Special Introductory price of $35. After that date the price will be $40.

Ask today to see this watch (No. 284) at the leading jewelers in your city. Should none have it, write us and we will arrange for you to see it. Compare it with any other watch you choose. We know what the result will be.

Write for
"One Word from a Woman's Lips"

a booklet on watches and watchmaking everyone should read before buying a timepiece.

Other Gruen Verithin Models from $25 to $250

THE GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO.
"Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876"
31 Fountain Square Cincinnati, Ohio

Factories: Cincinnati and Madre-Biel, Switzerland. Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario.

Duplicate parts to be had through Gruen dealers everywhere, insuring prompt repairs in case of accident

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THE SANITARY "O. K." ERASER

includes an Adjustable Metal Holder.

[illegible] By slight pressure [illegible]

Price 10c each. New Rubbers for each.

Everybody should have this New Eraser

The O. K. Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

Any one can learn to swim

THE minute you enter the water with SWIM-WINGS *confidence comes* because you find you can't sink and [illegible] to know how to swim is potential suicide

Easiest thing in the world to swim with

KAPO
"NEVERSINK"
SWIM-WINGS

Absolutely prevents drowning. See how the belt fastens [illegible] You CAN'T go below the surface of the water. Good for experienced swimmers as well as beginners. Because there are no bags "to blow up" SWIM-WINGS will last for years.

Much more buoyant—and a thousand times more comfortable—than cork. Weighs only 12 ounces. Absolutely guaranteed. *Accept no substitute* for SWIM-WINGS. [illegible] from your Dealer. If he can't supply you send us $2.00 and we will promptly mail you a pair [illegible] crimson and navy blue. State whether you want adults' or children's size. Send for catalog of other guaranteed Life Saving Garments.

American Life Saving Garment Co., 460 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

THE BUSHER'S WELCOME HOME

(Continued from Page 20)

but at that they wouldent know weather a man was good or weather he was not good and they certunly got funny idears a bout base ball and before the game wile the boys was haveing there fielding practice Evans run a bout 10 ft. and catched a fly ball and evry body beggin claping there hands and yelling so I says to mike Donlin on the bench What are they holling a bout and he says That catch and I says what was they in that catch and he says they aint use to seen a fly ball catched because when theys a fly ball hit in there crickit games there fielders is lucky if the ball dont come down on top of there head but 1 time a bout a yr. a go 1 of there crickit fielders catched a fly ball and the king declaired a leagul hollow day. So you see what kind of a game crickit is Al a baby game and I would of win that bet off them crickit players in australia if they hadent of made up there own rules and robed me out of the money.

Well Al we was just going to start the game and I was anounced to pitch and evry body beggin claping there hands and all standing up and Evans says Take off your hat so I took off my hat and bowed to them and Evans says what are you bowing for and I says Because there giveing me a hand and he says You got a grate lot of nerve because the reason there all standing up and got there hats off is because the kings just came and I told you to take your hat off because you wouldent of knowed enough if I hadent of told you and I says I guess I know enough all right and I dont half to ast you how to act or take no lessons from you and he dident say nothing back so I ast him witch was the king and he point it out a man that wasent no more king then you are Al.

So Evans wasent as smart is he thot he was and the man he point it out was may be the Lord mare or some body but who ever he was he wasent no king Geo. because he drest just like I or you and a derby hat and hadent shaved for a wk. But the king was there some wheres all right because all the papers come out today and says he was there and probily hes got a privut box some wheres where they cant none of the bugs go up and bother him and ast him this in that and pester the life out of him and the papers says they was a bout 20 thousend peopl to the game and 1 of them says theys been 5 times that many out to some of the crickit and foot ball games and ether the reporter was full of hops or else they must be a fine bunch of rummys in this burg or else they dont charge nothing to get in to there crickit and foot ball games and they certunly shouldent ought to and it would be like as if a man had to pay to set in the livry staple and watch them hitch up a horse.

Well Al I guess I shouldent ought to make no holler a bout my luck or find falt with the scarab after me geting that swell offer from the federal and whats the diffrunts weather I loose a ball game when it dont count nothing and a crowd watching you that thinks a man must be a star if he dont trip up and fall on his ear evry time theys a fly ball hit so I guess I shouldent ought to make no holler but I will be tickeled to deth when we get a way from here and on the Ship bord going home and we leave tommorow A. M. for the Liver pool where the boat leaves from and this time wear going acrost a diffrunt Ocean from the 1 we went acrost when we start it out on the trip and this is the atlantic Ocean and it dont only take 6 days to go acrost and I will be home with Florrie and little Al in a little over a wk. now and the White Sox that is the boys that dident make the trip is all ready out to Calif. on the training trip and Callahan thinks I will be going a long with him to Calif. as soon is we get to Chi but I will give him a big supprise Al and I guess I will try and get Tinker to leave me stay home a wk. or 2 insted of going south to where ever the federals is at right a way and I guess Tinker will leave me do pretty near any thing I want to on acct. of how glad he will be to have me on the club.

Well Al we been runing a round seen all the sites West Mr. Abie and the cort house and all the rest of it and beef stake diners and so 4th. til wear sick in tired and that old boat cant go to fast to sute me and of coarse I wont write you nothing on the Ship bord because you wouldent no sooner get the letter then we will be back in Chi a bout the same time but may be I will write you a letter from N. Y. city if I have time. So I will cloths for now old pal.

Your Old pal. JACK.

N. Y. city. March 7.

OLD PAL: Well Al Ive sprang it on Comiskey a bout me going with the federal and he pertended like he dident care and says he hopped I would have good luck and thats what they all say Al but you can bet he feels bad a bout it and would meet the figger of my federal contrack if Id give him a chanct but nothing doing Al because I want to be in the league where Cobb and them is in it and we will get the peopl wile the rest of them wont have no more peopl out to there grounds then if it was A. M. practice. But the federals has been keeping things quite and they aint no body a round here knows a bout Cobb and Mathewson and Johnson and them jumping to the federal and it will come like a big supprise when they spring it and I wouldent be supprised if the american and Nat. leagues busted up when they hear a bout it. They might just as well Al is try and go a long with the bunch of bushers theyll have left when the federal gets threw with them.

Well Al I sprang it on Comiskey up to the banquit tonight and the banquit was gave for us by the N. Y. fans and a crowd of Chi fans come all the way down here to meet us and they was at the banquit and there going to give an other banquit for us when we get to Chi and I called Comiskey to 1 side just before we went in to the banquit and I says Well Mr. Comiskey I got a big supprise for you and he says What is it are you going to beggin useing your head and I says No and he says well speak up.

So I told him a bout me getting a offer from the federal in Paris and he says well did you except it and I says yes and, he says Why dident you give us a chanct to meet it and I says I dident think he would want to meet it because it was 10 thousend dollars per anum and he says Well thats onct you guest right and when did your bughouse friend buy a franchize in the federal and I says I dont know nothing a bout that but Im going to play with the Chicago federal and he says what a bout the contrack you sined up with me and I says You cant expect me to play for no $2400.00 dollars when I can get five times is much and he says All right go to the federal and good luck so I says Im sorry to leave you in the hole and he says Never mind I guess I can sell my ball pk. and live on the procedes.

So I says Will you tell Callahan and he says Why dont you tell him your self and I says I dident want to spoil the trip for him so then Comiskey says Well we wont nether 1 of us tell him and may be he will find it out for him self a long a bout the 4th of July when wear playing st Louis a double header so I ast Comiskey to shake hands to show they wasent no hard feeling on my part and then we went in and set down to the banquit and I watched him pretty clost Al and he dident in joy nothing that came off and you cant blame him and I felt bad a bout it my self but a mans got to look out for your self in this game and cant let no sentimunt enter fear with you geting the money but you cant help feeling bad when your leaveing a club in the hole and Comiskey and Callahans been figgering on a penant winner all winter and now look at them and you can bet that Comiskey will tell Callahan a bout me and not leave him to find it out for him self the 4th. of July or no other time because they will half to go and get some body to take my place or that is try to. Fine chanct hey Al.

Well Al I cant hardily wait til tommorow A. M. and we get on the train for home and its after mid night now but I cant sleep on acct. of Im all exited up a bout geting home and seen little Al and Florrie again and I hope Allens tooken his wife a long to Calif. with him so as I and Florrie and little Al can have a little peace to our self wile Im home and I bet little Als talking by this time and cute as they make them and got a jaw full of teeth but may be he wont know me from a rabbit Al but he will know me before I get threw with him and after this he will remmember who I am because hes old enough now to know some thing and pretty near 9 mos. old. I wisht you could be there when he sees me Al and see how he acts when he sees his daddy and I bet he wont cry because I will make some of them comical faces at him and make him laugh even if he dont know who I am.

"Two fairs for one fare"

Santa Fe — All the way

San Francisco and San Diego

It's an unspoiled wonderland, through which the Santa Fe runs. You see the Colorado Rockies. You see ruins of old cliff dwellings and present-day Indian pueblos in New Mexico and Arizona. You see the Petrified Forest, with its thousands of fossil trees. And that superlative of scenic wonders, the

Grand Canyon of Arizona

Of course, you are planning to join the thousands who will visit San Francisco and San Diego this year. Displayed in the exhibit halls is a collection of industrial and art objects that may never be duplicated. Up-to-date farming is shown by processes and products.

The Santa Fe is the only transcontinental line having its own rails all the way. **It is the only line reaching both Exposition cities.** It is the coolest in summer. It offers you the most perfect roadbed and track in America—new, solid steel equipment, specially ventilated; powerful engines; courteous employees and **Fred Harvey** dining-car and dining-room meals.

At frequent intervals, specially conducted tourist-car parties will be organized.

So when you are ready buy your ticket over the Santa Fe—every hour will be a relaxation—every mile will have its delightful impressions. The journey—plus the two Expositions—will be a liberal education. About one fare for round trip. Exposition tickets on sale daily until November 30, 1915.

Send for two fascinating picture-books of the Expositions and the Santa Fe route. I can help you plan an economical wander-trip through California.

(80)

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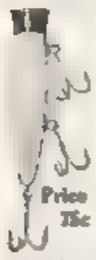

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They was some exitemunt the last part of the trip on the boat Al and I put some thing over on these here smart alex gov. employs and when ever a boat comes in they get on the bord of it and serch evry body to see if there smugleing dimonds or perls or any thing valueble that they bought in farm countrys so of coarse if they find them things on you you got to pay your duty on them and I wouldent of knew any thing a bout it only Evans tiped me off and says I better hide that scarab or they would soke me good in plenty and I says I will keep it in my pockit and he says they will serch all threw your pockits so I says where shell I hide it then and he says Take a big chew and put the scarab in the chew and keep it in side your mouth.

So thats what I done Al and they dident never suspeck nothing and some of the rest of the gang had to come acrost and pay their duty on some of that junk they throwed there money a way on it in Cairo and japan and it dident cost me a nichol and all the wile I had some thing worth more then any of them but I come near chokeing to deth before it was all over and Demon Runyon a reporter for a N. Y. paper that met with us in Paris and made the rest of the trip from there the rest of the way a long with us says if he had of been the gov. employ that examuned me he would of put on a brown sute of cloths before he ast me any qestions.

Them fans from Chi charted a lunch and came out to meet us and the Pres. of the Boston club come out and sined Speaker up because the federal was after him and I dont know how much is the Boston club going to give him but it wont be no 10 thousend per anum and I bet he will wisht he hadent of been in such a hurry to sine up when he hears a bout I and Cobb and them.

Well they was a big parade down to the Doc to meet us and took us to the hotel and gave us a grate well come and evry body was glad to see us back safe again and we was glad to be back in the old USA where you dont half to lern no new farm languige evry 2 or 3 days and keep geting your money changed to liars and plasters and so 4th. As soon is we got to the hotel Schaefer called me to 1 side and says I must be sure and have a little poultry fixed up for the banquit so I went to my room and fixed up some thing for them Al to talk off at the banquit and heres what I give them and I wisht you could of herd them clap:

Well boys we been a round the world
All threw the diffrunt farm lands
and showed the Nat. game to
The peopl of evry land.

But wear glad to be back again boys
In the good old USA
Where they dont talk no farm Dilex
Or no baby games to play.

I pitched for Mcgraw and the giants
And give him the best I had
I win a lot of ball games but
Some times my suport was bad.

But heres to the good old USA
Where all men has = rights
Them people can have there diffrunt countrys
but me for the stars and strips.

Well Al after the banquit I says good by to Mcgraw and the rest of the boys that aint going a long to Chi with us and Mcgraw give me a box of ciggars and says he wisht he could have me a long with him all the wile and how would he get a long with out me and so 4th. and I felt sorry for him and a speshuly because he dont know yet a bout Mathewson jumping to the federal and I was going to tell him a bout it and a bout me going to quite the White Sox but some body buted in and I dident get no chanct so I come out and sent a night telegram letter to Florrie that Id be home day after tommorow and now its pretty near tommorow Al and I wont have hardily any time to get some sleep before its time to get up and catch the train but I supose I can sleep on the train but of coarse if Comiskey tells Callahan a bout me jumping Callahan wont give me no chanct to sleep but will try and make me change my mind.

Well old Pal I will write and tell you all a bout little Al and how he acts when he sees me and may be I can get Florrie to take him down to Bedford and vissit with you wile Im south with the federal.

Your Pal. JACK.

CHICAGO, March 11.

FRIEND AL: Well Al this will be a big supprise to you Al and I bet you couldent never guess what it is so I will tell you. Im going a long with Callahan and

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the boys to Calif. tonight and we will get there Sat. or Sun. and join the boys that of been out there geting in shape sence last mo. and Im not going with the federal after all Al but made up my mind to stay with the White Sox. And that aint all the supprise Al and heres the rest of it Florrie and little Als out in Calif. to and they went a long with Allen and his wife when the rest of the club went last mo. and Florrie and little Als going to be there to meet me and will make the rest of the trip with me til its time to start back east and then I will send them strate threw wile I stay with the 1st. team for the exhibition games or may be I can get Callahan to leave me come strate back with my famly.

Well Al I guess this is a big supprise to you and it come like a big supprise to me to I mean a bout Florrie and little Al being in Calif. and at 1st. I was so sore I couldent hardily talk but Florrie showed me in her note where it was the best thing to do and insted of me not haveing no time to get aquanted with her and little Al like if she had of stayed home and been here when I come we will have pretty near 2 or 3 wks. to gather because she will be on the training trip a long with me and of coarse she dident know nothing a bout me haveing that offer from the federal or she would of stayed here and I would of probily tooken her and little Al to Skreevport where the federals is at.

Well we got in yest. A. M. and I was dissapoint it a bout Florrie not being down to the train to meet me but I went home and rung the bell to the flat and I seen the male box was full of male and bills and so 4th. and no body ansered, the bell and opened up the front door for me and I was going to bust my way in because I thot they must be murdered or some thing but finely the womman on the 1st. floor come out and seen me and ast who was I and I told her and then she give me Florries note.

Well Al when I opened it up and seen she was in Calif. and not home I set down on the steps and blubbered and couldent read no more of her note but finely I read threw the rest of it and come to the part where she says she was doing it so as I and she and little Al wouldent half to be suppurated again so soon and then I seen what a miss take I made not telling her I was going with the federal and the rest of the letter told a bout how Allen had loned her the money to go to Calif. and I would half to pay him back the 1st. pay day but I should ought to be dirty with money then because I certunly hadent throwed none a way all winter on my own famly but may be I might of spent a lot of money buying candy and beer for them farm qeens and princes.

And down to the bottun of the letter she says the lady on the 1st. floor had the key to the flat and I could get in and leave some of my bagige but to not get the flat all must up and dirty and then she says an other reason why she had made up her mind to make the trip was on acct. of little Al and he was looking kind a peak it and the Dr. had told her that he was probily lonesum for his daddy and a change of seen would do him good.

Well Al for a minut I dident know what to do next but finely I thot I might is well go in and get rid of some of my bagige and see what kind of a place we was liveing in so I got the key from the lady and went in. Well Al they wasent no danger of me geting the place dirty because they was enough dirt there if a man wanted to plant corn and theyd left 1 of the lights burning and you can bet your life that Allen will pay for that and not I and Florrie and thats just what you might expect from a left hander to go a way to Calif. and leave the lights burning and I supose he was afrade it would be to dark for the roachs to read by hey Al.

Well I finely brushed some of the dirt off the phone and I was going to call up the federal and see what did they want me to do but it was 1 of these here nichol 1st. phones and I dident have no nichol so I had to go clear down to the cor. of 35th. st. and get a ¼ changed and I took a big shot wile I was down there and I guess I had it comeing hey Al.

So then I went back and called up the federal and of coarse Tinker was down south with the club and Weegman that owns the club was down there to and finely I got a hold of Gilmore the pres. of the league and told him who I was and ast him if Tinker had left any orders and he says no and dident act like he knowed any thing a bout me excepting the offer so I finely ast him would he wire to Tinker for me and find out what he wanted I should do and he says he would and I give him my phone No. and that was a bout 1 a clock and I dident hear nothing up to 3 a clock so I road down town and went up and seen Gilmore and he says he hadent herd nothing from Tinker but would call him up long distance for me so he got Tinker clear down to Skreevport.

And then I talked to Tinker and he says who made you a offer and I says you made me a offer wile we was in Paris and he says some body was kiding you. He says I got your cable telegram excepting the offer so evry things O. K. accept that we dident make you no offer and aint going to make you none because your sined up. So then I seen what kind of a gang they was Al makeing a man a offer and then line out of it so I says is that so and hung up the receiver and Gilmore ast me what was the matter and I says they wasent nothing the matter with me but I would starv to deth before I would play in a league where they make a man an offer and then try and crall out of it so I come out of his ofice and slamed the door.

What do you think of a league that trys to pull that kind of stuff and I guess Im lucky I changed my mind and come to find out they was line when they says they had Cobb and Mathewson and them and they havent got no body Al and I wouldent play in there league now for 10 thousend or ½ that amt.

So after I come out of Gilmores ofice I called up Comiskeys ofice and he was down town so they wasent nothing fer me to do but hang a round til it was time for the banquit that the Chi fans give us and as soon is Comiskey showed up there I called him to 1 side and told him and says I changed my mind and Im going to stick with your club and Callahan was standing a little ways a way from us so Comiskey hollered to him and says Cal our young friend here is going to stick with us so you wont half to get Johnson so you see Al they was going to try and get Walter Johnson if I hadent of changed my mind a bout going to the federal.

Well Al we had some banquit last night and now Im resting up and we start for Calif. tonight I and Callahan and Weaver and Scott and Benz and this here Daly and Slight and in 3 or 4 days I will see Florrie and little Al and wont half to say good by to them right after I see them like I would of if theyd of stayed here only of coarse I would probily of tooken them a long with us if Florrie really wanted to go.

Well Al I wont get no 10 thousend per anum but insted of that I will get what I been geting and besides I will half to pay for Florries fair back and 4th. to Calif. and back and what ever else she has ran up on me but I guess Im lucky I dident fall for no federal league skin game and they come out and says Cobb and them had sined so theyd get me to sine but I was to smart for them and I guess may be I wont go threw that american league this yr. like gravy threw a sift.

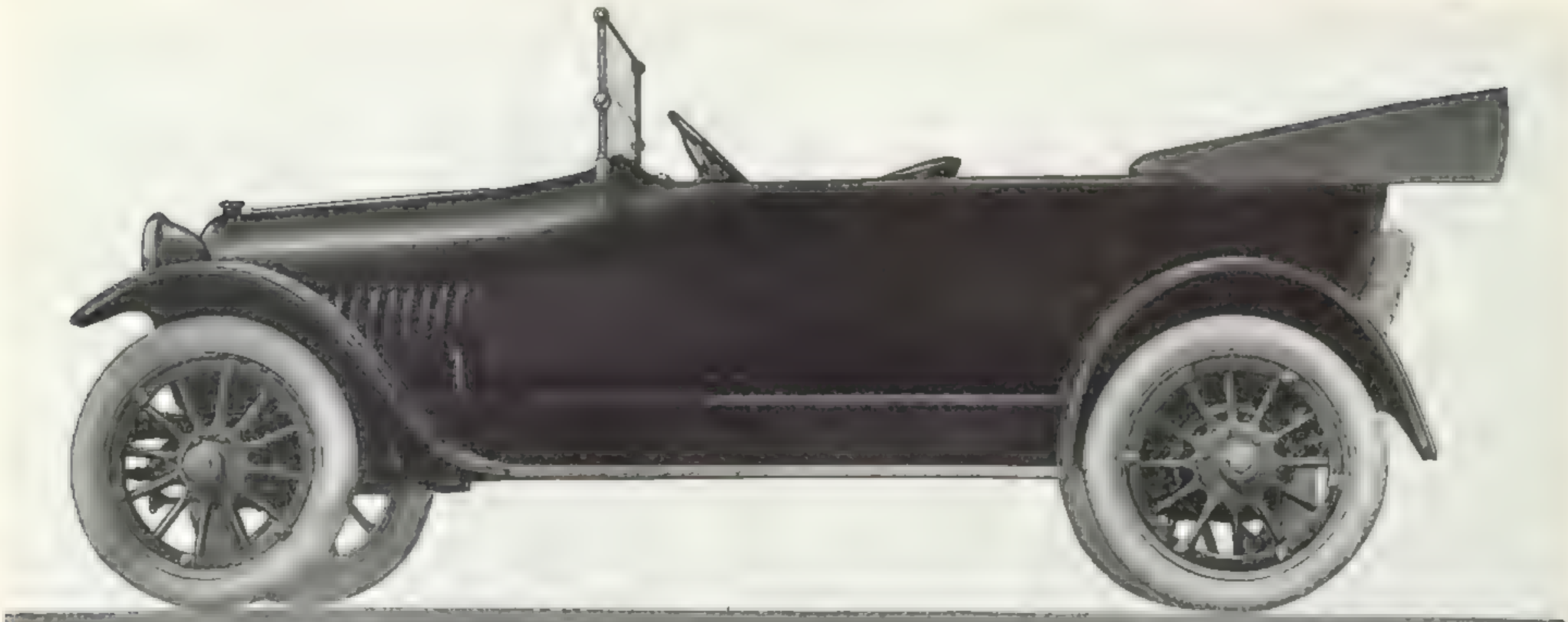
Just a little luck is all Im asking for and I guess I will have the luck all right because I still got that little old scarab and they couldent no body get it a way from me with out I was a corps.

Im going to work easy from now til the season opens up and if Im feeling good I will make Callahan leave me open up and I will wire you a telegram a little wile a head and may be you can win a little bet on me because I wouldent give you no tip if I wasent sure what Im doing. You know me Al.

Well good by old pal and may be I will write to you from Calif. and regards to Bertha and I havent time to send you the tea I got for you wile we was in Salome but I will send it when I get back and I for got to buy some thing for Florrie and Allen and Marie so may be its a good thing they wasent none of them home when I got here but I will tell them I left there presents in the flat and then I will get some thing for them in Calif. and give it to them when wear all back home again.

But I wont get nothing for no body unlest the secy. comes acrost with some advanse money and with what I owe Allen and Mcgraw and Callahan and this in that I will be pitching a bout the 1st. 2 mos. of the season for my helth but any way I been a round the world and seen all they was to see and I guess theys lots of peopi down home would change there places with me that dont never get no father from home then Terre Haute. I dont mean you Al but some of them others.

Your old Pal. JACK.



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MADE IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 14)

urged to help themselves, but the railroad control of the hotel company was pried loose during the Roosevelt Administration. Under the management of Mr. H. W. Child hotel service and transportation have seen their highest development. You can see there more stagecoaches and stage horses, and better ones, than anywhere else in America. The independent lines also have fine equipment. There is none of the ragged, haphazard look in the horse stock here that you may see in other and younger parks, and the system here runs on oiled ball-bearings.

Thus far the stagecoach has held its own; but, without question, Yellowstone soon must follow the other national parks and open its roads to the motoring public. The automobile was fought sternly in all the other parks, even where it did not mean so great a commercial loss in its introduction; but it must be admitted that it has made good in those parks. The day of the automobile may be deferred for a time in Yellowstone, for the location of this park does not invite its use so much. There are no great cities anywhere near it nor any great transcontinental motor road; but the American public is never satisfied. It will have its choo-choo.

The system of handling tourists in Yellowstone Park is even more of a system than in Glacier Park, and it works far more smoothly. I am inclined to think that the clerks, porters and coach drivers are provided with cotton-bale hooks. You are expected to rise at a certain hour in order that the stage may make its schedule for lunch and dinner that same day. The speed of the coach is not great, but care has to be taken of the horses, so that they may be able to keep up their work day by day. Naturally, care for tourists is less important. You can, of course, stop off at any hotel if you like and pay the day's rates there; but if once you put your neck in the collar and assume the rôle of a tourist, buying so much scenery for a lump sum, you do not really have to do much except sit still.

Personally, as I have said, I resent this cut-and-dried sort of travel very much; but, since Yellowstone travel is such, let us reason over the cause. It is easy to discover that these things are necessary, as the greatest good for the greatest number. The Interior Department wanted a fine hotel at the Cañon, and Mr. Harry Child built it, at a casual cost of three-quarters of a million dollars—the finest tourist hotel in the world, in a park where the tourist season begins June fifteenth and ends September fifteenth—just three months.

Tourists Step Lively, Please

All the other hotels were built at great cost and must be operated for only that very short season. All the coach equipment and all the horses must lie idle for three-quarters of the year. Some one has to pay for four million pounds of hay, a million and a half pounds of oats, two million pounds of human grub, three million pounds of fuel—and do it in three months, or probably six weeks would be closer. The wagon freight on the material for the Cañon Hotel, for instance, costs over a hundred thousand dollars—there being over twenty million pounds of it. The fresh vegetables and meats, on which the exacting public insists, all cost money. The best that freight outfits of six or eight horses can do on a trip in good weather is fifteen thousand pounds, and they do less than twenty miles a day.

Someone has to pay all these bills and do it in three months. Now suppose something happened to the system, so that the procession stopped at any given hotel—say its capacity is one thousand guests daily and that three thousand people piled up there; or that they piled up at the railroad station if the park transportation stopped. There would be a riot. Therefore, the procession goes on—so many people, so many miles every day, so many exclamations of wonder at this point, so many fits at the other.

I deeply detest traveling in that way; but I reckon if I owned three million dollars' worth of hotel and coaches I should equally detest seeing the public travel in any other way. The only possible way in which these hotels can make money—or in which they can possibly keep open—is by a highly specialized system of scheduled transportation. The machine has to advance so many tourists so many miles each day or there is a monkey wrench in the works.

The worst physical discomfort in Yellowstone Park is that from dust. Wherever possible, the roads are regularly sprinkled, at great expense; and on the seventy-five miles of sprinkled roads the travelers get along very well. All the rest of the time they get along very dusty. There is a regular uniform of duster and veil in vogue at this park, just as in Glacier Park there is a uniform of khaki and boots for saddle work. There is more dressing up in the evening—in spite of the exacting regulation of twenty pounds for hand baggage—in this park than in any except the Grand Cañon.

In none of the mountain parks is much dressing up encouraged; but lovely woman will not be denied. Only twenty pounds of free luggage is allowed; but you will have occasion, all through these mountain parks, to marvel at the ball dresses and other toggery that the American female is able to extract from a suitcase or from a small canvas bag. She will dig out five new party gowns, eight shirt waists, six hats, nine pairs of shoes, and other things—all from a single handbag, which no doubt also contains white rabbits and other conjuring outfit.

The Yellowstone Circuit

Taken in its physical aspect, this is the most shipshape of all our parks, which fact is a marvel of interlocking red tape in itself. All round the park, in the deep forest reserves, the Department of Agriculture rules. Inside the park the Interior Department is boss; but, having little or no machinery of its own, it has to rely on the War Department to get anything done. The acting superintendent has always been an army officer, and some good men have been stationed there in that capacity. The present incumbent, Col. Lloyd M. Brett, is one of the good ones. The engineers of the War Department carry on the roadwork, while four troops of cavalry do police and patrol duty. If you go through independent, and camp out with your own outfit, you are shown exactly where to camp and how—it is not much fun, for camping grounds so often used are not inviting, even though well policed.

The total mileage of roads in this park is a trifle over four hundred miles, of which two hundred are in fairly constant use. There are practically no bridle trails, and when you see Yellowstone Park, you see it from the regular loop circuit made by all the stages. The usual route takes you from Mammoth Hot Springs, at the northern entrance, to Norris Basin for lunch and the Fountain or the Old Faithful Inn for the night. The stages from the west entrance join this route on the Firehole River. Next you go to the Thumb for lunch and the Lake for the night. By lunch of the next day you are at the Cañon. You can do this in half a day if you are spry, and get back to the Mammoth Hot Springs the next day. That is the way not to see this park—or any other.

The more interesting route for return from the Cañon Hotel is by way of Dunraven Pass, or over Mount Washburn, into the East Fork country, and so home, passing near the old Yancey place, once a feature of the park, but now sidetracked by the building of the new road. Mount Washburn, ten thousand three hundred feet high, is one of the highest peaks in the park. You can ride to its summit over what is known as the Chittenden Road, the masterpiece in the park of that grand road builder, Major Hiram M. Chittenden, now General, retired. The grade on this trail is light, and the way it is laid out is very interesting.

A foot journey of about seven miles, over the mountain and down to the Tower Falls Road, I found to be a pleasant diversion. Usually you are expected to hire an extra team if you go over Mount Washburn. In that case you do not go through what is known as Dunraven Pass, to the left of Mount Washburn.

The engineer now in charge of roads at Yellowstone Park is Major Amos A. Fries and he is just facing the pleasant automobile problem. The park has had, during its history, three and a half million dollars of appropriation. Maintenance and all, no doubt each mile of this dusty road has cost

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Our daily mail contains other such letters from men and women friends of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder and Dental Cream the country over, whose only incentive for writing is gratitude for the superb condition of their teeth.

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The Ferro Rowboat Motor is not only the sportsman's friend, but to thousands of other lovers of the water it makes bathing, camping, and boating more inviting and pleasurable. The Ferro Rowboat Motor was built right *first* and priced *afterwards*. Some features that make it so sturdy and dependable are given below.

Bosch High Tension Magneto—reversible and waterproof.

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It tells everything you want to know about the construction, operation and advantages of Ferro Rowboat Motors. Ask also for information about our large line of marine engines if you're interested in bigger boats.

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SAID a man just back from the Panama-Pacific Exposition: "Some of the biggest things at the Fair are the little things."

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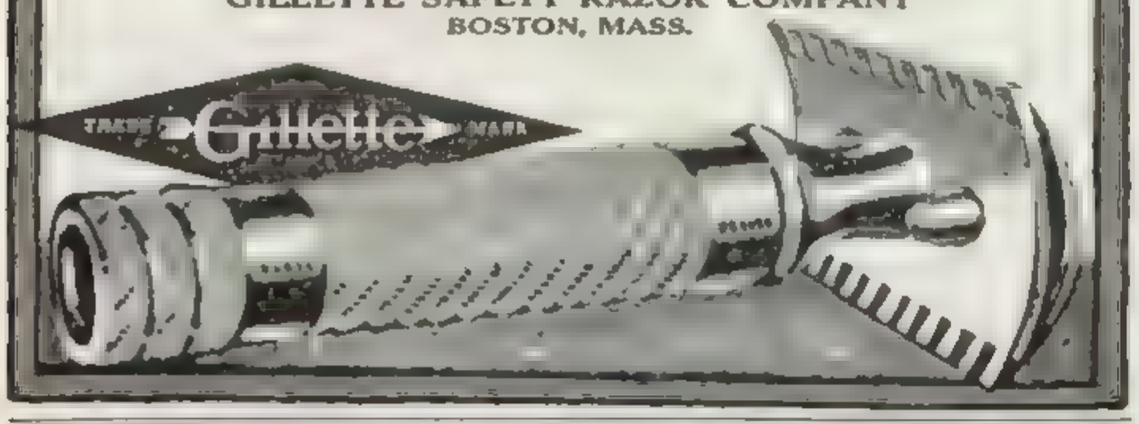

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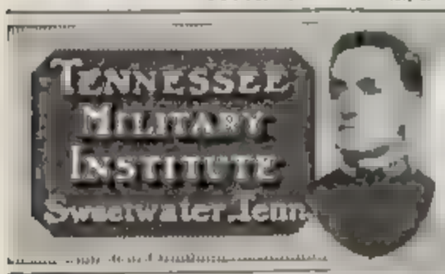

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375 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.
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ten thousand dollars. It will cost about six thousand dollars a mile additional to macadamize, surface up and oil the loop roads to good automobile efficiency. The surface of the roads is now made of clay and sand, and it goes to dust very quickly. There is only one place in the park where good rock can be found suitable for crushing, and it is a hundred miles from some of the places where it is most needed. The United States engineers have been figuring on how much oil would cost a gallon laid down at Gardiner, and how much the entire lubrication of the park would cost, freights being what they are, on the basis of three-quarters of a gallon to a yard of surface. It runs into some money.

In 1914 the park had two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars available—and six weeks left in which to use it. This park, however, will always make good on the investment—its revenue through concessions is larger than that of any other, and the people spend there about a million dollars each year. Moreover, it has a clean-cut, businesslike look that you will not find in any other park; the appearance of efficiency, both as to the private and military phases of management.

The Army does not seem to get on well in any of the other parks, but it is to be hoped that the military will always remain in Yellowstone. One of the most interesting features of the Park are the clean and well-kept barracks and parade grounds. Our people like to see guard mount and cavalry drill. They like to hear the bugles—and they like to see that flag which is the prettiest one in all the world, and the most fortunate one to-day. Even they like to see, now and then, solitary horsemen in khaki, young and alert, riding along the mountain trails. Without the United States troops Yellowstone Park would lose much of its charm, and the chambermaids at the hotels would lose many of their young male escorts. The technical and accepted name for the park employees is "Savages," but let any tourist have a care as to using that word himself in direct application.

There is need for a military patrol, besides the regular park scouts, on account of the large amount of wild game in this park, which is the greatest game preserve in all the world. The great American herd of elk still exists here. After a count made as accurately as possible, the superintendent estimated that there were in May, 1913, inside of the park and in the Gallatin National Forest, thirty-five thousand two hundred and nine elk. The increase for that year was thought to be three thousand and seventy-nine. The number of elk depends on the snowfall. The success of the hunters on each side of the park depends on the number of elk raised inside of the park itself. Usually the winter migration goes west and south. Two years ago the herd worked out from the Lamar Fork on to the Gardiner flats. It sounded like a battle. Six hundred elk were killed there in a few days. They were taken out on flat cars in trainloads.

The Bears of the Yellowstone

There were eight hundred and ninety-two blacktail deer counted in the park last year. The antelope herd, once very numerous, is not holding its own. The bears of the park constitute one of the greatest nuisances and one of the greatest attractions. A careful observer of park travel says that he rates the drawing features as follows: First, Old Faithful Geyser; second, the bears; and third, the Cañon. It is a part of the day's entertainment at the Lake and Cañon hotels to photograph the bears.

There are not very many grizzlies apparently, but the black bears are numerous and obliging. Even timid women soon lose their fear of them; and, though a soldier is usually stationed at the better-known points to prevent any accidents, there never has been serious trouble with a bear. At the Thumb lunch station they showed me a sashless kitchen window. A bear had stolen into the kitchen to help himself and the door blew shut behind him. Frightened, it went out through the window, glass and all.

"I don't know where that bear is now," said one of the kitchen maids, without any agitation; "but it usually stays under the porch here. It sort of cut its neck on the glass."

At another time I saw two of the maids sitting on the kitchen porch at the Lake Hotel, peeling potatoes while a bear was helping itself out of a dishpan about twenty feet away—I photographed it at fifteen feet.

"I never did like that little bear," said the older of the two women; "she's a kind of mean one." Whereupon she gathered up a piece of board and shooed the mean one away.

Usually the bears come down in the evening to feed; and when the grizzlies come—about dark—all the black bears gallop off and leave the field clear. One morning at the Lake Hotel, in broad daylight, however, I counted seven black bears and brown, some of them very large, and photographed several of them at rather close range. Once the driver called out from his place in the road near by and I turned to see a big black bear coming up curiously from the rear. Bears were on all four sides, in fact, at distances of from fifty to a hundred feet—a trifle uneasy, yet apparently not in the least aggressive.

The only resentment I saw a bear show was evinced by a very large one at the Cañon Hotel. I stepped out from behind a tree and photographed him at about fifteen feet, and he seemed surprised and annoyed to the extent of turning up his upper lip. Apparently pained more than angry, he walked away with dignity and never came back. It was very fascinating to stand here surrounded by bears—wild ones, with no strings on them, and the observer with no weapons and no place to go—and to see the antics of the creatures. One little fellow, discreetly climbing a tree while the big bears were eating, came down at last and tried to run a bluff on me, seeing he could not bluff anything else; but at the slightest movement he would take to his heels and shin up the tree again. He repeated this several times.

The Buffalo Poachers

The last of the northern buffalo herd took refuge in these mountains after the fatal year of 1883. It is a question whether many of the original stock now remain alive, for importations have been made at different times from other herds. There are now in the park one hundred and sixty adults, and thirty-one calves were born this summer. Twenty-two young ones died two years ago, but the herd is in pretty good condition now. It is kept on Lamar River, in the eastern part of the park, and is fed on hay during the winter. A dozen or two old bulls may be seen at any time near the Mammoth Hot Springs, where they frighten some of the teams until they nearly jump out of their harness at times.

In the winter of 1894, when Captain, now General, George S. Anderson, was superintendent of the park, I made a winter journey on ski through the Yellowstone Park for the purpose of counting the buffaloes, which were known to be suffering from the encroachments of winter poachers. At that time it was supposed there were five hundred buffaloes in the park. My companion and guide—Billy Hofer, of Gardiner—and I could make out only about one hundred and twenty-five left living in the Hayden Valley country, and we thought very possibly we had counted some of these a second time. We found the carcasses of a dozen that had been killed.

At the time of our visit, as chance would have it, the Government scout, Burgess, sent out by Superintendent Anderson, caught a poacher in the Pelican Valley. He had just killed three buffaloes and was skinning one of them when arrested. He was brought into Fort Yellowstone and his outfit was confiscated. That was all the punishment that could be inflicted on him, for there was no national law against killing a buffalo in the park.

My own report of these facts, showing an alarming decrease of the herd, when published in an Eastern paper led to the passing by Congress of the act of May, 1894, protecting the park buffaloes, making the killing of one of them punishable by heavy fine or imprisonment in the penitentiary. I have always thought this was about as useful a thing as I ever was able to do in the somewhat thankless attempt to be of service to the wild life of America.

There has not, to my knowledge, been any extended winter exploration of the park since the time of our trip many years ago, though I may very well be mistaken as to this. Hofer, who had been inside during the winter of the preceding year, was the first man I knew who undertook the rather risky enterprise of winter travel in those mountains. Some of the time we slept in the kitchens of the hotels and some of the time lay out in the log shacks provided for the scouts.

(Continued on Page 61)

Cadillac
Standard of the World

More than 10,000 Eight-Cylinder Cadillacs are now in the hands of users

and dealers have placed orders for 10,000 more

MORE than ten thousand Cadillac "Eights" are now in the hands of users.

Dealers can see a demand ahead so great that they have placed orders for ten thousand more.

Figures so large—involving a sum of money so vast—point irresistibly to one conclusion.

The conclusion is that the usual large Cadillac clientele has been enormously augmented by this Cadillac "Eight."

The demand is not merely the normal Cadillac growth, but it is the opening up of new spheres of influence, and an inrush of new Cadillac admirers and enthusiasts.

It has assumed the proportions of a national movement, at least among those who own, or wish to own, high-grade cars.

This excess over normal comes from many sources, but it is chiefly made up:

First, of the great number who are glad to pay more for the Cadillac because of the Cadillac "Eight" advantages; and

Second, a very great number who are glad to pay less for the same excellent and satisfying reason.

It is frequently said that no company other than the Cadillac could have won such immediate and universal acceptance for any principle representing so wide a departure from conventional practice.

And it would seem that there is verification of this in the attitude of the two classes of buyers just mentioned.

Those who are willing to pay more, and those who are glad to pay less, accept the Cadillac "Eight" with equal eagerness—because of the performance of the car itself and because of the reputation of its maker for producing only that which is known to be right.

They are no more insistent on a "demonstration" than old Cadillac owners—though it is only fair to say that a drive of but short duration immensely increases their enthusiasm.

This latter experience arouses even the most phlegmatic and non-committal.

The reports which they carry home, and to their clubs and to their places of business, largely explain why Cadillac dealers have ordered ten thousand more of these cars.

Has the full wonder of this demand been borne in upon you?

Have you thought of it in the light of the fact that the Cadillac is not a "low-priced" car,—as the term is commonly used?

The huge volume attained by cars of low price is a wonderful thing in itself—a sort of economic phenomenon.

But is it not much more wonderful that a high-grade car should command such a market as this Eight-Cylinder Cadillac has won?

There is no other situation at all like it in the automobile industry.

It is not merely a figure of speech to say that the Cadillac "Eight" stands alone.

It does stand alone—absolutely and unapproachably alone—in point of performance.

It likewise stands alone in points of demand and of sales among the highest grade cars.

And, of course, it would not be so if it ought not to be so.

As you ascend in the scale of prices, the number of those able to purchase grows fewer.

If the Cadillac "Eight" had not preserved every Cadillac tradition and added new and potent powers of attraction—this great market would simply not be here.

There would not be and could not be the marked disparity in volume between the Cadillac "Eight" and those immediately above and below it in price.

It is a sort of a re-adjustment of the national viewpoint—a re-alignment of buyers—some leaving one field, and some leaving another, and most of them concentrating on the Cadillac.

Thus far we have found no one who has ridden in the Cadillac "Eight" who does not say that this is precisely as it should be.

With the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac performing in ways distinctly its own, performing in ways which have heretofore been believed impossible in any car, there is nothing strange in the fact that dealers recognize that the visible demand is not yet half satisfied.

HUB CAP
OF THE CADILLAC "EIGHT"

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Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan, $2800. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

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who pay from 5c to 25c for cigarettes *must compare the brand you smoke with Camels* before you ever can realize the superior flavor and satisfaction guaranteed by this remarkable *blend* of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos.

It will cost you 10c for 20 Camels to *prove to yourself* that this *blend* makes the best cigarette you ever smoked! Best in taste, in aroma, in mildness. Yet Camels have all the "body" required to assure the greatest satisfaction.

Camels are *free* from tongue-bite and throat-parch. Remember, also, they leave no unpleasant cigaretty after-taste!

You'll pick this Camel *blend* of choice Turkish and choice Domestic against either kind of tobacco smoked straight *sure as you try them out!* They appeal to all cigarette smokers because they are so smooth, so richly mellow. *Quality and blend do that!*

Camels must meet your heartiest approval any way you compare them with *any cigarette at any price!*

Camel Cigarettes sell 20 for 10c. If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c for one package or $1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), sent postage prepaid. If after smoking one package you are not delighted with CAMELS, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CIGARETTES

(Continued from Page 58)

To trundle round through this country on wheels in the summer time, and to eat *à la* Paris, lacks something of the ginger of a winter experience on ski and under pack in those same solitudes, when they really are solitudes. The summer view of the geysers is magnificent—Old Faithful under the rays of the searchlight at night is one of the world's great spectacles. The walls of the Cañon of the Yellowstone are the most beautiful colorations done by Nature anywhere in the world; but to see the geysers in the winter time, when the whole country is white and when the condensation from the cold air makes the steam far more magnificently visible, is an experience given to a very limited number of all the individuals who ever have visited the park from the time of John Colter down.

There is some talk of trying to establish winter sports at the Cañon Hotel. I do not know whether this can ever be made to pay or not, but I do know that the interior of Yellowstone Park is the grandest ski country in the world, and that in winter it is the most splendidly fascinating region in the world. Some of the interesting winter pictures still shown about the park date back to the time of our own winter exploration; for during that winter the official photographer of the park was also inside for the purpose of getting views.

This vast volcanic plateau, filled with the world's greatest geyser phenomena, has been made the theme of countless special studies by scientists of many lands. The Yellowstone Park literature is enormous. The United States Government is equipped to put you in touch with all this and its bulletins are most informing. You can, for instance, learn all about the fossil forests of the Yellowstone—not large, but marvelous affairs; and one of the curious things you will learn is that these fossil stumps are sequoias—the same tree that makes the Sierra parks famous. At least two of our parks, therefore, are sisters under the skin.

In general, viewed as a mountain region, the Yellowstone country is not especially interesting. The forest growth, made up as it is, of lodgepole pine in good part, has not a great deal of beauty. The park itself lies like a series of high rolling plateaus. The whole country is very lofty, but you do not see many upstanding peaks. It has nothing of the bold aspect of the mountain country of Glacier Park, for instance, and does not compare with Glacier in the grim wilderness feel of a country with the bark on. Yet, when you come to measure the elevations of Mount Washburn, Electric Peak and others, you are getting over the top of the average good peak in Glacier Park, and are as high as at Cloud's Rest in the Yosemite.

Fisherman's Luck

The air is brilliantly clear. There is frost every month in the year, and the nights are usually cool, though the coach ride is more apt to be too warm than too cold during the daytime. For the average tourist's taste, Yellowstone is perhaps the best-liked of all our parks, because it is accessible, curiously interesting, comfortable and beautiful, all in one.

Madam, who accompanied me through all the parks, liked Yellowstone Park quite the best of them all, and resented the calling of bears and geysers and sulphur lakes and painted areas by the name of circus features. The Government bulletins about Yellowstone and its geysers are the best and most informing literature ever written about that country. Get all the Government bulletins, by all means, before you visit any of our national parks. Learn what the special features are and why they are, and learn their history; it will add immensely to the interest and pleasure of your journey.

Many tourists who go into these mountain parks take along their fishing gear in the expectation of sport. What is the prospect of success? Every prospect if you believe the boom literature; very little prospect if you believe me—and I profess to have been something of a fly fisherman these many years. The streams along all the roads, wherever there is any near-by and well-known stopping place, are whipped to death—especially by the soldiers, hotel people and other residents; so the trout are apt to be small, shy or scarce. Yet this park is naturally one of the greatest angling countries on earth. Get back from the beaten routes of travel, in the company of some real angler who knows the park, and, without doubt or question, you can have fly fishing for trout such as is not surpassed in any country in the world.

In the seven parks to which we have given special attention, the total attendance last year was far less than a hundred thousand, the average duration of visit less than three days, the average expenditure less than twenty-five dollars a head—that is to say, with the advantage of propinquity and accessibility all on their side, and with the greater advantage of absolute and unparalleled superiority in scenic quality—our American national parks did not take down two million and a half dollars in gate money as against the organized game put up by Europe. It was nearly time for a change when Secretary Lane said there should be a change.

Besides the giant parks that have claimed our main attention, we have four other national parks—Mesa Verde, in Colorado; Wind Cave, in South Dakota; Sully's Hill, in North Dakota; and Platt, in Oklahoma—as well as seventeen national monuments administered by the Department of the Interior, ten by the Department of Agriculture, and two by the War Department. Many of the national monuments surpass some of the national parks, there being small rime or reason about our classifying or handling these matters. The Grand Cañon, as we may repeat—the world's greatest scenic wonder—is not a park, but a monument.

The Smaller Parks

Platt Park comprises eight hundred and forty-eight acres, with thirty-three mineral springs, and is entirely willing to be called a rival of Karlsbad, Hot Springs, or any other producer of bad-tasting liquids. It is said that about thirty-one thousand persons—perhaps some local duplicates—visited the springs last year. I note, with much interest, that Uncle Sam purchased a team of mules for this park and that a new barn has been constructed.

Wind Cave National Park is eleven years old and contains ten thousand five hundred and twenty-two acres. It had three thousand one hundred and ninety-seven visitors last year. It does not seem to have been honored by a team of mules, but the superintendent modestly remarks: "Several trees were planted; the water tank was repaired and a fence built round it."

Sully's Hill National Park is ten years old and contains seven hundred and eighty acres. It is on the south side of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and seems, in a manner of speaking, to have had a devil of a time. It has no United States appropriation, no team of mules, no water tank, and no salary for the superintendent. Last season the roads were so bad that only about twenty-five persons camped there.

Mesa Verde Park is away down in a corner of Colorado, adjoining the Southern Ute Reservation. It was set apart in June, 1906, and is now about seventy-six square miles in extent. Remote, unknown, inaccessible, this is one of the national parks of unique interest and one much worth visiting. It is, indeed, said to be well-nigh the favorite park of Secretary Lane.

Mesa Verde is the best of the Cliff Dweller country. It is our best example of the curious American prehistoric ruins. No railroad has as yet commercialized it, and it is hoped that the region will remain unchanged, if not unexploited. There are ten points of special interest among the ruins. The tour is a camping proposition and the cost for horseback transport is fifteen dollars for three days.

Mancos, Colorado, is the usual going-in point. A Government road is building, but the drive requires great skill in managing a team, for the road is dangerous. A guide is needed at this park. It is matter of congratulation that the Government purposes to preserve and make fairly accessible these relics of an ancient civilization of a sort. Few countries have ruins older—no one can say how old they are. It is pleasant to say that important improvements looking to tourists' comfort will be inaugurated at Mesa Verde Park.

There are three strictly civilized, artificial parks, which close the oddly assorted assemblage of our national parks—Potomac, Rock Creek and the National Zoological parks, of the District of Columbia. The animals of the latter are protected by the laws of the District of Columbia, but the park is in charge of the Smithsonian Institution. Rock Creek Park is in charge of a board made up of the Commissioners of the

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District of Columbia and the chief engineers of the Army. If we had more parks we should have more managements—and more bulletins.

We have set aside for park purposes four million four hundred and thirty-six thousand nine hundred acres of land, and there are pending in Congress bills looking to the creation of three new parks in California, three in Oregon, and one each in Nevada, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine and Hawaii. Of all these proposals, the most outstanding was that which contemplated erecting into a national reserve that high and delightfully beautiful mountain region already familiar to thousands of mountain-goers as Estes Park, of Colorado. It was already a park by the hand of Nature—one of those wonderfully attractive, open mountain plateaus always called "parks" by the old trappers—a term long made part of the accepted geographic nomenclature of the Rockies; but the steady encroachment of civilization continually threatened to diminish its natural charm. Therefore the many friends of the region almost threw up their hats in joy when the news came last winter that the long campaign in Washington had succeeded, and that hereafter the old Estes Park will be known as the new "Rocky Mountain Park," and will be under the care of Uncle Sam forever.

The Story of Estes Park

This new park lies easily accessible from Denver, whence close access by rail has long been possible. In recent times the automobile has brought it still closer to the cities, and it is an accepted tourist feature and a largely patronized summer resort. The old ranch of Lord Dunraven was located here in the days of cows and big game, and few hunting grounds or ranching grounds ever had more charm. Though open and accessible, this high park country of the Rockies is very deceptive; appearing like foothill country, it really is very lofty. Not so rude of rise to the eye as Glacier Park, for instance, it is much loftier by the barometer, and the main peaks overtop anything in the Yellowstone.

In all ways it is a very lovable and usable mountain region. The climate is healthful and very exhilarating, and it is a grand horseback country. I do not know any place in the Rockies where one may ride so high, so far and so easily. It is also well developed by wagon and motor roads. It lies so well equipped and so favored by Nature and location, as well as by transportation facilities, that to set it aside formally as a part of the people's property seems natural—and, indeed, obvious.

The man who may, perhaps better than any other, be called the father of Estes Park is Mr. Enos A. Mills, long a resident there, a naturalist, an author and a lover of the wilderness. It is something of a modern wilderness, at least, that lies round Long's Peak, and Mr. Mills can make for it as good a statement as any:

"The area is seven hundred and sixteen square miles. Roughly, it is forty miles long by sixteen miles wide. Its boundary lines are, for the most part, along streams and watersheds. Long's Peak is approximately in the center of this area. Its height is 14,255 feet. There is inclosed a forty-mile stretch of 'the most rugged section of the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains.' This has more than a score of peaks above twelve thousand and a few above thirteen thousand feet in elevation. The area proposed is already in a forest reserve; but it is not well fitted for a forest reserve and this use of the territory is skinning the scenery for very meager returns.

"Scenery is the great asset of this region. Probably no mountain area in the country is equal for park use to this district. Nature made it a beautiful and magnificent park and gave it a healthful and delightful climate. It is close to the geographical center of the United States and it is easy of access. The northeast corner of the proposed park is within forty miles of Cheyenne; the southeast corner is an equal distance from Denver.

"The Government already owned the land and it did not cost anything to make it a park. Park use will perpetuate its greatest asset and greatest glory—scenery. Park use will bring from this territory large economic returns, whereas all other uses of this territory combined could give employment to only a few people and could make only small economic returns. The territory included lies above the altitude of eight thousand feet. It is not a farming country and the supply of commercial timber is limited. It is not a grazing country, for the grassy areas are small. It hardly can be called a mining country. Its former use by sawmills and cattle was harassing and discounted its larger, better use by our people."

We needed that park. We need more good parks. We need more knowledge of them all. We need a better and more businesslike handling of them all. Take all the parks, large and small, and they drew less than a quarter of a million people last year, largely from near-by points—and a very much smaller number if we count only genuine tourists who made any considerable rail journeys to reach them. The measure of this lack is the measure in part of our popular ignorance, in part of bad management by the Government, and in part of private greed and inefficiency.

The largest receipts at any park Yellowstone—run only a little over a million dollars annually. Yosemite does not run a third of a million; Rainier not much over half a hundred thousand. Put these figures against those of European travel and we suffer sadly in the comparison; but we do not suffer at all in the comparison of our parks with the best scenery, the greatest marvels, the most interesting and attractive travel features that any and all the countries of the globe can offer.

We have a country larger and more wonderful than we know—so large and wonderful that it takes years to see it all; so large that it is still young and new and inviting. It will take you half a dozen years to see our parks. So much the better. In those half dozen years you will come to be a much more widely informed and patriotic American.

A Change of Policy

It is only an oddly distorted form of Americanism that in these impending days—these new, sane and sober days, when every country needs a serious patriotism and an educated citizenry—will turn back to the inanities, the absurdities and the discomforts of European travel. We have capitalized that country long enough, neglected our own country long enough. Better had we learn our own country—big, vital—a country for big and vital men and women to learn and to love.

And it is ours!

Late in April the Government announced a pronounced change in the policy which heretofore has governed traffic in the Yellowstone Park. On August first that park will be thrown open to motorists. Certain rather rigid restrictions will govern the use of all motor vehicles in the park, in view of the confusion and possible risk involved in motor travel in conjunction with the horse-drawn vehicles which heretofore have furnished the transportation in this park. The Government will install a special telephone system, by means of which headquarters can be kept in touch with the traffic at all times. The tank of every car entering the park will be inspected in order to certify the management that sufficient fuel is on board to carry the car throughout its journey. All motor vehicles will start at least thirty minutes before any of the horse-drawn vehicles are allowed to leave the hotels. While a certain hardship will be worked to those owning the tremendous transportation investment in Yellowstone Park, the admission of motors seems to have been inevitable. No doubt the adjustment to new conditions will in time take place, if not to the satisfaction of all at least to the expedition of traffic.

The number of visitors to this park for the current season will no doubt break all records. One or two of the camping companies announce that they will open their own season June first to accommodate some of the eastbound visitors from the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Additional news gratifying to the motorists of the country recently was given out by the Interior Department. This covers the official acceptance of the old Tioga Road, which crosses the heart of the Yosemite Park. The improvement of this road will make a direct highway across the Sierras at one of their most beautiful points. This for a long time was simply an abandoned mining trail. Private aid was enlisted in California to put the trail into motoring condition. The Government has now accepted it and it is thought that improvements will be completed to make this wonderful mountain thoroughfare practicable early in July.

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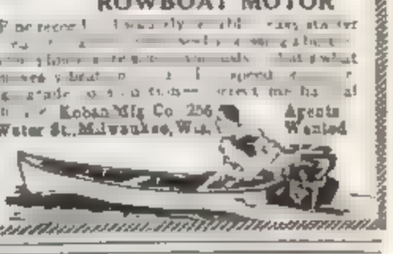

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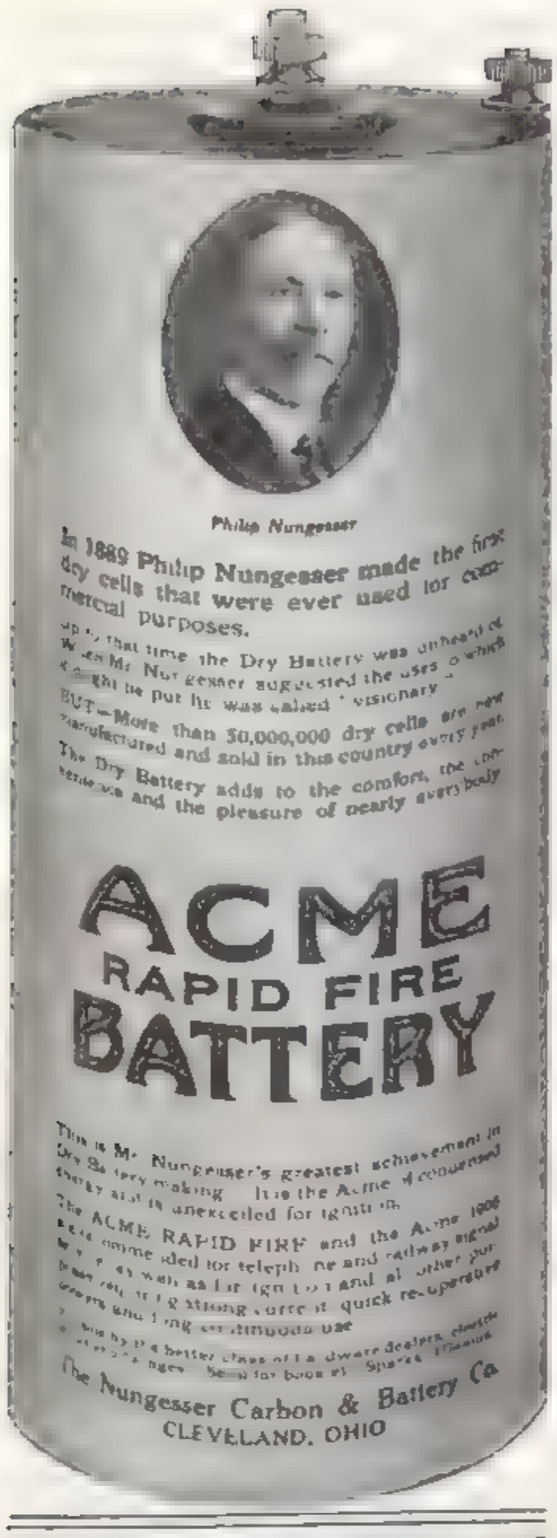
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THE CHALK GAME

(Continued from Page 17)

folks what owns her doan' know how fast she is, an' whad's mo', dey won't nevah know, case dar ain't a hoss on de track kin make her gallop."

Shrieks of laughter followed this last announcement. March Barley had been on the commercial toboggan for many days.

But the men who play the market do not differ very greatly from their brethren of the turf. They are as amenable to hunches and signs and tips as are chronic gamblers in any walk of life. As if by common consent, they withdrew apart. The original discoverer of Jodey Beam was the spokesman.

"It's only a hunch, fellows," he began, "but it's the best we've had in years. This little darkey is a scream, but I'll be hanged if I'm not going to play his tip. Supposing we engineer a pool, and buy May Wheat for a real killing?"

From his seat in the corner Jodey watched the conference anxiously. At its conclusion he arose and approached his clientele.

"Is you a-goin' to play dat mare?" he insistently inquired. "What is you-all a-goin' to do? Ise got to have a bet down. If yo'-all ain't Ise got ter dig up a live one, 'cause Ise goin' back to Louisville to-night."

"We're all aboard and heading down stream," attested the stout man. "We'll take care of you, if she wins. Don't worry about that end of it."

"All right, boss," droned Jodey sleepily, "dat's all right. Your word is good wid me. Ise just gwine ter take a li'l nap."

The last twenty-four hours had been strenuous ones. The excitement of novel adventure had kept the little rider's nerves tingling until after the climax. The aftereffects of the drugged liquor still dominated his system. Now the reaction was coming. Jodey Beam was a very tired lightweight jockey.

"Yo' gen'lemen are all right," he attested wearily as his little kinky head nodded forward to meet the sandman; "you're shuah 'nuff folks. Jus' play May Wheat on de nose, an' you'll be settin' in de king's chariot. Play May early . . . an' . . . often . . . play her 'til da . . . cows come home . . . an' wake me up . . . when de . . . hosses is . . . gwine ——"

But the balance of the peroration was lost. The drowsy god had wafted this ebony disciple of Münchhausen to the land of dreams.

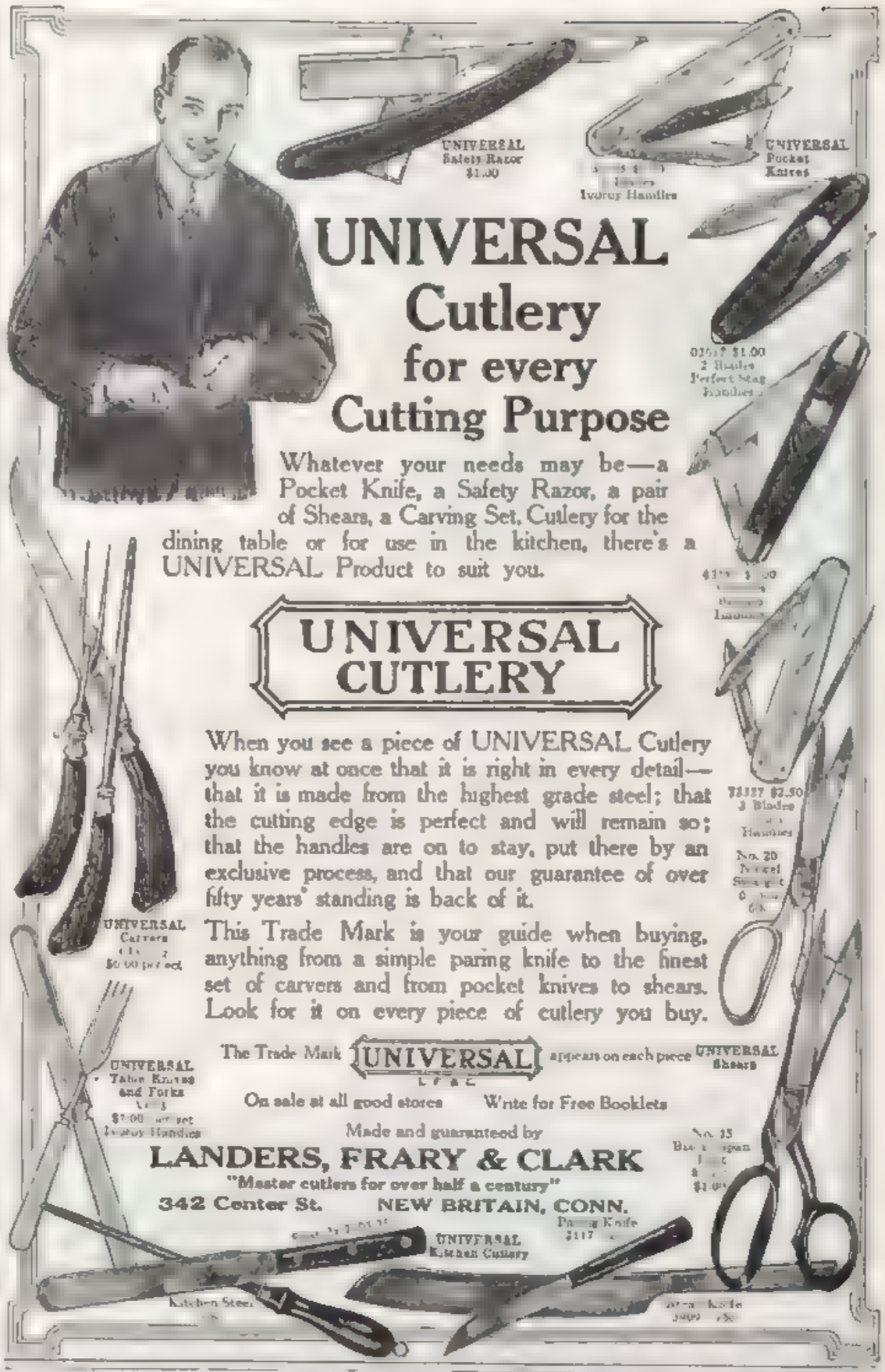
There have, of course, been red-letter days in the history of Gambler's Alley, but all give place of importance to that on which Jodey Beam drifted in and spread the tidings about May Wheat. The news traveled up and down and all along the narrow thoroughfare, gathering added importance as it journeyed. Men rushed madly to and fro, supporting a bull movement. Its influence was felt in the big pit itself; a mysterious tip was circulating regarding May Wheat. But Jodey slept on peacefully, unconscious of the fact that he had shaken the market to its very foundation.

As the news spread the tip assumed the importance of one emanating from the very inner consciousness of those who were supposed to control mighty movements in staple commodities. Men did not, as is frequently the case, seek its source; they just followed the crowd.

The market soared upward like a skyrocket. Those who were adjudged conservative caught the infection. May Wheat was a good buy, and firmly fortified. The fortunate ones who had originally fallen under the spell of Jodey's eloquence had established themselves on the ground floor, and stood to win amazingly.

Through all this Jodey was "Exhibit A." They of the inner circle rushed in, took a look at the little negro slumbering so peacefully, and tore out again to add their support to the triumphant march of May Wheat. There was apparently such an endless chain of fresh speculative buyers that the pressure of the movement was felt everywhere, so much so that many of the foremost operators took a hand in the game and became boosters.

At the close of the day's business, Jodey's newly found friends were many thousands of dollars ahead, having been judicious enough to cash in and take their profits. But still Jodey slept, slumbered as if the maelstrom of tremendous speculation in one of the world's staples had not found its initiative in his fertile brain.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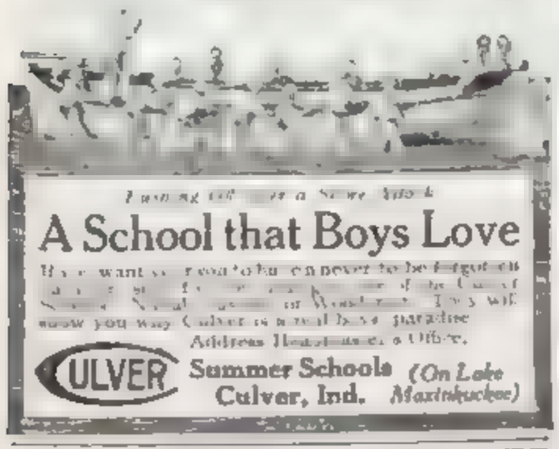

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And Jodey slept until someone shook him into consciousness and yelled in his ear: "Wake up, boy, wake up! Listen to the race. They're going to the post now!"

The business of the day being over, the jubilant wheat gamblers had arranged a special stage setting for Jodey's benefit. The room was packed to suffocation by a rollicking crowd that had come to enjoy the climax. The operator at the telegraph instrument had formerly worked in one of the old-time poolrooms. He had been thoroughly posted, and right well did he play his part in the comedy.

"The judges have changed riders on May Wheat," he announced as he fumbled with the key. "Sheridan rides, and they're on their way to the post."

Jodey Beam jumped clean out of his chair. "Shorty up!" he shrilled. "He's de boy dat can boot 'em home! It's all ovah; nothin' to do but count de money."

"They're off!" droned the operator, "in a bunch; at the quarter, May Wheat by three lengths, Russian Red is second by two lengths, July Oats is third."

The little jockey wheeled round quickly. "What do yo' know about dat Russian Red?" he queried. "Dey must have ethered his legs 'til dey was froze stiffer dan de North Pole. But he can't last, boss, he can't last!"

"At the half," exclaimed the operator, "May Wheat still leads by five lengths—she's just galloping, July Oats is second, Russian Red has pulled up."

"What have I been tryin' to tell yo'-all?" Jodey announced triumphantly. "I knowed it! If dey evah got dat ole hoss back to de barn dey'd be lucky. It's de boneyard fo' him, 'case all de vets in de world couldn't patch him up now."

The rattle of the Morse code came again. "They're in the stretch," drawled the operator. "May Wheat is leading by four lengths, Yellow Corn is second, and Barley is third; the rest of the field are strung out."

Jodey had straddled his chair now and was riding an imaginary finish on his own account, while the men about him leaned against each other in paroxysms of laughter.

"Lay along wid her, Shorty!" he entreated; "and don't extend her 'til yo' has to." He took a short hold of mythical reins. "Yo' has plenty ob time, Shorty, an' it's been a long way round de big circle. Save her fo' de run home, an' if yo' has to pull de bat at all, just fan yo' boot till de very last stride!"

There was a long pause before the operator saw fit to announce the winner. Jodey's eyes were glued upon his face, and he waited breathlessly, clutching nervously to the sides of the chair upon which he sat; and then at last it came.

"May Wheat wins by herself," announced the operator. "The balance of the field jumped the fence at the head of the stretch, and they ain't been caught yet."

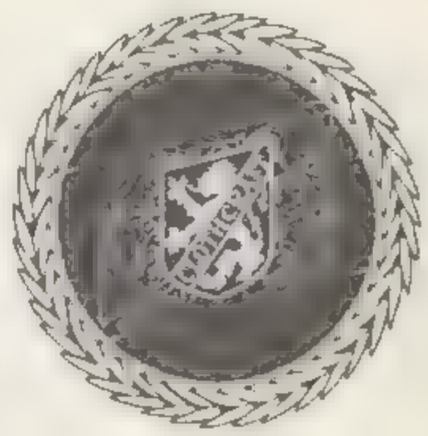
With a triumphant yell Jodey catapulted himself out of his chair, while the men about him applauded to the echo. Banknotes of large denominations were forced into his little black hands from all quarters.

And immediately thereafter there was a triumphal progress to one of Chicago's most important clothing emporiums. Chaperoned by several of his new-found friends and backers, Jodey was speedily arrayed in a brand-new suit of checked tweeds that for variety of color and startling pattern had Joseph's coat beaten by a Sabbath day's journey. And after these things the little jockey was escorted to a jewelry store, where another of his admirers insisted on purchasing for him a diamond horseshoe pin of a size and proportion never before seen south of the Ohio River. Added to all this magnificence were two gold watches and a chain heavy enough to have anchored a deep-sea schooner. Jodey had reached that paradise which is the ultimate reward of all good prophets.

Moreover, when the evening train pulled out for Louisville, Jodey's staunch supporters were on hand to bid him Godspeed.

"Be sure and let us know when the old mare is ready again, Jodey," cautioned the stout member. "Here is my address. You can send me a telegram."

"'Taint likely they'll race her again 'til de Saratoga meetin'; dar won't be nothin' doin' wid her till next August," retorted Jodey oracularly, as he waved his friends adieu. "But dar's a two-year-ole in our barn dat can put a rope roun' her neck an' choke her to death. De first time we's tryin' you'll hear from me. So long, gen'lemen. Don't forget Jodey!"



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These three great improvements—each exclusive to Goodyear—have multiplied Cord Tire mileage. Yet they sacrifice no iota of resiliency or comfort. And they add no extra price. Goodyear Cord Tires cost about the same as others of this type. Then, to make them utterly secure, we vulcanize 126 braided piano wires into each tire base. Goodyear Cord Tires need no hooks on the base. For front wheels they come with a heavy grooved tread which aids steering. For rear wheels they come with our All-Weather Tread, tough and double thick, with resistless sharp-edged grips. Those are some Goodyear supremacies.

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Goodyear Cord Tires are tires of super-comfort. They are wondrous shock-absorbers. Never was a Cord Tire more resilient. Never was one better adapted to minimize trouble, give unusual mileage, increase speed and save power.

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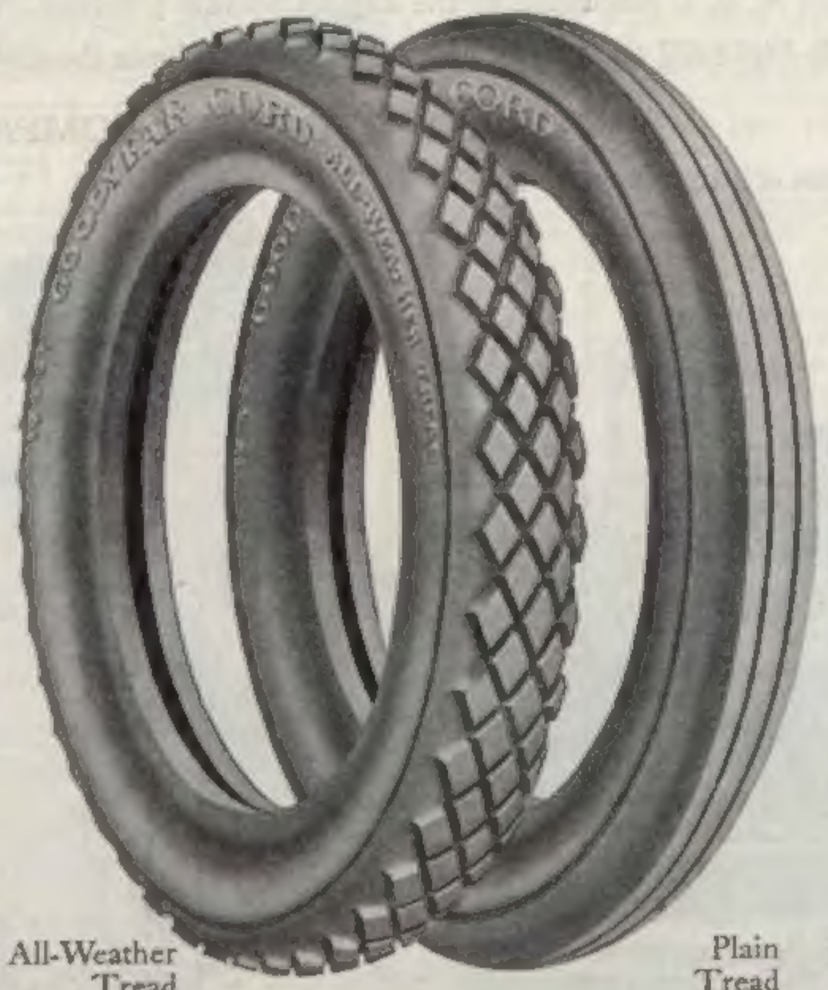

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